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Sept. 20, '41

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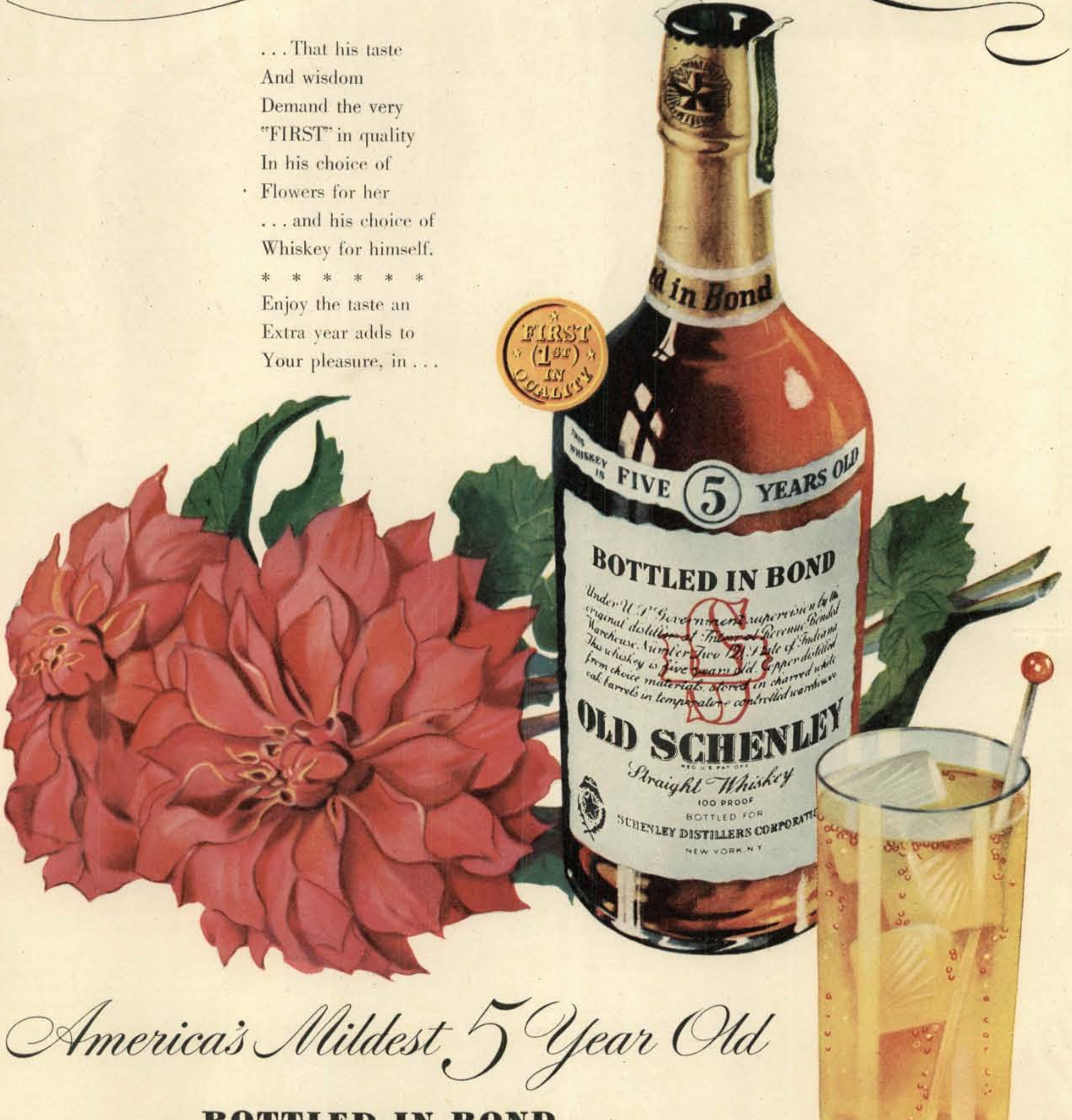
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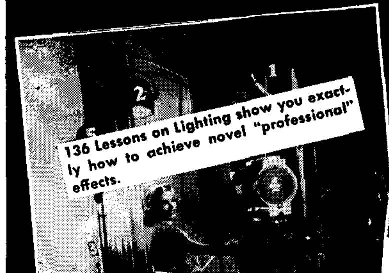
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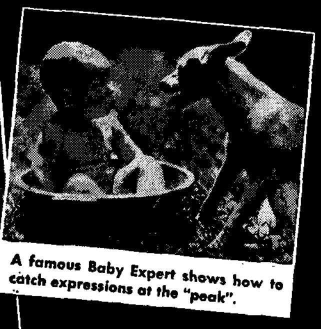
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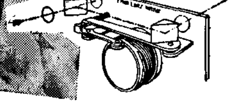
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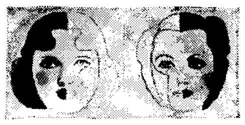
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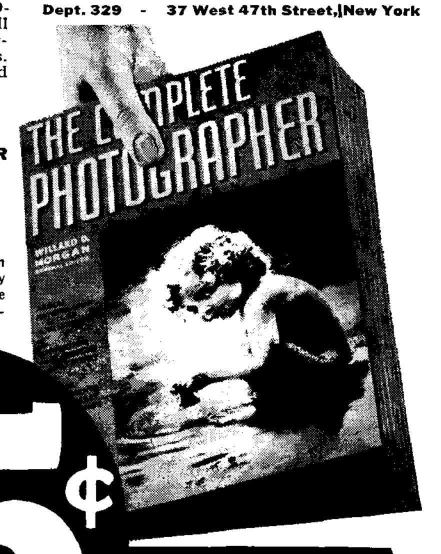

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SEPTEMBER 20, 1941

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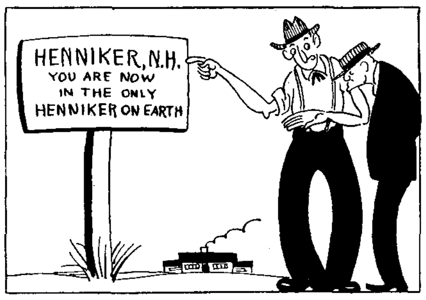
COVER HENRY SUTTER

ANY WEEK

TODAY'S demands upon one's ability to think are much too vast for the average mind—which is to say ninety-nine point nine per cent of the world's brains. So we, for one, are going to take on subjects our size and leave such skull-crushers as The Aftermath to our betters. For example, we saw a sign in New Hampshire that stopped us so fast that we're having our brakes relined. It read: "Henniker, New Hampshire. You Are Now In the Only Henniker On Earth." A group of solid citizens were standing that way in front of the General Taylor Fire House. As solidly as we could, we joined them. It was quite an argument. A tourist was telling the natives (who were listening rather grimly) that the sign was misleading—that there was a Henniker in Austria. Or there used to be. He said too that he understood that there was a Henniker somewhere in Canada. Somebody recalled a fellow who had stopped by claiming that he had been in a Henniker in Germany and that it had a very superior brass band. Our passion for truth presently overcame us and we asked an extra solid citizen how Henniker, New Hampshire, knew that it was the only Henniker on earth. "Read the sign, you dern' fool," he replied. And this finished us. We departed quietly, not quite daring to ask how Henniker got its name anyway.


HENNIKER, N.H.
YOU ARE NOW IN THE ONLY HENNIKER ON EARTH

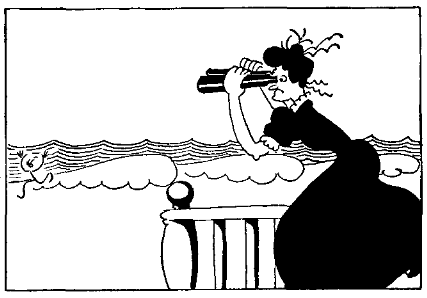
WHICH gives you a hint of our method of cerebration—we think with our mouth. Of course there's a reason for that. We've been associating so long with politicians and have listened to so many candidates for office that we've picked up the habit. Our idea of something to think about comes from Mr. Ernest Nickhauss of Superior, Wisconsin. Mr. Nickhauss was about to be inducted into the Army when writing to us. "I hear," writes he, "that there is a lot of confusion in Washington and that it is feared that the Army might catch it. I will settle that for you. The top general in the Army ought to be an isolationist. If none of our generals is an isolationist let's pick a good isolationist and make him a general. Like Senator Wheeler. If Wheeler was general all the enlisted personnel would be able to decide for themselves where they'd go to fight or if they'd fight at all. The soldier would drill part of the time, do fatigue part of the time and spend the rest writing letters to his officers and General Wheeler and arguing it out face to face on a nation-wide hookup. I will close now as I hear the bugle calling."

QUITE a number of aspirants to literature have written to us from time to time asking our advice. As far as we can see, they want to know how to write something that will sell. We've delayed answering them, thinking that sooner or later we'd get a letter which we might quote from, at once pleasing the writer and providing the information sought. It has just arrived. "The reason i am writing you is i notice you carry horse raceing stories often. my ambition is to write horseracing for you giveing it all my time as i find it is a very fascinating sport and racket. i am 25-year-old and have studded horseracing for ten years without losing a lousy dime. It is like going to college. As a writer i am really lousy but that is merely my opinion so far but when it comes to handicapping i can safley say i don't run behind nobody. Horseracing is expanding with leaps and bounds and is in one hell of a muddle believe me. From writeing for you i could easley be the judge Landis of the ponies. The fans would buy Colliers or maybe they would find out why. In my opinion Colliers is tops. Write soon as this offer ain't hanging around forever."

WE HAVE, also, a limited-time opportunity to purchase a serial which, according to the author, "will run more than a year for the same price." He doesn't go into much detail, confining his scenario to: "The reader will find it comedy, farce, tragedy or extra-dramatic according to his mood as many of my friends who have read it agree that they cannot decide. After constant references to the American Flag, the American Eagle, the American Way of Life and other popular American methods, the story will end with a grand display of guns, torpedoes, aircraft, naval vessels and submarines surrounded by President Roosevelt shaking hands with Senator Wheeler who is introduced by Secretary Knox and Stimson under the auspices of The Star-Spangled Banner. I would even work it up on a royalty basis."

NOW we might tell you of a suggestion that's just come to us from Mrs. Delphine Mimms of Springfield, Massachusetts. Mrs. Mimms is a brave, patriotic woman. She wishes us to assist in starting a Talk to The Soldiers movement. "Let us all speak kindly to our brave boys as we pass them on the road," writes Mrs. Mimms. "Who knows what thoughts chase through their heads—thoughts of home, mother, daddy, their country, their commanding officers. Perhaps they are homesick. A cheery word might make all the difference in the world. Perhaps there's a sweetheart. A tender thought left with our boys may make the waiting more endurable. Maybe they have doubts. A wise word may solve the problem." Mrs. Mimms goes on like that for several pages and we're here rooting hard for her and her new movement. But we're a bit too busy—perhaps too timid—to get into it actively. Besides several of the lads have saved us the trouble of speaking first. We can, therefore, assure Mrs. Mimms that many of the lads are thinking about home, Ma, Pa and their officers—particularly about their officers. Some are even saying what they think. Our advice to Mrs. Mimms is not to bother much about that part of their thinking. They might forget that she's a lady—and really tell her.

ONE lad told us about a lieutenant who, having brought his platoon to a halt at attention, and desiring to read them a communication from division headquarters, gave the command REST. Instantly the platoon fell out and scattered in great haste to its barracks. The lieutenant looked for a moment in bewilderment at his fleeing soldiers and then turned to a sergeant who had stood his ground (probably transfixed with astonishment) and said: "Maybe we gave the wrong command, Sergeant." Of course slight ineptitudes of that sort will disappear in time from our new Army, particularly if Senator Pepper of Florida is right about the length of time the lads will remain in uniform. We merely mention this minor incident to warn Mrs. Mimms that speaking to the boys at random may produce shocks.



WE'VE just heard from a lady who spent the summer on Cape Cod. A neighbor of hers was trying to arouse the populace to indignation because a man not far away was indulging of evenings in nude bathing. But before much could be done about it, the fellow moved far down the beach, to a cottage quite remote from others. Cape Cod seemed quieter after that and our correspondent asked the crusading neighbor whether it was all right now. "Not at all," replied the neighbor. "You can still see him with glasses."

W. D.

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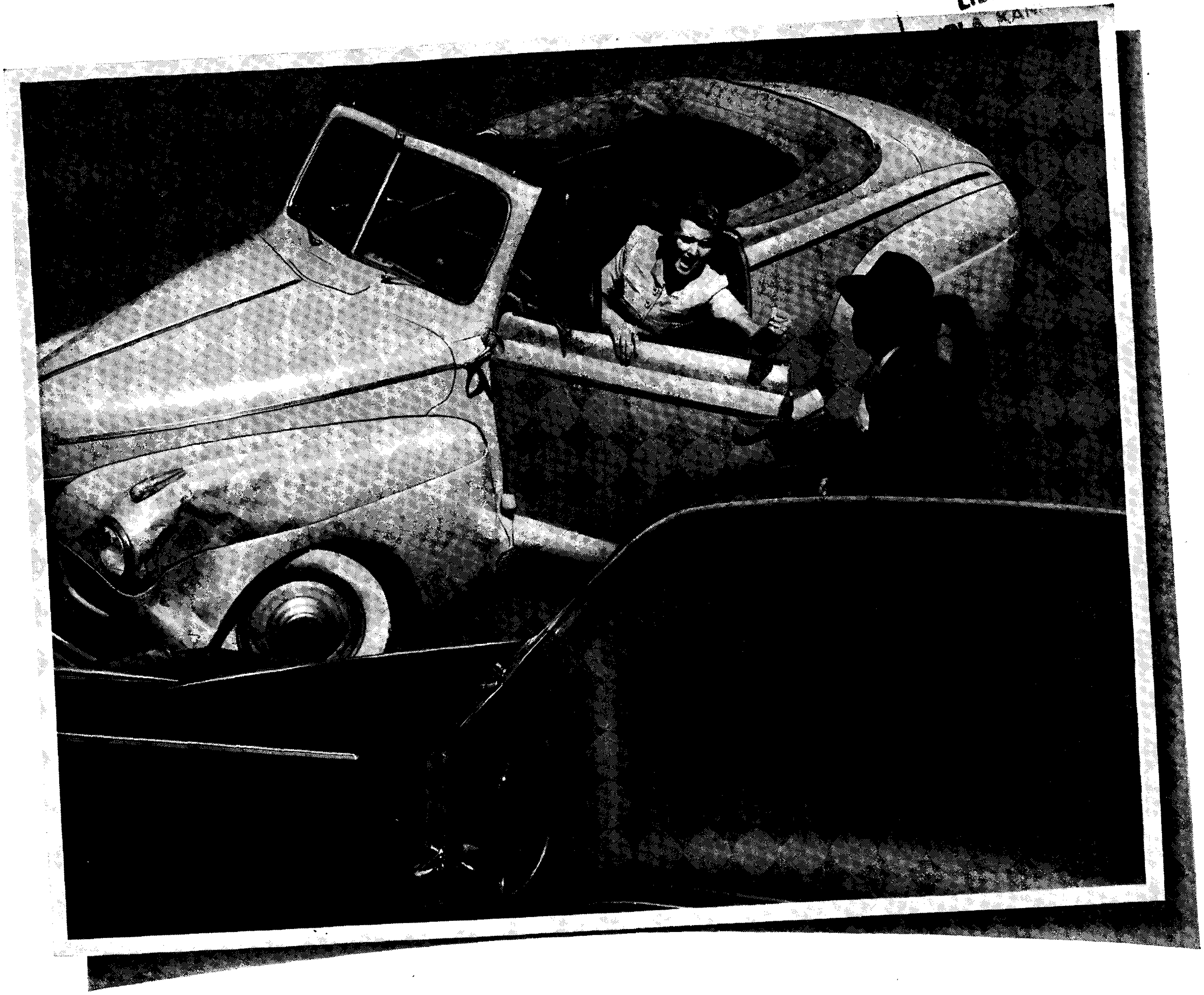

"I NEVER SAW A WOMAN GET SO MAD"

I came out of the driveway a little faster than usual that morning. There was a squeal of brakes. Then a crash. It sounded bad. Actually the only damage to the other car was a crumpled fender. But when the girl behind the wheel caught her breath, you might have thought I'd committed murder.

"Look at that," she yelled. "You've ruined my new car. I'll sue you for every penny if it's the last thing I ever do."

"Madam," I said,—and my ears were red,—"I don't blame you for being mad. And I'm terribly sorry." Then I reached into my pocket, got out the Liberty Mutual identification card and showed it to her. It was like pouring oil on a raging sea. "Well," she said, "at least you had the sense to pick a good company."

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If your life is dull and slow—suspect yourself of double O

If your "dates" are scarce . . . if you don't get invited out as often as you used to . . . better suspect the presence of "Double O." You may have offensive breath and offensive-looking teeth, and they are two hurdles that few women can surmount.

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For 8 years our skilled experts worked to combine in exact proportions the delightfully safe cleansing and polishing agents that now make this lustre-giving dentifrice so outstanding.

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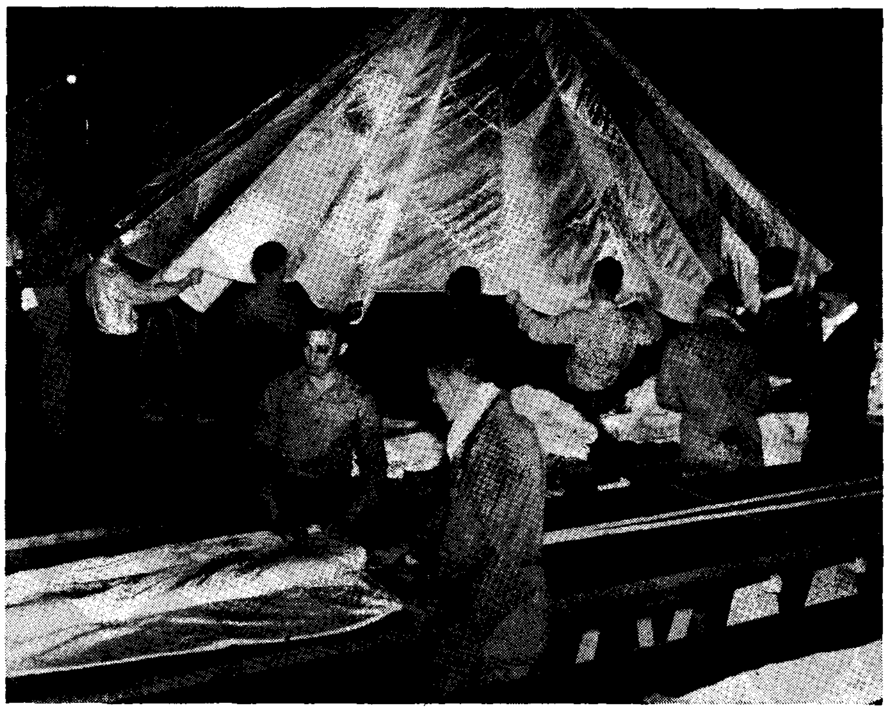

INTERNATIONAL

Parachutes must be unpacked, aired and repacked every sixty days

FIVE *years or more ago when James* G. (Jim) Ray, the dean of autogiro fliers in the United States, was demonstrating the Pitcairn autogiro about the country by landing on rooftops, in city parks, the White House lawn and people's back yards, that highly influential individual known as The Man in the Street was quick to declare: "That's the plane for me; it can stand still in the air." That it could, and furthermore, in the hands of Old Master Ray, it could come down like an elevator, a most terrifying experience for one used to coming in for horizontal landings at 60 to 90 miles per hour. In fact, when Jim would haul the giro up to a dead stop in midair the average airplane pilot would start reaching for the door to bail out, because pulling up short in the air with the conventional airplane meant a stall, which was usually the beginning of your day's troubles.

The giro, however, has had competitors in the form of the German Fieseler Storch which toured this country three years ago and did a convincing job of standing still in the air, landing on a dime and giving eight cents change. Then came other still-flying jobs like the Bellanca, Stinson and Ryan. The Storch reputedly did yeoman service for the German artillery in the Polish campaign, but meanwhile we got going over here on similar designs and now have them in service. But it is good news to that man who first applauded the autogiro that the Army has bought 13 of the new and improved Pitcairn-Larsen models and is going to give them a thorough test with the artillery as flying observation posts, using them to spot artillery fire, lines and progress of attack and disposition of troops. In the last war much of this was done with balloons, but they were hard to handle. With the giro, as with some of the other slow-flying planes, you can hover or, if you have to run, just pour on the coal and get going.

SINCE the U. S. Army Ferry Command was created not long ago, under the direction of Col. Bob Olds, who has proved to everyone's satisfaction that he knows how to handle and operate bombers, the time for ferrying West Coast big ships to the East Coast has been reduced from eight to two days. As commanding officer of the Boeing Flying Fortresses at Langley Field, Virginia, Col. Olds and his bombardment group distinguished themselves in 1938 by their formation flight from Miami, Florida, to Buenos Aires, Argentina, with but one intermediate stop.

THE other day the C.A.A. revoked the license of a parachute rigger "for inspecting, repacking and certifying as airworthy a parachute when it was in fact unairworthy." Will do no good to mention his name because aviation is through with him and through with anyone who is careless. Parachutes have preserved so many lives that they are entitled to the best of treatment. That is why the regulations require they must be unpacked, aired and repacked every 60 days. There was a time when the old-timers would wear parachutes but never intended using them. One hard-bitten colonel, after banging around the country in a single-seater fighter and toting a parachute with him for a year, thought he'd see what was inside. He found a hole big enough for a great Dane to jump through.

HERE are a few kind words for the boys in the Defense Plant Corporation of the RFC who work far into the night putting through leases for aircraft plant expansions and other government aid to the airplane industry. It's a small organization and nobody knows about them. They only smile when they read all about the wonderful new plants the aircraft companies are building, when in reality the government is advancing the funds in most cases. But the first objective of RFC is more and more airplanes; talk about who gets a share of the credit can come later.

THE flight engineer on a Pan American clipper plying between New York and Lisbon never gets bored and seldom sees the scenery. For on a round trip he has to make 7,412 individual record notations for his log on the status and

(Continued on page 59)

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Women are able to sing at a much higher pitch than men because their vocal cords, five twelfths of an inch in length, vibrate from 200 to 800 times a second, or twice as fast as men's cords, which are seven twelfths of an inch in length.

Twenty-five years ago, most college diplomas were made of sheepskin and measured about 19 x 24 inches. Now the majority of them are made of parchmentlike paper and are only 6 x 8 inches.

Although the highest-priced American postage stamp now in use costs $5, the United States has issued stamps in denominations of $6, $9, $12, $20, $24, $36, $48, $50, $60 and $100.

A hot and waterless region in North Africa has a fountain that collects its water from the air, not from rain or a well. It is forty feet high and contains 3,000 interior plates, on which the moisture condenses as a result of the great change of temperature between the hot days and the cold nights.

Experiments on rodents show that constant noise retards the growth of rats, after several generations, as much as ten per cent; that cancerous tissue inoculated into mice causes cancer in some and not in others; and that minute bits of copper added to the diet of rats prevents their hair from turning gray.

The rocky cliffs of the Dog River near Beirut, Syria, probably contain more names, dates and records of achievement than any other spot. For more than 3,000 years this gorge has been a favorite pass for armies marching between Africa and the East and few of them have failed to leave inscriptions on its rocks.

In shipping coal from mine to powerhouse in the Middle West, a carload can be transported nine hundred miles as cheaply as the electric power it produces can be transmitted two hundred miles.—*By Floyd W. McKee, Salem, Ohio.*

Each year the motion-picture industry determines its ten most popular stars by an analysis of box-office receipts throughout the United States. During the past six years, with the exception of 1938, 62 per cent of these leaders have been men. In 1940 it was 80 per cent, women ranking only in the ninth and tenth places.

In 1924, whalers, stopping at a small, uninhabited island near New Zealand, found an old horse that, according to documents also discovered, had spent ten years there by itself, having been left behind by its owners when they sailed for home just before the first World War.

As field mice are matured at twenty-five days and capable of producing a litter of from two to nine young every twenty-one days, one pair are the potential progenitors of a million animals a year. Fortunately, the mice are eaten by other animals at about the same rate at which they breed.—*By L. G. Wirt, St. Louis, Missouri.*

The War Department has spent large sums of money to maintain guards at the graves of Presidents and ex-Presidents until their mausoleums were completed and civilian watchmen provided by a memorial association. The military guard, consisting of one officer and twenty-five enlisted men, that watched over the temporary tomb of the late President Harding for almost five years, cost the government nearly $135,000.

On Rossel Island in the South Pacific, a man arrested for a crime, even murder, has a handcuff attached to one of his wrists and is set free until his trial. Wearing a handcuff, the natives believe, links him with the law and prevents his escape.

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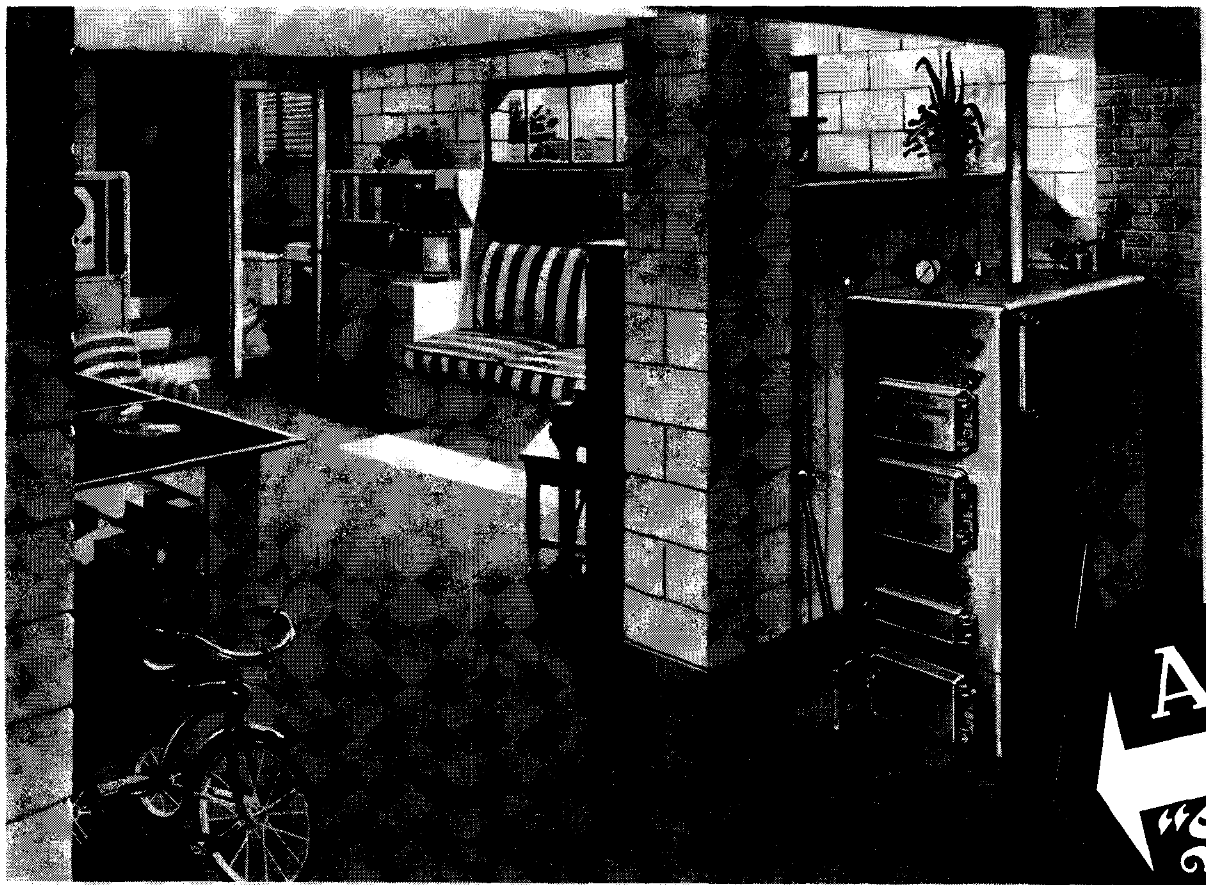

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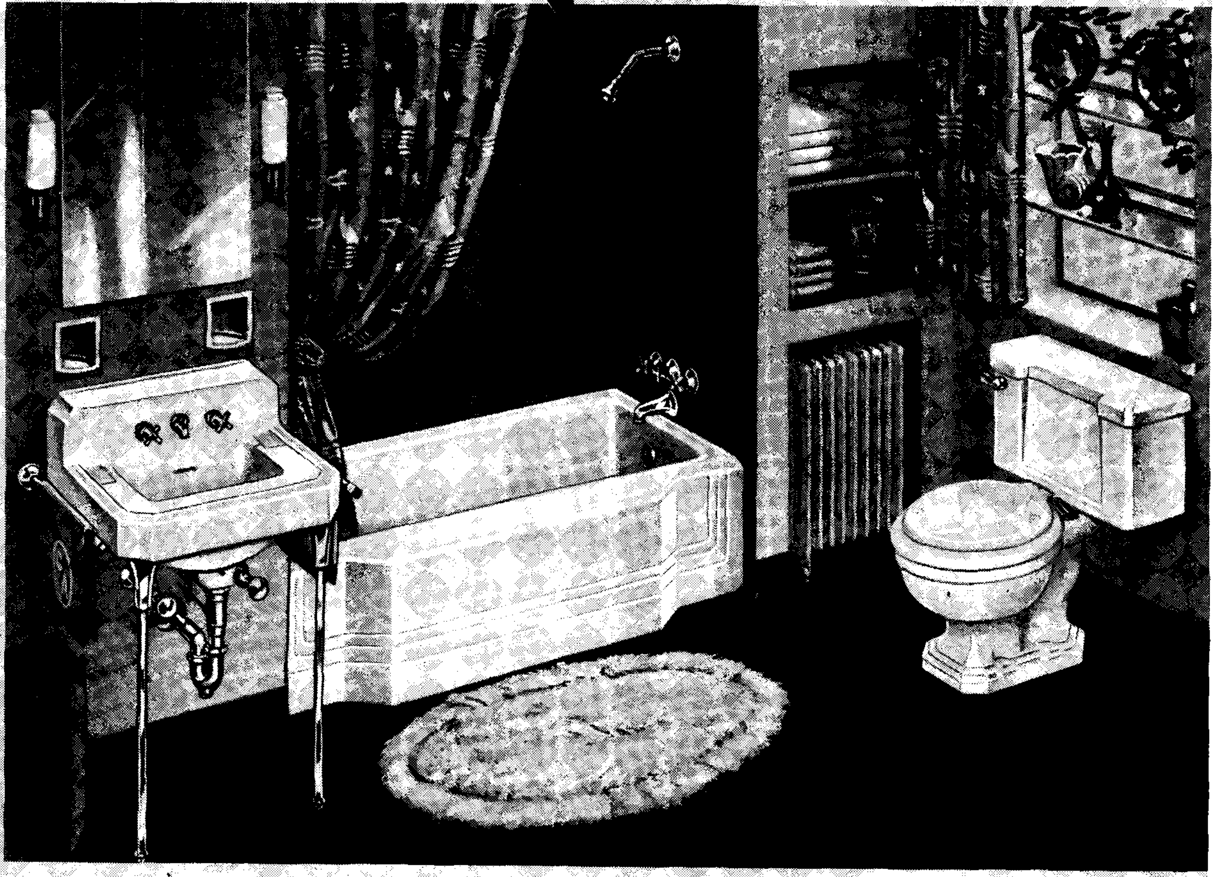

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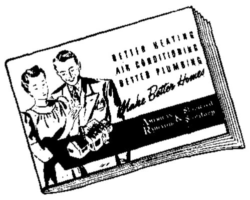

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 20, 1941

Dinner with Churchill

By Quentin Reynolds

CABLED FROM LONDON

THE man from Scotland Yard had his watch out. The train was waiting patiently enough. In three minutes it would be nine o'clock. The stationmaster stood there nervously. His job was to see that trains left Paddington Station on time, even special trains.

"He'll be late," the stationmaster grumbled. "'He always is. And the train all ready and the tracks cleared all the way down."

"He'll make it," the man from Scotland Yard said complacently. "You can go to sleep on that, laddie. He's always late for dinners and for appointments, but never for trains."

Paddington Station was almost deserted. The brilliant morning sunlight filtered through the open spaces of a roof that had once been glass. We stood there beside the train, and then silently, almost casually, two large black cars drove up. Averell Harriman, the American minister, climbed out of one. Winston Churchill, prime minister of England, climbed out of the other. He was smiling, and when Churchill smiles he smiles with his eyes as well as with his lips. When he saw the Scotland Yard man standing there with his watch in hand, the smile broke into a laugh. He glanced up at the big station clock. It read eight-fifty-nine. Churchill shook hands all around. He has the same phenomenal memory for names that Jim Farley has.

"Get in," he said. "We'll get going right away. In with you."

He ushered us all into the train. He stepped in last of all. As he boarded the train, the clock struck nine. Churchill had made it on time. There were only nine of us—Harriman; Commander Thompson, the prime minister's aide de camp; General Sir Hastings Ismey; Major John Churchill, the prime minister's brother; two American generals in London as observers; Churchill's two secretaries, Mr. Martin and Mrs. Hill; and myself. This special train that was taking us to some tank maneuvers some two hundred miles from London was very comfortable. The prime minister

BRITISH COMBINE

BRITISH COMBINE

The prime minister visits a Plymouth naval establishment after a German air raid and is cheered by workers. Such spontaneous demonstrations for "Winston," who is everybody's hero, have been common throughout England

BRITISH COMBINE

At Portsmouth with Admiral Sir William James after a bombing. Ship in background is Nelson's famous Victory. Below, with high-ranking army officials, Churchill inspects England's first-line coastal defenses

BRITISH COMBINE

is the perfect host. If he is in his office, in his home or on a train he must play the host. He enjoys seeing that everyone is comfortable; that everyone has a cigar or a cool drink.

"It's awfully hot today. Let's take off our coats," he said, and then he retired to the farther end of the car with his two secretaries, who had the morning mail with them.

Churchill the statesman is well known to the world. Churchill the writer, Churchill the war leader of Britain, Churchill the orator—these Churchills are familiar wherever newsprint is made, wherever men read and write. I speak of another Churchill who is not so well known. I speak of Winston Churchill the man.

Winston Churchill has kept a nation of forty-four million in fighting mood now for nearly two years. Churchill, who is called "Winston" by three quarters of Britain, is worshiped in every army encampment, in every R.A.F. mess, in every wardroom of his majesty's navy, and in every pub in Britain. In his own time he is becoming a legend; a legend that threatens to obscure the human, flesh and blood man who bears the name; a legend that threatens to obscure one of the most fascinating personalities of our time. This, then, is a record of that personality. It is not an "interview" with the prime minister. He is too busy to give interviews, and his sense of fairness long ago forced him to make the rule of "no interviews." If he couldn't give an interview to all, he wouldn't give it to one. But I spent two days with him, and this story is of the Winston Churchill I got to know well in forty-eight hours.

It was a pleasant trip, and the luncheon on the train was good. It wasn't as good as one would get on any decent train in America, but even the prime minister and his guests are rationed in England. And, of course, the cigars were excellent. Averell Harriman and I sat and talked of our friends in New York; and the train slipped through the lovely countryside that was wearing its brilliant summer dress, and then finally the train stopped. The prime minister had been talking about tanks to the two American Army officers. It was hot when the train stopped.

"Where are we, Tommy?" the prime minister called to his aide, who is "Tommy" to all of us in London.

"Three minutes from the station, sir," Tommy said, disconsolately. "The heat has swollen the switch points and there's something wrong. They'll have things fixed in two minutes."

Churchill looked at Commander Thompson as though it were all his fault.

"Ah, Tommy, Tommy," he said reproachfully, "it's very hot in here."

Happily the train moved on, and a major crisis in the Churchill official family was averted.

A Soldier's Big Moment

The visit of the prime minister to any army encampment is an event. This was an extra-special event. New tanks had just been delivered to this camp. Today the men were to show off their prowess in mimic warfare—a warfare that may emerge from mimic to reality before these lines appear. Five thousand uniformed men were drawn up at the station when we stepped off the train. They wore the black berets of the tank men—a beret is well adapted to the limited confines of a tank. Cars were drawn up on the station platform. The general and his staff were at attention and they saluted sharply as Churchill left the train. The rest of us were hot, but his light blue summer-weight suit wasn't even wrinkled and his smile was eager as he shook hands with the officers. Each one of us had to be introduced. For the moment we were his family. Churchill oozes friendliness. It is awfully difficult not to start calling him "Winston" after knowing him for two hours. This implies no disrespect. It is merely the amazing capacity and power he has of making you feel that here is a friend you have known a long time.

"I suppose they've been standing here a long time," he said, pointing to the lines of soldiers standing rigidly at attention. "Let's walk along and say hello to them."

The general could hardly restrain his delight. The rest of us groaned. We had to trail along, walking up and down the lines. The prime minister, apparently unaware of the heat, smiled and chatted with the men as he walked along, and you knew that each one of them would treasure this moment; each felt that Winston had come down from London just to see him. Finally it was over, and we climbed into cars. The "battlefield" was five miles away. Everything was ready when we arrived. We were given maps and the general explained the problem. The Germans, in strong numbers, held a hill some four miles away. This division had the job of capturing it. The mock battle began. Real shells and bullets were used. The shells tore huge holes in the plains in front of the hill. And the smoke hid the hill entirely. Then, far to the right, a group of light tanks emerged. Another came from the left. They fired as they advanced. Infantry followed them.

The Warrior Loves a Battle

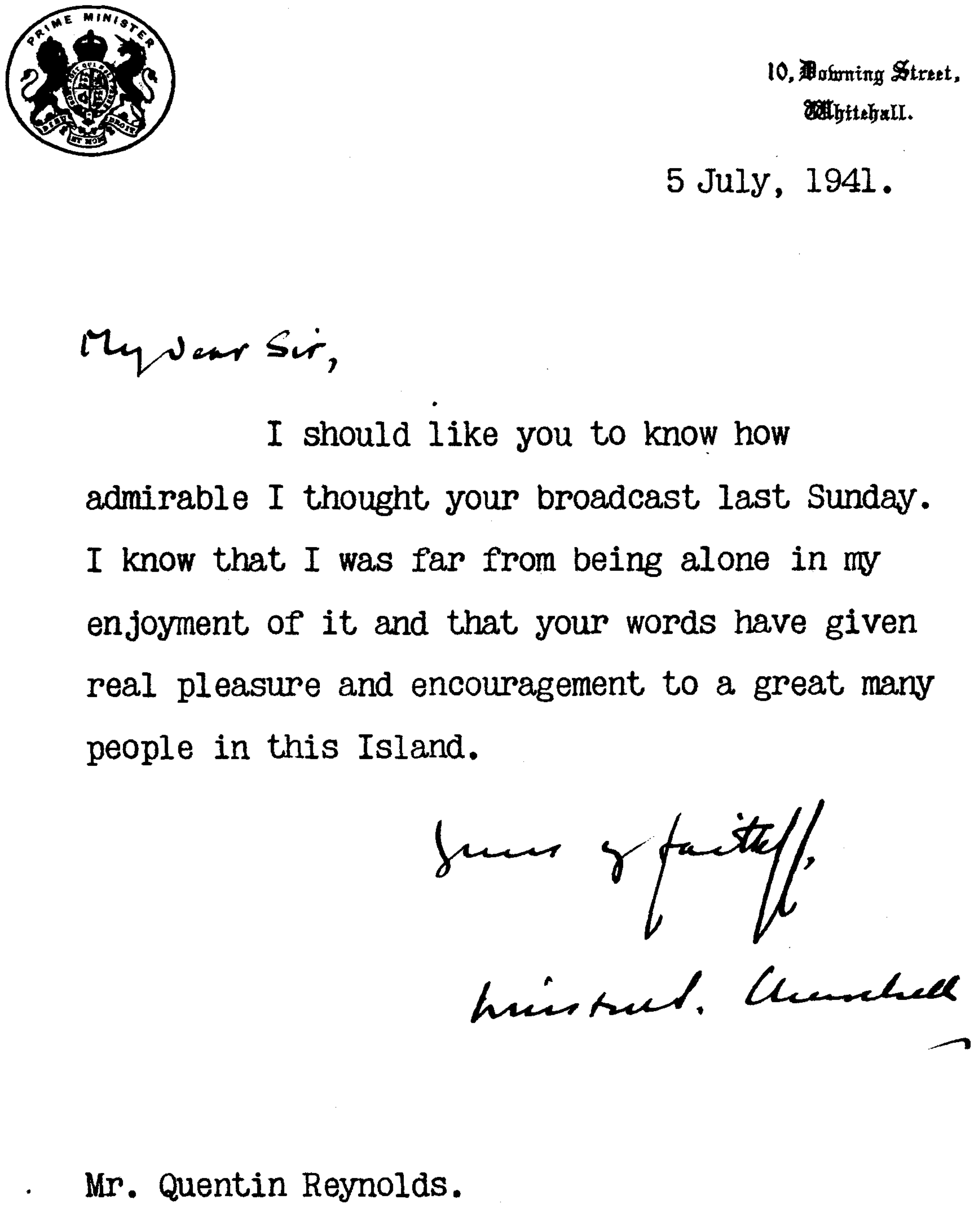
We had seats on a hill commanding a view of the entire proceedings, but Churchill didn't use his seat. This was action. This was his dish. His eyes sparkled, and he chortled with glee while one shell after another exploded on "enemy" territory. He bit his cigar savagely; he blew huge columns of smoke into the summer air, now acrid with the smell of gunpowder, and once when a shell fell short only some 200 yards from us, he laughed out loud. He was away from his desk. He was away from the stuffy confines of Parliament and cabinet meetings. Once again he was a young war correspondent in Africa, smelling gunpowder, being part of the show. There was more gunfire this afternoon than I'd heard in France during a month at the front. It was finally over, and Churchill looked disconsolate. He could have watched this for hours. Then we inspected the tanks.

Now, I can take a tank or leave it alone. Not Churchill or Harriman. Harriman has become a great authority on tanks. Several of these were American-made, and Harriman had to explain the inner workings of the ugly monsters to us. Churchill discussed the technical details of the tanks on even terms with the experts. I just wanted to get back to the train, where I hoped I might find a cold glass of beer. Finally we headed for it. We drove through five miles of cheering troops. Their cheers were not the conventional "three cheers for the prime minister." They were full-throated, spontaneous cheers of welcome and of friendship to their commander in chief. Churchill smiled, and then at the station, when a military band played "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," he took off his hat and waved it, and you could see that for the moment the cares of being prime minister had slipped away.

On the train once more, he again reluctantly became the prime minister of England: He went into a huddle with his secretaries; he dictated letter after letter; he worked on a speech he was to make in the house four days hence.

(Continued on page 44)

The broadcast Prime Minister Churchill writes about in this note to Quentin Reynolds was made from London on Sunday evening June 29th. It was in the form of a personal message to Dr. Goebbels. Excerpts from it follow:



10, Downing Street,
Whitehall.

5 July, 1941.

My dear Sir,

I should like you to know how admirable I thought your broadcast last Sunday. I know that I was far from being alone in my enjoyment of it and that your words have given real pleasure and encouragement to a great many people in this Island.

Yours faithfully,
Winston S. Churchill

Mr. Quentin Reynolds.

"I DO hope the good Doctor is listening. Early today I sent him a cable to Berlin telling him I was going to send him this message. Are you there, Doctor? Doctor, if anyone else happens to be eavesdropping, it is purely sheer coincidence. I am sending this message, Doctor, to you. I want to give you a report about London. I think your agents here and in America have done a very bad job, Doctor.

"I know that you and your boss, Mr. Hitler, are curious about the Hess case. I'd like to clear that up for you, Doctor. I think I know the truth about Hess. We don't have any secrets here; this isn't Berlin, Doctor.

"Then I'd like to tell you what effect your very clever peace proposal campaign had last week. We haven't had much cause for laughter lately here in London. The sinking of the Hood was a shot that hurt, Doctor. Then came the bad news of Crete, nonetheless sad because it was expected. I am a neutral reporter, but Crete hit me hard, as it hit every other reporter here. You see, Doctor, a lot of newspaper reporters happened to be in the New Zealand regiment that was defending Crete. They were friends of ours. We had a lot of anxious hours here in London wondering how our pals were doing.

"Then after that we got another blow. Cigarettes ran low. It seems silly, doesn't it, Doctor, to make an issue out of that. But, Doctor, you smoke cigarettes. I remember interviewing you once in Berlin back in 1934, and I remember how you smoked one cigarette after another. You'd be glad to know, Doctor, that I can't buy a pack of cigarettes in my hotel. There's one more victory for your side, Doctor.

"ANOTHER annoyance is the rationing of clothing. If we want to buy a pair of socks we have to use margarine coupons. No, Doctor, we haven't had many laughs here lately. And then you finally gave us something to laugh about. I mean, of course, your so-called peace proposal here last week, which received so much publicity in America. It was a clever stunt, Doctor, but it just didn't come off. You had everything in your favor, too.

"To begin with, there was Hess. Hess came over here and he had the good sense to land in the most beautiful part of Scotland. And our American ambassador, Mr. Winant, went home not so very long afterward. You very cleverly made capital of that. You said in your broadcast that Hess had come here with a peace proposal and that Mr. Winant had taken it to Mr. Roosevelt.

"Really, Dr. Goebbels, we Americans here in London were a bit annoyed when you coupled the name of Rudolph Hess with that of John Winant. Hess is a rat and he left the sinking ship. John Winant, Doctor, here in London we are beginning to think that John Winant is a great man. He didn't go back to America with any peace proposal, he merely went back to make a report to his boss, the President of the United States.

"Let me tell you why Hess came here. Don't think too harshly of Hess, Doctor. I think he's still a most reputable Nazi and still a member of your gang. He tried to play God. I'll bet he did come here with peace proposals. He was furious because he was treated as just another prisoner of war. Maybe he thought he could remain here a few days and then be sent back. I might add, Doctor, that he is being treated very well. So are his fellow prisoners. There are several thousands of them here, Doctor. I must say the British treat your visiting German pilots very well, indeed. A lot of us here in London think they're treating Hess too well.

"I'd better get back to your peace proposal, Doctor. Of course England wants peace, that's what England is fighting for. The aim of every war is peace. But, Doctor, England wants the kind of peace that you people don't seem to understand. There are forty-four million people here on Churchill's Island, Doctor. Realize one thing, these forty-four million people will die rather than submit to the kind of peace you want to impose. That's how they feel here, Doctor. They're quite willing to die. We realize here in London, Doctor, that death isn't very important after all. We've seen too many of our friends killed, Doctor. No one on the island is afraid to die. I think you'll have to kill the whole forty-four million of them, Doctor, before you can make peace on your terms.

"I suppose you've read the speech Mr. Churchill made two days ago. It was a good speech, Doctor. I wish you could have been in the House and heard him. I was there, Doctor, and it was quite an experience. One member after another got to his feet to criticize the conduct of the war and to criticize Mr. Churchill. They hurled questions at Winston. The Old Man—we call him the Old Man on Fleet Street—answered everyone. Can you imagine anyone getting up in the Reichstag and criticizing your government, demanding explanations from Mr. Hitler? It happens here every day, Doctor.

"Do you know the Savoy Hotel here in London, Doctor? You ought to, your airmen have had a crack at it. Tonight I had dinner at the Savoy with a group of London newspaper editors. We had a wonderful time, Doctor, criticizing the government. We reshuffled the Cabinet, fired a few members, put other men in their places. While our discussion was at its height, I couldn't help but laugh. Each man at our table outside of myself was an Englishman and each man was full of criticism. Could that happen at the Adlon Hotel in Berlin, Doctor? Do you allow your editors to sit around criticizing the government? It happens here every night, Doctor, and the right to do it is what England is fighting for.

"By the way, whatever happened to your air force, Doctor? You haven't sent the boys through to London much lately. Why, Doctor? London is easy to find and we have had a full moon, a real bombers' moon. The last time your boys came over was on a Saturday night, remember, Doctor? It was May 10th. That was a bad one, Doctor, you gave old London hell that night. Those that were still in London will never forget it.

"You know how many airplanes you lost that night, don't you, Doctor? I know, too. I've been spending some time lately with the pilots who fight at night, the boys with the cat's eyes. It was announced officially that they had shot down thirty-three German planes that bad Saturday night, Doctor. You and I know better than that. You and I know that a lot more than thirty-three didn't get home that night. Of course, that's off the record, Doctor, it hasn't been announced, but then, this talk is just between you and me. Is that why you haven't sent Hermann's cute kids over, Doctor? You promised that you were going to destroy London. Here we are, old London is still standing, Doctor. There are six million of us here in London, a pretty good target, Doctor, and Doctor, forgive me, but all six million of us are laughing at your great air force. The night fighters are waiting for them. The civilians of London are ready.

"Well, that's all, Doctor. Take good care of yourself. Take very good care of yourself. We'll be seeing you some day and when we do see you we want you to be in very good health. Good night, Doctor."

WHEN Quentin returned to his hotel after the broadcast, there were sixty phone calls waiting for him and in the next ten days 7,000 fan letters came from English listeners. Messages from the empire are still coming in. The talk was delivered in the measured tones, in the low register, which make Mr. Reynolds our favorite elocutionist. "Since that broadcast," he says, "my voice has become so sinister that I can't order a cup of coffee without the waiter turning pale."

Time Exposure

By William E. Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

They both thought their lives were wrecked beyond repair. It turned out that there wasn't anything the matter with either of them that the other couldn't cure

HIS name was Gordon McGrath. He was a lieutenant in the United States Army Air Corps and he had a deep, abiding case of the blues. He sat in his hotel room in Denver with an illustrated weekly magazine open on his lap and looked at the bottle of Scotch which stood, unopened, upon the dresser. The magazine displayed a full-page picture of a beautiful airline stewardess with long eyelashes; the label on the bottle displayed the portrait of a Scotchman with whiskers.

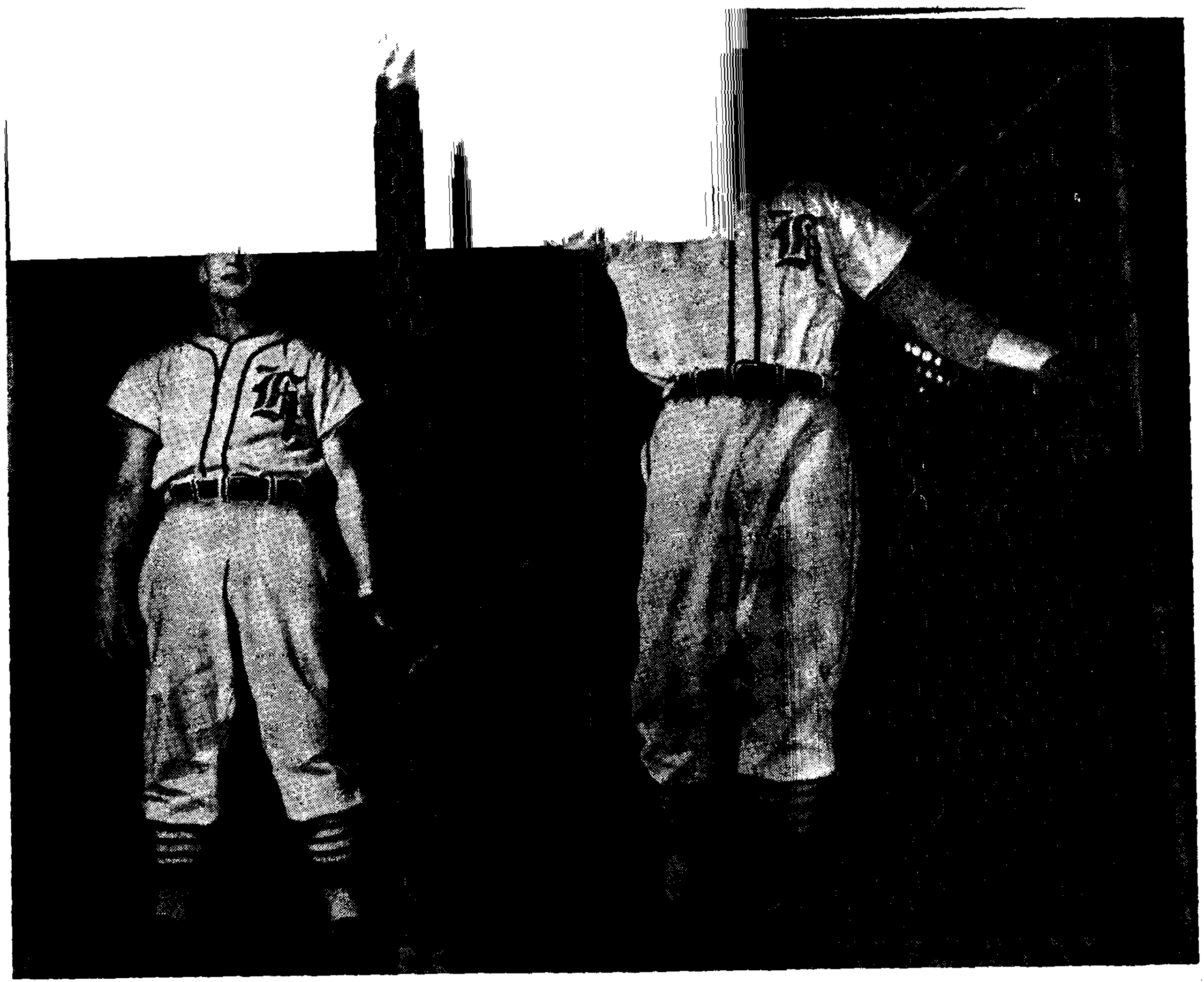
Seven miles east of the hotel was Lowry Field: a vast, sprawling mill of the Air Corps which was absorbing great masses of raw human material and creating out of that material a streamlined organization of technicians. Men were not learning to fly at Lowry, but they were learning to bomb and to take photographs from the air, to knock down and assemble machine guns and air cannon, to co-ordinate all the vast machinery of air power into smooth-functioning units.

Gordon McGrath wanted no part of it. He was a peashooter and a free soul. A peashooter was the aristocrat of the air, a pursuit pilot qualified to fly the hot ships without being cursed with the responsibility of any crew other than his solitary self. Gordon McGrath had earned his spot behind the long nose of a high-powered single-seater at Randolph Field and at Kelly in the tough old days before the new Army. He was a regular and he belonged, but they had pulled his name out of a hat and had slapped him into the cockpit of a photographic ship.

He was in full rebellion. Tomorrow he was due to report for active duty at Lowry. Active duty, in this instance, meant taking up a slow, lumbering, air scow loaded with beardless cadets, snapshotters, who would have to be ferried

(Continued on page 55)

"I gotta have help," the man said. "My wife, she's in the truck and . . ."



ado [redacted] to a shambles. They're
y, [redacted] with the Cardinals

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luce [redacted] ers this season—
on [redacted] y'll bear watching

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PAUL PETERS

CONSIDERING all the trouble they have stirred up in Texas this year, you get the idea that Pollet, Martin and Wilks are a firm of lawyers. But they happen to be three amazing young baseball pitchers, if not the greatest ever found on one minor-league club, then good enough to have reduced the 1941 Texas League race to a shambles by early August when they had rolled up 60 victories and ten defeats.

It was brutal, like a triple tornado. Repeatedly they broke records in eight cities and hearts of the fans in seven. They pitched the Houston Buffaloes, a St. Louis Cardinals' farm, by the way, into a lead of twenty-five games over second-place Tulsa and killed attendance by midsummer, at which point Branch Rickey went down and carried away the lone southpaw of the trio, Howard Pollet, to help the wabbling Cardinals in the National League pennant race. Pollet had won twenty games and lost only three.

But Martin and Wilks kept right on winning and, at the close of the Texas League season, the public was asked to support a ridiculous set of play-offs wherein Houston had to "qualify" by playing a team that had finished thirty games behind them.

All this happened because of the three pitching prodigies who differ as much as the assorted sections of the country which spawned them. One spends his winters as a truck driver in Oklahoma, another as a clerk in an oil company at New Orleans, and the third, a New Yorker, as a laborer on WPA projects in Texas. Somehow all wound up under that all-embracing banner of the St. Louis Cardinals' chain-store system, which already reeks with pitching talent. However, it may hearten Brooklyn Dodger fans to learn that one of the three positively will not be with St. Louis next year. Big Fred Martin has been drafted and by now is probably up to here in potato peelings.

The New York Yankees, barnstorming blithely through Texas last March, were the first to feel the combined jolt of Houston's great triple threat in the pitcher's box. Undefeated in exhibition games, the Yankees marched head on into this pitching twister and the result was not only a mess, but McCarthy's men had the unique distinction of suffering their first defeat while taking a shower.

Pollet started the game and pitched four hitless innings, fanned Joe DiMaggio and was nicked for three hits and a run in the fifth. Ted Wilks followed, wabbled for a pair of runs in the sixth but horse-collared the Yanks in the seventh. Martin pitched one-hit shutout ball in the eighth and ninth innings and the score was 3-2.

Screwy but Thrilling

At the "end" of the game the Yankees raced from the field in high glee at escaping this triple buzz saw with a slim victory. But it developed that Bill Dickey had failed to touch a runner at the plate for the final out. It also developed that the runner had failed to touch the plate. The facts dawned upon Houston a few minutes later and, with the Yankees racing for shower baths, the untagged runner touched the plate to tie the score, and the batter who had driven him across raced around the bases with the winning run.

That screwy ball game was prophetic, for it seemed to set a standard on which these three pitchers operated from the start of the season. A weak-hitting line-up behind them forced low-score games and Houston set some kind of record for pulling ball games out of the fire with belated, thrill-packed rallies.

Pollet, for example, opened the season at Houston with a 2-0 shutout of Beaumont, followed this with a no-hit, no-run game against Shreveport, and then kicked in with a third shutout against Fort Worth. He wasn't beaten until he had rolled up seven wins in a row, and then in the tenth inning by 4-3. His second loss came a month later, 1-0, in ten innings. His third and last defeat was a nine-inning "shellacking" by 3-2. Six of his twenty victories were shutouts. In six games he allowed only one run.

By the time Pollet had been defeated, big Fred Martin was rolling up the triumphs. On June 21st he had twelve in a row, which, made by a first-year pitcher, tied the league record set by Pollet in his first season with Houston in 1940. Martin went after the thirteenth on his home grounds against Dallas and the hair-raiser that followed is a rough idea of how the kids wreak their havoc.

Martin was doing all right, but the strain was heavy. Wags in the grandstand kept reminding him of the unlucky thirteenth, and mounting Dallas base hits were reminding him of his vulnerability. Midway in the game he had a 7-0 lead, but weakened in the sixth and foundered in the seventh. Dallas had the tying and winning runs on base with none out in the eighth. Weary and disgusted, Martin was willing to settle for twelve in a row.

At that point, Eddie Dyer, astute manager of Houston, happened to see a St. Vitus victim down the bench and the jittery player turned out to be young Pollet. He was motioning frantically with a ball, slapping his glove and pointing to the box.

"Skipper, I can stop 'em!" he called.

Dyer had two relief pitchers in the bull pen, but this was too good to pass up. Here was the holder of the league record for *(Continued on page 49)*

THE FIGHT GOES ON

By Franklin Delano Roosevelt

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This is the second half of the President's own story of the fight for Supreme Court reform. It is part of the introduction to a forthcoming volume of his State Papers

The Constitution Prevails

PART TWO

IN NOVEMBER, 1936, came the presidential and congressional elections. It was a hard-fought campaign, in which the issue was joined without reserve, in which no punches were pulled. The issue was a single one—the New Deal, its objectives, its methods, its future proposals. The opposition pointed to the Court as the only obstacle which had stood in our way. On the other hand, I made it clear that, if re-elected, I intended to continue to press harder and harder for our objectives, in order to carry out the will of the people. The spirit of the Democratic campaign was expressed in my speech at Madison Square Garden in New York City, on October 31, 1936: that for all our objectives—many of which had already been blocked by the Supreme Court—we had "only just begun to fight."

The election returns of 1936 left little room for doubt as to whether the people of the United States wanted that fight to continue. Forty-six states out of the forty-eight voted for the New Deal. The popular vote for the New Deal was 27,500,000 votes—or a plurality of over ten million votes out of the forty-five million cast.

As I returned to Washington after Election Day, I knew that the great interests and the great newspapers which had opposed my re-election in 1936 by violently attacking the policies and objectives of the last four years were all ready and set again to transfer the scene of battle from the legislative halls to the courtroom. Defeat at the polls would never deter them from seeking ultimate victory from the courts. That has been the traditional refuge of those who fight social progress at the ballot box.

In fact, many of the later New Deal measures were already even then working their way up to the Supreme Court: the Social Security Act, the National Labor Relations Act, the Public Utility Holding Company Act.

The problem was a simple one to state; but an almost impossible one to solve. Was the majority of the Court to remain what Mr. Justice Brandeis had characterized as a "super-legislature," passing upon the wisdom of legislation on the basis of their own personal political and economic philosophy? Was the electorate to be powerless to insist upon solution of its national problems through its Congress, without having to risk judgments of unconstitutionality based not on constitutional limitations but on personal predilections of five justices not elected by it? Or was this nation to retain its full powers to serve its own citizens, and to use those powers in a steady drive to meet the modern needs of humanity?

To stand still was to invite disaster. Across the seas, democracies had even then been yielding place to dictatorships, because they had proven too weak or too slow to fulfill the wants of their citizens. Social forces in our day gather headway with ever-increasing speed. It would have been dangerous to block too long the just and irresistible pressure of human needs. Democracy here simply could not be permitted to fail to function.

"The spirit of the Democratic campaign was expressed at Madison Square Garden on October 31, 1936: that for all our objectives—many of which had already been blocked by the Supreme Court—we had 'only just begun to fight.'" With the President are Governor Lehman and Senator Wagner

Yet it was hard to read the opinion of the Court on the Agricultural Adjustment Act and say what we were going to be able to do for the farmer. Or the opinions outlawing the Railroad Retirement Act, the Bituminous Coal Act, the National Industrial Recovery Act, the New York Minimum Wage Act, and decide just what we could do in the future for the exploited laboring man and woman; or what we could do in the way of flood control and drought control; or what we could do in all the other fields where we had promised progress—help for the blind and crippled, unemployment insurance and old-age pensions, total abolition of child labor, protection against monopolies, building decent housing for the lowest income groups, slum eradication, cheaper electricity, intelligent handling of industrial disputes through collective bargaining, minimum wages and maximum hours.

The challenge of a third of a nation ill-clad, ill-housed, ill-nourished, was still with us; and we seemed to be without the necessary weapons to meet the challenge.

Ever since the adverse decisions of 1935, I had, of course, begun to think of what should be done to retain in our democracy the functional tools which the Court seemed bent on taking away. Many plans began to come in to the White House from many citizens and from many sections of the country. I spoke with scores of people on the subject, and spent many days and nights in studies and conferences. During the summer and fall of 1936 these studies began to assume definite shape.

After the overwhelming mandate of the 1936 elections had been delivered by the people, I settled down to a process of elimination of the many plans suggested. I discussed the objectives and the issues with many people; but in the final determination of details I was joined by the Attorney General and Solicitor General of the United States, and by nobody else.

Of course I gave no consideration at all to the suggestion which came from some quarters that we do nothing about it. The policy of doing nothing is what had brought us to the brink of disaster in 1932. That has always been the policy which those who have opposed progressive legislation offer to remedy

Mr. Justice Roberts' change of opinion from an earlier decision produced the Supreme Court's remarkable 1937 about-face on minimum-wage legislation for women

Severe blow to Administration proponents of Supreme Court reform was the death of Senator Joseph Robinson, the Democratic Senate leader, in the middle of the fight

grave social and economic evils. It has always been the policy of those who mistrust democratic government and democratic processes. Of course these groups did not advocate "do-nothingism" frankly and openly on the ground that they feared the will of the people as expressed on Election Day. The attack they used was a name-calling barrage of propaganda, charging that whatever the duly elected executive and legislative representatives tried to do was "regimentation" or "Communism" or "dictatorship."

Another suggestion for delay was based on the thought that the hand of fate or the wish for retirement would remove some of the justices from the Court, and provide the opportunity for the appointment of new men more sensitive to modern conditions. This course was also soon rejected. It should be noted that this suggestion recognized that there was nothing wrong with our Constitution, but that the fault lay with those who were giving it a "tortured construction." It was rejected because we realized that there was no time left for that kind of inaction and waiting.

The reactionary members of the Court had apparently determined to remain on the bench as long as life continued—for the sole purpose of blocking any program of reform. This was nothing new in our national life. The same thing had happened in earlier days of our history; it had happened during President Wilson's administration. It was happening again. These men seemed to have a definite mission in life—to block our social and economic progress; and, dedicated to that mission, they clung to their places. Although it had become, on the average, the most aged Court in our history; although six justices had passed the age of seventy, not a single vacancy had occurred during my first term in office. The bench had been created almost entirely by appointments by conservative Presidents; and it was now continually passing economic and political judgments, almost month by month, on a liberal program of recovery and reform.

No! Time would not allow us to wait for vacancies. Things were happening, NOW!

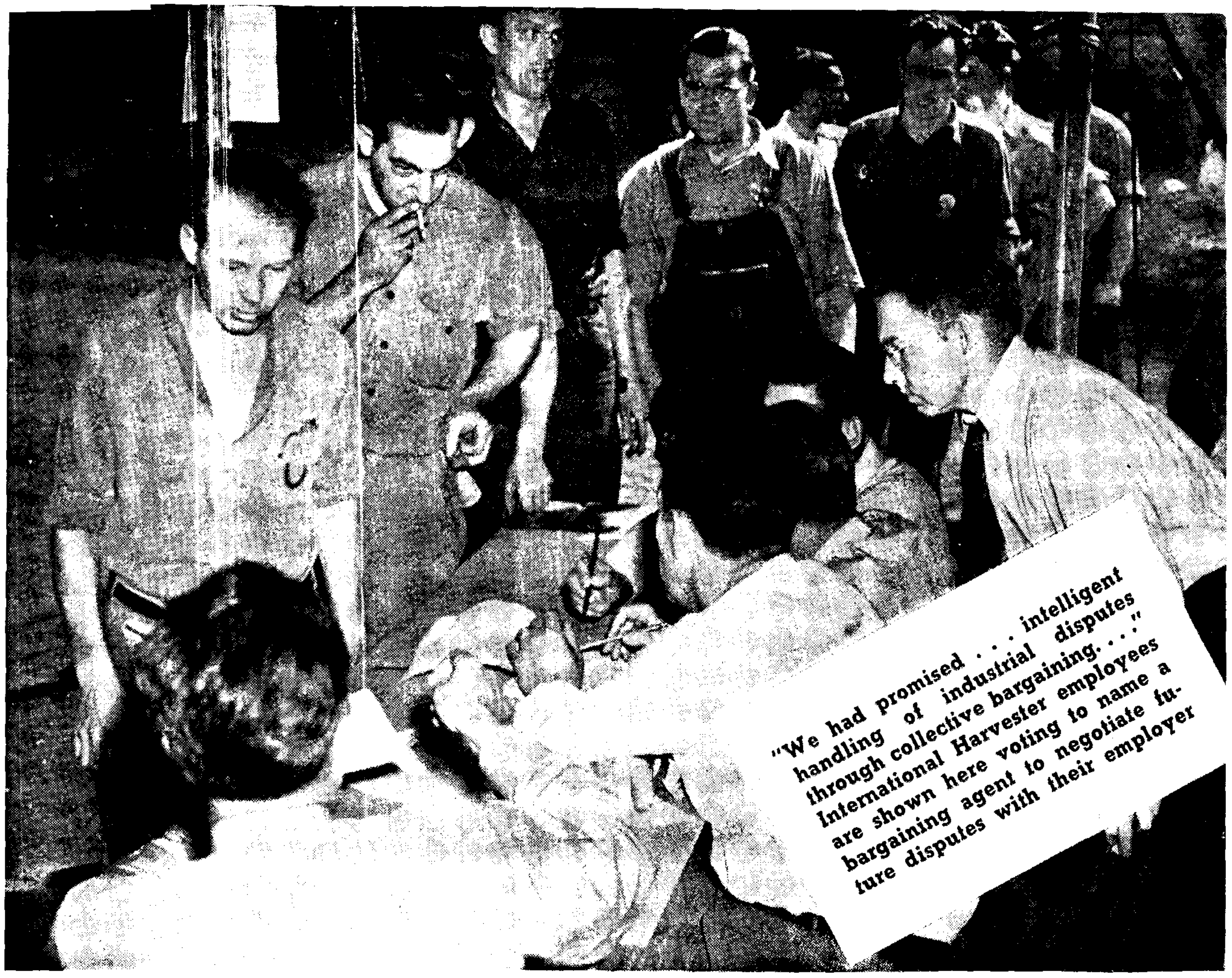
No Time for Amendment

That same element of time was also most important in considering the question of passing a constitutional amendment to meet the Court crisis. I considered that remedy very carefully—and rejected it. The program of the New Deal involved the most controversial social questions in the last seventy-five years of our history. Tremendous interests were at stake—interests which would hesitate at nothing to gain their ends. It would only be necessary to prevent ratification in thirteen states in order to block any proposed amendment to the Constitution. I knew how long it would take to get the approval of thirty-six states. I had seen the long year-after-year ordeal of the proposed child labor amendment, which involved opposition which was only picayune in comparison with the intrenched antagonism to the new social program. No! It would take years and years to get a constitutional amendment which would meet our difficulties. Time was too pressing for that.

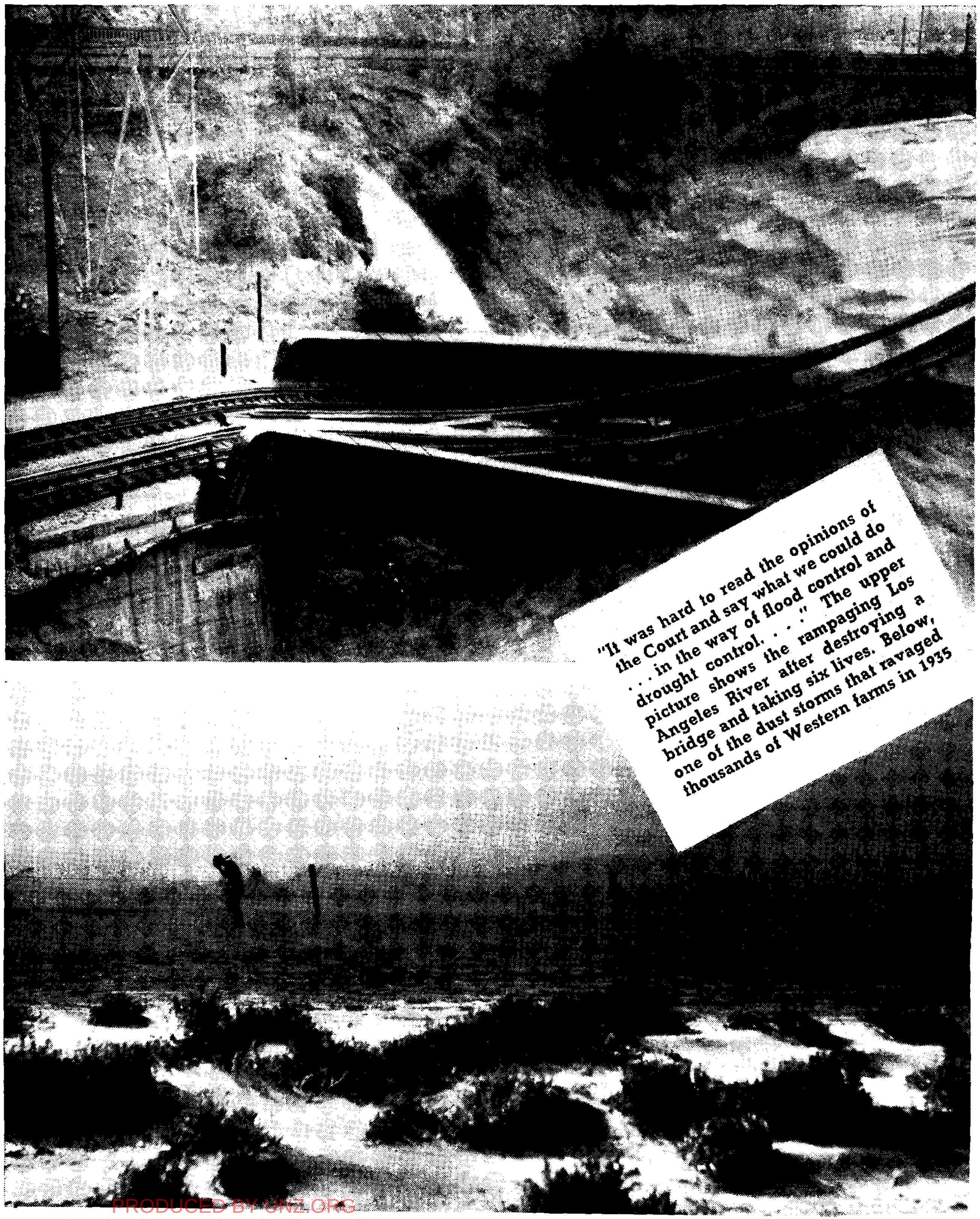
Besides, precisely what amendment would be submitted to the people? A dozen different ones had been proposed. How long would it take to get an agreement among the proponents of constitutional amendments to unite on one amendment which could pass through the Congress, even before it began to go through the long process of ratification by the states? Each type of amendment had its own passionate followers. Some of them were so radical that they made my own Court proposal seem practically reactionary.

For example, one senator proposed an amendment which would permit any decision of the Court declaring a law unconstitutional to be overridden by a two-thirds vote of the Congress elected after the decision was handed down. This meant that no matter on what ground the Court decided a statute invalid, the following Congress could recall the decision. Apart from the fact that it did not touch upon the question of state legislation at all, this proposed amendment was an attack upon the very function of the Court and upon the legitimate exercise of that function. I was not prepared, nor did I deem it advisable, thus to undermine one of the foundations of our democracy.

Apart from this great division of opinion as to the kind of constitutional amendment to be adopted, there was always the danger that the same justices would read into any amendment finally passed the same "economic predilections" which they had read into the Constitution itself. Could human language ever be framed to meet all contingencies without possibility of judicial *(Continued on page 37)*



"We had promised . . . intelligent handling of industrial disputes through collective bargaining. . . ." International Harvester employees are shown here voting to name a bargaining agent to negotiate future disputes with their employer



"It was hard to read the opinions of the Court and say what we could do . . . in the way of flood control and drought control. . . ." The upper picture shows the rampaging Los Angeles River after destroying a bridge and taking six lives. Below, one of the dust storms that ravaged thousands of Western farms in 1935

Fritter-Minded

By Kermit Shelby

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

Love triangle in the Ozarks, with honors to Doany Sheer, a girl who doesn't seem to know her own strength

As THE pine shadows on the ridge began to lengthen, throwing their black searchlights out over the valley, and down, Doany reckoned he wasn't a-coming, and for a moment the thought left her pure infidel. Yet, blindly, she continued to pray. Maybe even if there wasn't ary God, and you prayed, and you prayed, and you kept on a-praying—*Let me see him once more before I go, Lord. Let his medicine wagon overtake me on this mounting trail. Then name your pick for me to do, and I'll do hit.* Doany's cardboard suitcase bumped her bare legs as she walked. They were shapely legs, slender and golden-brown—like Doany.

The trail was narrow and winding and not much traveled. Sunlight lingered, a last touch, across the ridges. But in the Ozark hollows autumn night was settling in soft blue swirls—like rows of hens' nests. Doany wouldn't look at the blue. Her throat ached hard enough already from having to leave them; her hills. It ached harder at the thought of leaving Rondo Kane.

He hadn't wrote ary letter, like he promised. 'Twas a sin and a shame, the way he neglected his medicine-wagon route. Two weeks late, and over. Four nights ago he'd been seen by Doany's cousins at that carnival in Blue Eye, a-spending his money on flimflams, riding some gold-tooth girl on a Fairy's Wheel. Just plain fritter-minded, that's what he was; and the sooner her fool heart forgot him the better off 'twould be. So argued Doany's reason—while Doany herself choked back scalding tears and kept right on praying. *Just to know he's all right, Lord. Just to know his fritter-mindedness ain't got him into no trouble.*

When she heard the rumble of wagon wheels behind her, it made sweat spring from Doany's hand against the suitcase handle. But even then she wouldn't look back. If she looked back, and it turned out to be somebody else—Doany's breath came hard. *Make it a medicine wagon, Lord. Make it say Ramsey's Products on the side.*

As the wagon wheels drew nearer, Doany's steps quickened, timed to the terrific surging drumbeat in her ears. Hill pride, stubborn-fierce, lifted her young shoulders, her pointed chin. Independence swished in the hem of her cotton dress.

"Whoa!" The wagon stopped. "Goin' my way, Miss?" Two devilish eyes, dark blue, twinkled down at Doany from a grave, sun-tanned face. Had ary girl in Piney Ridge a-been born with curly black hair like that, she'd surely a-kept it combed. But Rondo Kane didn't. He had a crooked eyebrow that went soaring up like a buzzard's wing. That tight-lipped boyish mouth of his didn't fool Doany none. A body with one eye would know all them little lines, a-twitching, meant devil-may-care.

Doany reached him her suitcase. As her fingers touched his, on the handle, it made pure pain to breathe, her heart cut capers so.

"I reckoned it was you," she said quietly. She climbed upon the seat beside him. The medicine wagon lumbered on.

"Couldn't be you saw my wagon a-coming over Dewey Bald, and just moseyed along, figuring I'd overtake you?"

His smug complacency waved two red flags of anger in Doany's cheeks, shattered instantly all the rainbows his coming had brought. Replaced it with that fur-rubbed-wrong-way feel inside her. Always his man-sureness flustered her so, telling her reason he was not for her, that his ways and her ways would never mix. Yet what good was reason—when your fool heart egged you on? Pure misery it was, loving such a one whose eyes ladled out kisses, whose words were a lash sting across the face.

Doany heard her own voice, pensive-proud, scornful. "You shore stuck on yourself, figuring I got nothing better to do than lug a suitcase up these here mountings."

"Your folks told me you'd lit out for Cedar Gap." No regret in his tone. Rather, cheerful indifference; a vast amiableness. *Was it too much so?* Doany wondered—while her fool heart took the count.

DOANY'S "folks" were the Crabtrees—eleven of them—a shiftless family of tomato growers, cousins and second cousins, where she'd been a-staying since her ma died last spring. Their ways were not the Sheer ways. To Doany Sheer, who'd been raised strict, the Crabtrees' shiftlessness was a torment. The only reason she'd put up with it this long was the hope that when Rondo Kane came, a-driving his medicine wagon . . . But hearing the news of that gold-tooth girl had knocked all that in the head. After hearing about that Fairy's Wheel business, Doany reckoned she was just a fool for waiting. Even then she'd waited four more days, the wishing and the longing a-making a sickness inside her. When it got so she couldn't stand it no more, she'd packed her suitcase and lit out.

Rondo slapped the mules' backs gently with the reins. "What you figure doing for yourself over to Cedar Gap?"

"Figure to make something of myself, a-working."

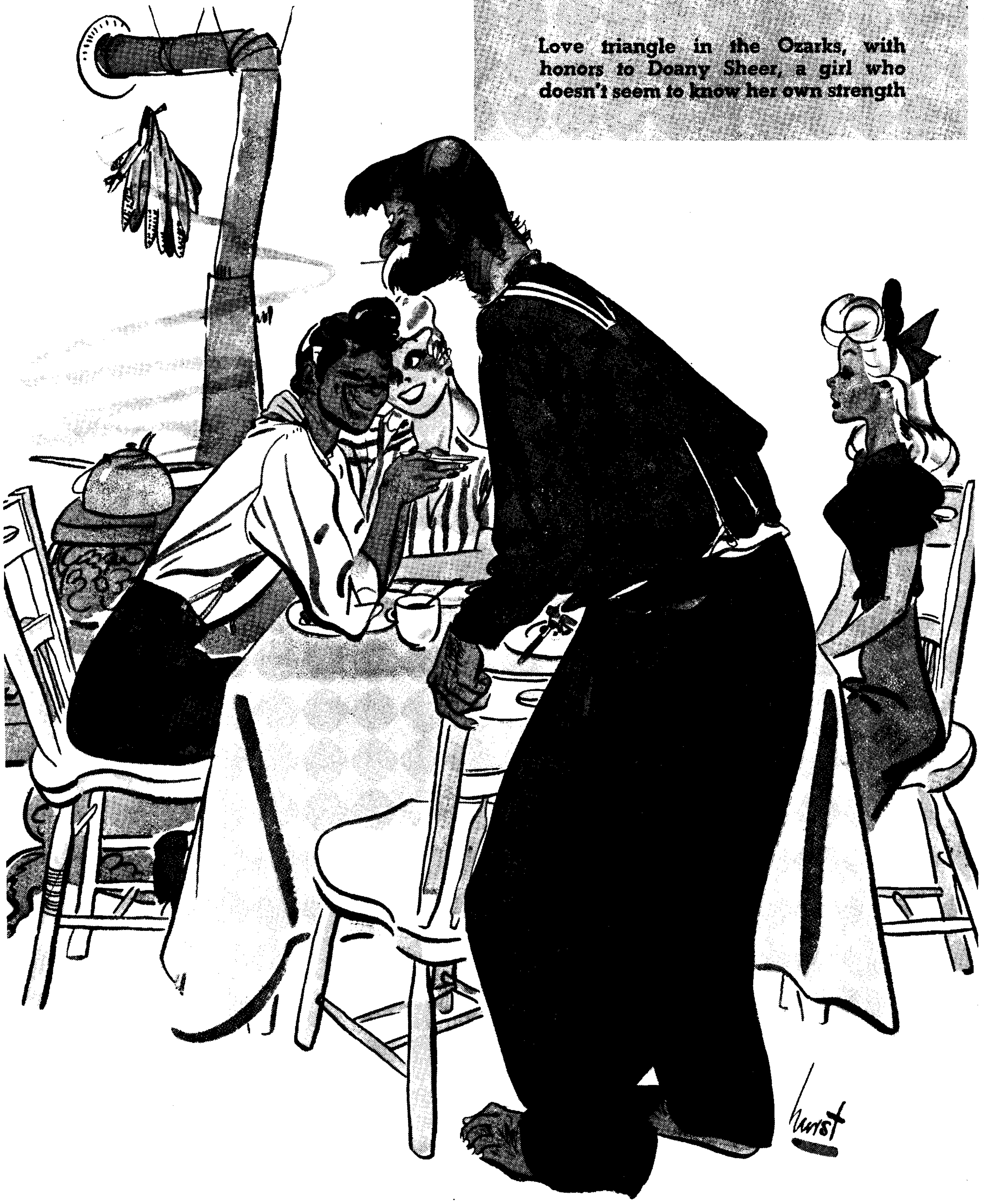
"What sort of work?"

"Cooking work. My Aunt Icy writ she could use me a-helping her board them section hands."

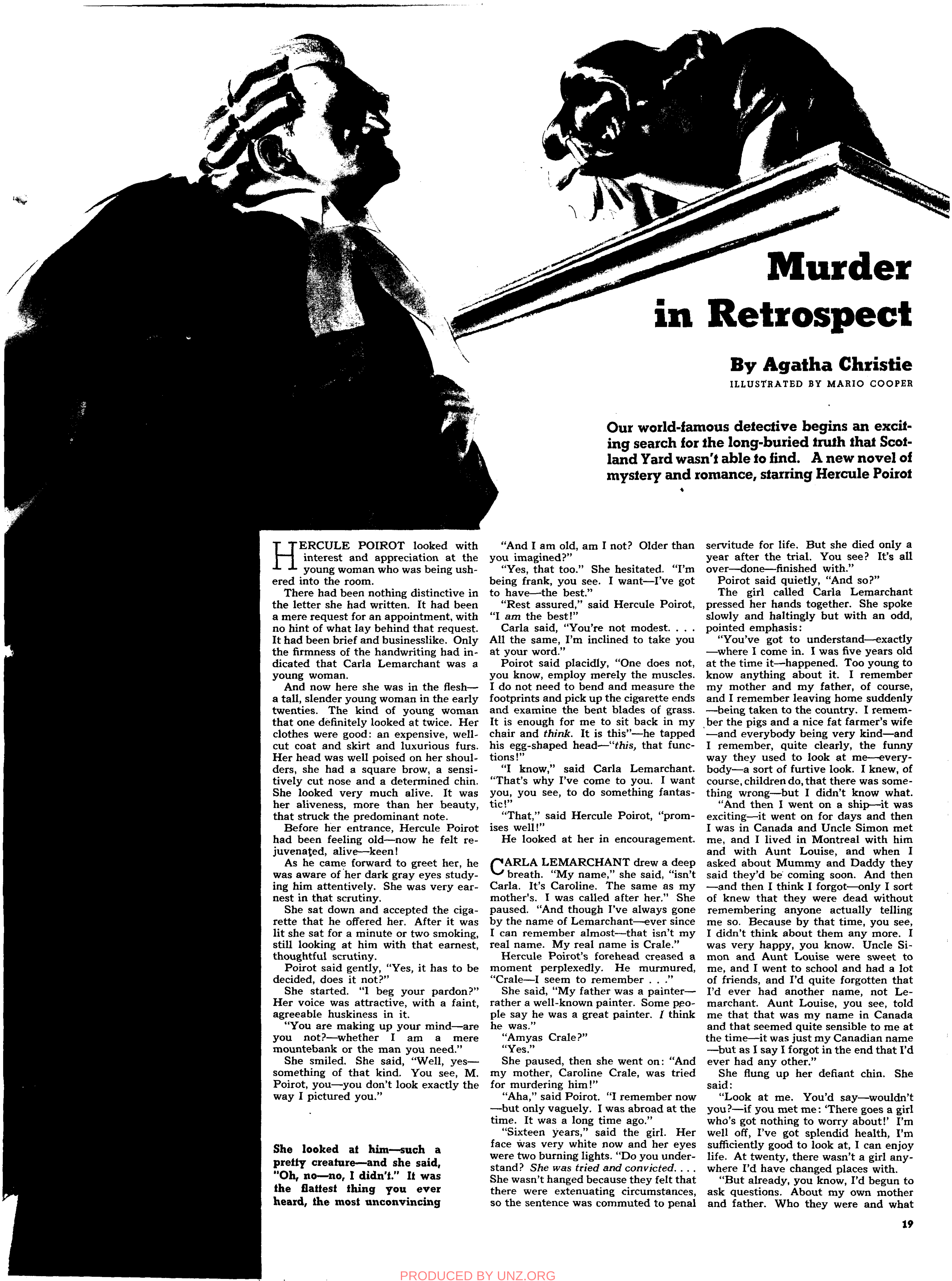
"Look out you don't be marrying one of them hands."

"A lot you'd care!" The words jerked themselves out before she could put a stop to them. His pestering way of whistling—as though he hadn't ary care

(Continued on page 69)



Edna's pa pushed his chair back and looked at Edna and Rondo. "Reckon you uns will want to court," he said to them. "I'm a-going to bed"



Murder in Retrospect

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Our world-famous detective begins an exciting search for the long-buried truth that Scotland Yard wasn't able to find. A new novel of mystery and romance, starring Hercule Poirot

HERCULE POIROT looked with interest and appreciation at the young woman who was being ushered into the room.

There had been nothing distinctive in the letter she had written. It had been a mere request for an appointment, with no hint of what lay behind that request. It had been brief and businesslike. Only the firmness of the handwriting had indicated that Carla Lemarchant was a young woman.

And now here she was in the flesh—a tall, slender young woman in the early twenties. The kind of young woman that one definitely looked at twice. Her clothes were good: an expensive, well-cut coat and skirt and luxurious furs. Her head was well poised on her shoulders, she had a square brow, a sensitively cut nose and a determined chin. She looked very much alive. It was her aliveness, more than her beauty, that struck the predominant note.

Before her entrance, Hercule Poirot had been feeling old—now he felt rejuvenated, alive—keen!

As he came forward to greet her, he was aware of her dark gray eyes studying him attentively. She was very earnest in that scrutiny.

She sat down and accepted the cigarette that he offered her. After it was lit she sat for a minute or two smoking, still looking at him with that earnest, thoughtful scrutiny.

Poirot said gently, "Yes, it has to be decided, does it not?"

She started. "I beg your pardon?" Her voice was attractive, with a faint, agreeable huskiness in it.

"You are making up your mind—are you not?—whether I am a mere mountebank or the man you need."

She smiled. She said, "Well, yes—something of that kind. You see, M. Poirot, you—you don't look exactly the way I pictured you."

"And I am old, am I not? Older than you imagined?"

"Yes, that too." She hesitated. "I'm being frank, you see. I want—I've got to have—the best."

"Rest assured," said Hercule Poirot, "I *am* the best!"

Carla said, "You're not modest. . . . All the same, I'm inclined to take you at your word."

Poirot said placidly, "One does not, you know, employ merely the muscles. I do not need to bend and measure the footprints and pick up the cigarette ends and examine the bent blades of grass. It is enough for me to sit back in my chair and *think*. It is this"—he tapped his egg-shaped head—"*this,* that functions!"

"I know," said Carla Lemarchant. "That's why I've come to you. I want you, you see, to do something fantastic!"

"That," said Hercule Poirot, "promises well!"

He looked at her in encouragement.

CARLA LEMARCHANT drew a deep breath. "My name," she said, "isn't Carla. It's Caroline. The same as my mother's. I was called after her." She paused. "And though I've always gone by the name of Lemarchant—ever since I can remember almost—that isn't my real name. My real name is Crale."

Hercule Poirot's forehead creased a moment perplexedly. He murmured, "Crale—I seem to remember . . ."

She said, "My father was a painter—rather a well-known painter. Some people say he was a great painter. *I* think he was."

"Amyas Crale?"

"Yes."

She paused, then she went on: "And my mother, Caroline Crale, was tried for murdering him!"

"Aha," said Poirot. "I remember now—but only vaguely. I was abroad at the time. It was a long time ago."

"Sixteen years," said the girl. Her face was very white now and her eyes were two burning lights. "Do you understand? *She was tried and convicted.* . . . She wasn't hanged because they felt that there were extenuating circumstances, so the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. But she died only a year after the trial. You see? It's all over—done—finished with."

Poirot said quietly, "And so?"

The girl called Carla Lemarchant pressed her hands together. She spoke slowly and haltingly but with an odd, pointed emphasis:

"You've got to understand—exactly—where I come in. I was five years old at the time it—happened. Too young to know anything about it. I remember my mother and my father, of course, and I remember leaving home suddenly—being taken to the country. I remember the pigs and a nice fat farmer's wife—and everybody being very kind—and I remember, quite clearly, the funny way they used to look at me—everybody—a sort of furtive look. I knew, of course, children do, that there was something wrong—but I didn't know what.

"And then I went on a ship—it was exciting—it went on for days and then I was in Canada and Uncle Simon met me, and I lived in Montreal with him and with Aunt Louise, and when I asked about Mummy and Daddy they said they'd be coming soon. And then—and then I think I forgot—only I sort of knew that they were dead without remembering anyone actually telling me so. Because by that time, you see, I didn't think about them any more. I was very happy, you know. Uncle Simon and Aunt Louise were sweet to me, and I went to school and had a lot of friends, and I'd quite forgotten that I'd ever had another name, not Lemarchant. Aunt Louise, you see, told me that that was my name in Canada and that seemed quite sensible to me at the time—it was just my Canadian name—but as I say I forgot in the end that I'd ever had any other."

She flung up her defiant chin. She said:

"Look at me. You'd say—wouldn't you?—if you met me: 'There goes a girl who's got nothing to worry about!' I'm well off, I've got splendid health, I'm sufficiently good to look at, I can enjoy life. At twenty, there wasn't a girl anywhere I'd have changed places with.

"But already, you know, I'd begun to ask questions. About my own mother and father. Who they were and what

She looked at him—such a pretty creature—and she said, "Oh, no—no, I didn't." It was the flattest thing you ever heard, the most unconvincing

they did. I'd have been bound to find out in the end.

"As it was, they told me the truth. When I was twenty-one. They had to then, because for one thing I came into my own money. And then, you see, there was the letter. The letter my mother left for me when she died."

HER expression changed, dimmed. Her eyes were no longer two burning points—they were dark, dim pools. She said, "That's when I learned the truth. That my mother had been convicted of murder. It was—rather horrible."

She paused.

"There's something else I must tell you. I was engaged to be married. They said we must wait—that we couldn't be married until I was twenty-one. When I knew, I understood why."

Poirot stirred and spoke for the first time. He said, "And what was your fiancé's reaction?"

"John? John didn't care. He said it made no difference—not to him. He and I were John and Carla—and the past didn't matter."

She leaned forward.

"We're still engaged. But all the same, you know, it *does* matter. It matters to me. And it matters to John too. . . . It isn't the past that matters to us—it's the future." She clenched her hands. "We want children, you see. We both want children. And we don't want to watch our children growing up and be afraid."

"Do you understand?" she said. "She was tried and convicted. She wasn't hanged because they felt that there were extenuating circumstances, so the sentence was commuted to penal servitude"

"Do you not realize," Poirot said, "that among everyone's ancestors there has been violence and evil?"

"You don't understand. That's so, of course. But, then, one doesn't usually know about it. We do. It's very near to us. And—sometimes—I've seen John just—look at me. Such a quick glance—just a flash. Supposing we were married and we'd quarreled—and I saw him look at me and—and *wonder?*"

Hercule Poirot said, "How was your father killed?"

Carla's voice came clear and firm: "He was poisoned."

Hercule Poirot said, "I see."

There was a silence.

Then the girl said in a calm, matter-of-fact voice, "Thank goodness you're sensible. You see that it does matter—and what it involves. You don't try to patch it up and trot out consoling phrases."

"I understand very well," said Poirot. "What I do *not* understand is what you want of *me?*"

"I want to marry John!" Carla Lemarchant said simply. "And I mean to marry John! And I want to have at least two girls and two boys. And you're going to make that possible!"

"You mean—you want me to talk to your fiancé? Ah, no, it is idiocy what I say there! It is something quite different that you are suggesting. Tell me what is in your mind."

"Listen, M. Poirot. Get this—and get it clearly. I'm hiring you to investigate a case of murder."

"Do you mean—"

"Yes, I do mean. A case of murder is a case of murder whether it happened yesterday or sixteen years ago."

"But my dear young lady—"

"Wait, M. Poirot. You haven't got it all yet. There's a very important point."

"Yes?"

"My mother was innocent," said Carla Lemarchant.

Hercule Poirot rubbed his nose. He murmured, "Well, naturally—I comprehend that—"

"It isn't sentiment. There's her letter. She left it for me before she died. It was to be given to me when I was twenty-one. She left it for that one reason—that I should be quite sure. That's all that was in it. That she hadn't done it—that she was innocent—that I could be sure of that always."

Hercule Poirot looked thoughtfully at the young, vital face staring so earnestly at him. He said slowly, "*Tout de même*—"

Carla smiled. "No, mother wasn't like that! You're thinking that it might be a lie—a sentimental lie." She leaned forward earnestly: "Listen, M. Poirot, there are some things that children know quite well. I can remember my mother—a patchy remembrance, of course, but I remember quite well the *sort* of person she was. She didn't tell lies—kind lies. If a thing was going to hurt she always told you so. Dentists, or thorns in your finger—all that sort of thing. Truth was a—a natural impulse to her. I wasn't, I don't think, specially fond of her—but I trusted her. I *still* trust her! If she says she didn't kill my father, then she didn't kill him! She wasn't the sort of person who would solemnly write down a lie when she knew she was dying."

Slowly, almost reluctantly, Hercule Poirot bowed his head.

CARLA went on: "That's why it's all right for *me* to marry John. *I* know it's all right. *But he doesn't.* He feels that naturally I would think my mother was innocent. It's got to be cleared up, M. Poirot. And *you're* going to do it!"

Hercule Poirot said slowly, "Granted that what you say is true, mademoiselle, sixteen years have gone by!"

Carla Lemarchant said, "Oh, of course it's going to be *difficult!* Nobody but *you* could do it!"

Hercule Poirot's eyes twinkled slightly. "You give me the best butter—hein?" he said.

"I've heard about you," Carla said. "The things you've done. The *way* you have done them. It's psychology that interests you, isn't it? Well, that doesn't change with time. The tangible things are gone—the cigarette end and the footprints and the bent blades of grass. You can't look for those any more. But you can go over all the facts of the case, and perhaps talk to the people who were there at the time—they're all alive still—and then—and then, as you said just now, you can lie back in your chair and *think. And you'll know what really happened. . . .*"

Hercule Poirot rose to his feet. One hand caressed his mustache. He said, "Mademoiselle, I am honored! I will justify your faith in me. I will investigate your case of murder. I will search back into the events of sixteen years ago and I will find out the truth."

Carla got up. Her eyes were shining. But she only said, "Good."

Hercule Poirot shook an eloquent forefinger. "One little moment. I have said I will find out the truth. I do not, you understand, have the bias. I do not accept your assurance of your mother's innocence. If she was guilty—*eh bien,* what then?"

Carla's head went back. "I'm her daughter," she said. "I want the truth!"

(Continued on page 64)

Soft Stuff

By Henry L. Jackson

Comfort is what makes the Shetland sports jacket an excellent choice for country, campus and week-end wear. You'll see plenty of striped Shetland jackets among spectators at Westbury, Long Island, center of high-goal polo in the East

A topcoat for early fall days in a single-breasted, natural-color Shetland-type wool with fly front. This is a good all-around coat you can wear for town, country and travel, in a neutral color that goes with everything in your wardrobe

Single-breasted overcoat for cold-weathe wear, made in a blue Shetland-type tweed This one is right where you'll be seeing it this winter in New York—on Wall Stree

Perfect for traveling, informal busines and country wear is a Shetland-type tweed suit, single-breasted style. The popula O.D. color reflects the Army influence

THE only place where Shetland is not thought of as a small horse is around the garment district. Shetland in that setting is a sheep. And that little animal supplies a tweed that is extremely uptown.

The difference between Shetland and other tweeds is that Shetland doesn't scratch. A very friendly tweed, Shetland. In the trade they say it has a "soft handle." That means it feels good when you touch it.

Nobody knows how the pretty little sheep got to the Shetland Islands off the northwestern coast of Scotland. Some say they were brought by the Vikings, who once owned the islands; others maintain they were washed up from the wreckage of the Spanish Armada, being a combination of the goats from Spain and the native sheep. At any rate, they are the only known sheep with different colorings—cream, mouse-gray and brown. Yet from these runty little bleaters comes one of the world's finest wools.

There's only one trouble about the 100% hand-woven, hand-spun fabric that comes out of the islands: it's too good. It's so soft that only a master tailor can make up a suit that won't stretch and pull out at the seams. And its silky surface becomes very shaggy and knotted with wear. That's where the smart American manufacturers came in. They kept the original Shetland material for mufflers, sweaters and socks and produced a new melange—Shetland mixed with other wools—that feels like Shetland and looks like Shetland and wears like the toughest tweed.

It's soft and comfortable, long-wearing, has an expensively casual look. If you like tweeds, this is a natural for you; if you're not a tweedy guy, take a look at Shetland. You might change your mind.

Note: Write us and we'll tell you where to get any of the clothing illustrated.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM LARROUSSE

I Want to Do Something

By Ruth Carson

Women throughout the country, spurred on by the urge to aid in our defense program, are swelling the ranks of a million Red Cross workers

AMERICAN RED CROSS
MOTOR CORPS

Red Cross Motor Corps members own and repair their own cars, and transport patients, supplies, etc. There are 5,000 of them in the U.S.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN

IT'S graduation day for nine hundred women in uniform. White uniforms, with red veils floating back from white caps. Gray uniforms with gray veils. Blue, pink, yellow and more white uniforms. The Stars and Stripes hang above the platform, and the banner of the Red Cross. It's a dramatic and unexpected sight in the silver-and-gold ballroom.

Children are in the audience to see their mothers graduate; for plenty of these women have families as well as classes to mind. Mothers and fathers are there, too, proud of their young daughters. The certificates the graduates will receive today indicate the satisfactory passing of certain examinations and probationary periods. But the badges they will pin on are not awards of merit. They are pledges of future service. These women are joining the ranks of the 1,000,000 women through the country, who, since war flamed up in Europe and we awoke to our own defense needs, have volunteered their services to the American Red Cross.

Urged on by their desire to "do something," they flocked to the Red Cross as a symbol of relief in a battered world. And they discovered an amazing organization of volunteer workers, not nobly preparing to be heroines of future disasters, but busy doing everyday, scrub-the-floor kind of useful, undramatic jobs. Jobs that had been going on for years of peacetime. And such a variety of jobs that each could select the one she was especially fitted to do.

The colors of their veils and uniforms show you.

Yellow veils: Staff Assistants, women who are volunteering to keep the office records, sit at information desks, type, do all kinds of clerical jobs.

Purple veils: Home Service Volunteers, who will work with the families of veterans and of men in the present Army training camps, helping to straighten out money and other worries.

Dark blue veils with white uniforms: Production Service, which will make millions of surgical dressings for civilian hospitals and for the Army and Navy, air-raid-shelter suits for London children, thousands of garments for relief.

Light blue veils: Disaster Canteen Corps, ready to feed you by the hundreds in case of flood, fire or bombs. As an everyday job they run the Red Cross cafeteria for its workers, and the cafeteria in the Veterans' Club next door.

Pink and white caps and pink uniforms: Nurses' Aides, who will go into the hospitals to run errands, make beds, take temperatures, do the odd, nonprofessional jobs.

Gray veils: the Gray Ladies, so named by the soldiers in Walter Reed Hospital where they first served as hostesses and recreation directors.

Navy blue veils with blue uniforms: Braille, women who will painstakingly transcribe books for the blind to read with their fingers.

Dark gray uniforms with overseas caps: the Motor Corps, whose cars and time are at the service of the Red Cross.

Such highly organized groups exist all over the country, directed from headquarters in Washington. At least a dozen of the 3,700 chapters have all the nine possible volunteer services. Some keep themselves busy with only one, especially since that one is sure to be Production Corps. Knitting, sewing—in their homes, churches and Red Cross headquarters. Out of all this stitch-by-stitch work has come since the beginning of war more than 20,000,000 surgical dressings, and nearly 4,000,000 garments shipped abroad to war victims.

Hard Work and No Drama

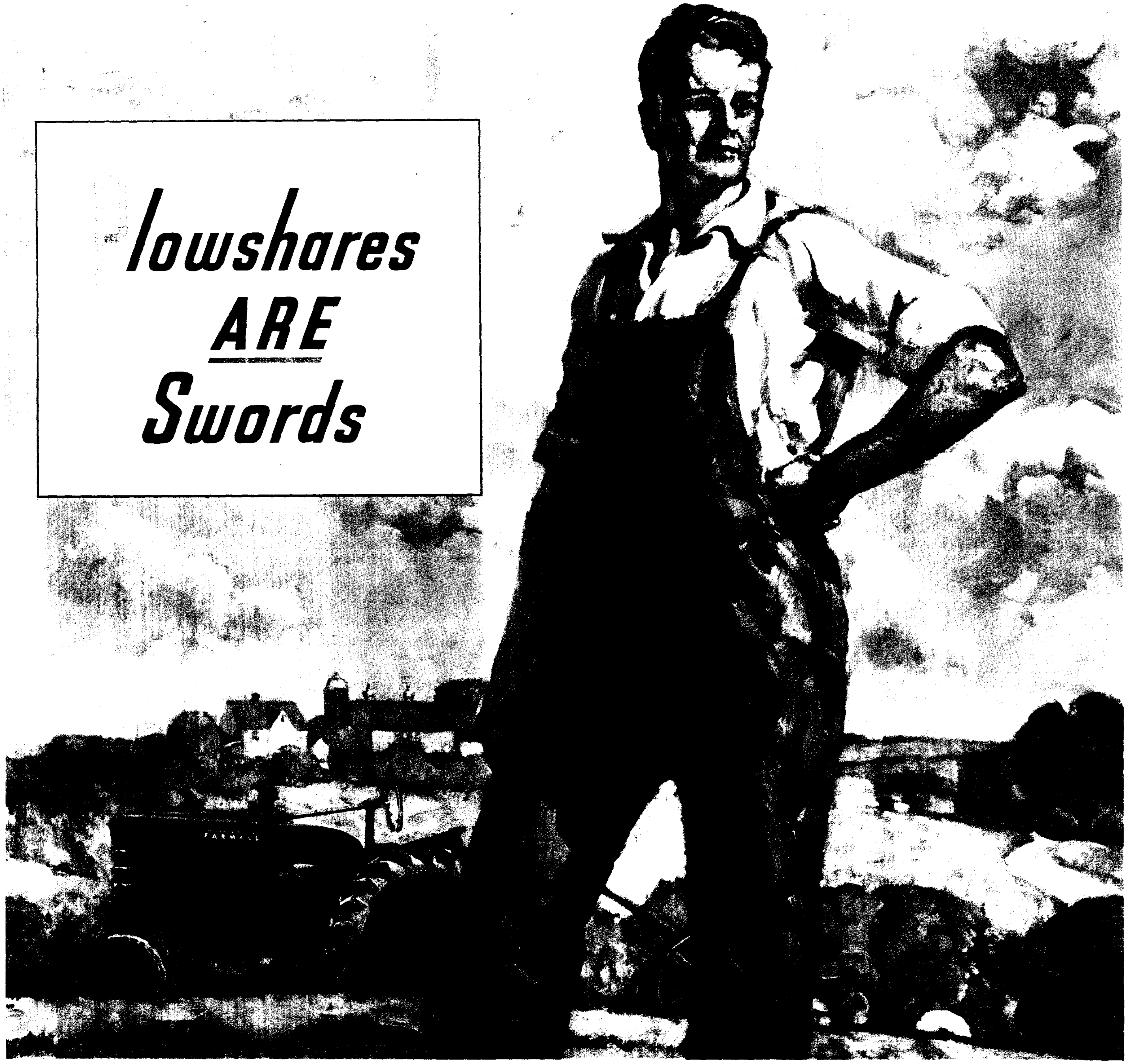
If you think of volunteer work as a dillydally business, inefficient because it's free, that you could fit in here and there to suit yourself, you'd better meet the Motor Corps girls right away. You'll find 5,000 of them in 421 of the chapters, and more coming up. They are a snappy, good-looking lot of young women in trim uniforms, who can tell you a few facts.

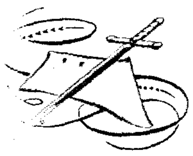
First, if you want to join the Motor Corps you fill out an application. You give references, take a physical examination, and get vaccinated for typhoid and smallpox. You take courses. First Aid, so that you will know how to use that first-aid kit you will carry. Auto mechanics, so that you can change a tire and spark plugs. . . . You couldn't wear that efficient-looking uniform and then stand around being a helpless female. You are instructed in black-out driving. Finally, you put in a two months' probation period.

If you have now proved yourself willing, dependable, efficient and in every way satisfactory, you are permitted to pledge yourself to 240 hours' minimum duty a year, and to buy your uniform. All volunteers, of course, pay for their own uniforms, and for the pins which they wear as pledges of service. The

(Continued on page 62)

lowshares ARE Swords





MODERN WAR is a battle for materials. To check the life-giving flow of materials, British warships ring the European continent while German bombers and submarines encircle Britain.

Beyond comparison, the most vital of materials is food. Unlike steel or copper, aluminum or rubber, food has no substitutes. We have it or we do not have it. With it, all things are possible. Without it, tanks and planes can give no security.

If the defense of America is to be certain, food for 130,000,000 Americans, and those who stand with us, must come regularly to market.

Today, as always, the production of that food is the task of American farmers. Today, more than ever, American farmers are relying on the farm equipment industry to provide them with the mechanized tools of agriculture. For, while the need for farm products rises, the supply of farm labor constantly dwindles as men are diverted to the Armed Services and the factories.

This Company and the industry of which it is a part have the factories, the trained employes, the engineering skill, and the distributing organizations to get these vital tools to the farmers of America where they need them and when they need them — *subject only to the allocation of materials.*

Swords are beaten into plowshares when peace follows war. Today, throughout the world, plowshares are beaten into swords . . . In America, the greatest food-producing country in the world, it is well to consider that **Plowshares Are Swords!**

Fowler McCormick
President
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY · CHICAGO

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Mercator Island

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

THE owner of a sixty-foot schooner, in which he cruises aimlessly about, Bob Bolles finds himself almost "on the beach" in Kingston, Jamaica. The Kingmans of New York City—Malcolm and his wife, Helen—save him; they engage him to take them on a month's cruise.

Accompanied by Bob, Mrs. Kingman goes to a little shop that is owned by a Japanese: Mr. Moto. There, in the ladies' dressing-room, she is mysteriously frightened by Moto's employees. Bob goes to the rescue; and a few minutes later Mrs. Kingman (who seemingly does not care to discuss the episode) leaves the shop with him. As they walk along the street, Bob receives the surprise of his life: the woman—tall, dark-haired, blue-eyed, beautiful—says that she is unhappy; she suggests that they go away together, on Bob's schooner!

Bob listens. Then: "I think," he says, "we'd better go and find Mr. Kingman." Hardly has he spoken than Mr. Kingman rounds a corner and greets them. He is in a far from pleasant mood; and when he has listened to Bob's account of the trouble at Mr. Moto's, he sneers: "She didn't possibly suggest that you might run away with her?"

A few minutes later, Bob receives another surprise. He talks with Captain Burke, in command of the U. S. fleet's flagship, the Smedley. Bob has a grudge against Burke who, it appears, had been on a selection board that had passed Bob over for promotion when he had been in the Navy.

The captain tells Bob an interesting story, of which this is a summary: The Aquitane, a French merchant vessel, had left an American port carrying a knocked-down airplane in a crate. The Aquitane had gone down but—according to Washington Intelligence—the plane had been left at some Caribbean port.

The plane, the captain says, must be found—on it is an apparatus—a secret bit of tremendously important war mechanism, the only one of its kind in existence. The Nazis, the captain adds, are searching for that plane. So, he says, is he; and he asks Bob if he will take a job, as pilot, on the Smedley.

Bob says that he has a better job, gets up and goes out. Near the hotel desk, he almost runs into Mr. Moto. "Selling shirts to the guests?" he asks maliciously. "Oh, yes," Mr. Moto replies. "Oh, yes, shirts."

III

THERE had often been moments when Bob Bolles had wondered exactly why he had bought the Thistlewood, but he had never regretted the impulse. He had bought her in Florida, from her former owner after a hurricane had ripped her from her moorings and smashed her on a breakwater. With the help of a yard owner he had towed her ashore and had made a great many of the repairs himself. Even so, nearly all his savings had been consumed in making the Thistlewood fit for sea again. Five minutes after he had bought her and had passed through the first excitement of ownership he realized that she was too big for him. She had been built for ocean races with a skipper and a crew of three or four, and she had carried a lot of sail. Since he could never have afforded such a luxury as man power he had used all his ingenuity to fix her so that two men might handle her, and the job on the whole had been satisfactory. It was true that her new rigging looked clumsy and her masts too short, but even in rough weather it was possible to manage with the assistance of one other able hand. For almost two years he had lived upon the Thistlewood, and he was proud that she was shipshape, no matter how she might look.

When a boatman from the public pier rowed him out to her that afternoon Bob Bolles felt as he often did—that he might have gone clean to pieces if it had not been for the Thistlewood.

Her hull, as she lay there in the blue water, was light and graceful. Tom had already got the sails up without his help. They looked small for her size as they slatted idly in the gentle breeze. He paid the boatman and climbed into the roomy, comfortable cockpit and looked forward over the cabin skylight to the open hatch of what had been the crew's quarters.

The cabin doors were open and he walked down the steps into the cabin's musty shadow. Mattresses and pillows had grown dingy like all the other furnishings so that the cabin had assumed the air of an apartment occupied by a decayed gentleman, but it was all neat and shipshape.

The galley with its little stove near the stateroom was stocked with canned goods. All his belongings had been removed from the stateroom so that it was fresh and neat, with its berth newly made and its little porthole half open. Tom must have worked hard to have got everything ready. Tom was busy forward, arranging a bunk opposite his own. Bob's clothes were still in disorder on the vacant bunk above it, his oilskins, rubber boots and rifles. He told Tom to leave it, that they could fix it later, and they went up into the bows and took a few turns on the capstan and got the cover off the jib. They stowed away a tarpaulin and looked at the sail locker.

"We'll check the provisions," Bob said.

He had left with Henry a standard list of necessities, but Mr. Kingman had evidently elaborated on it. He had added whisky, four cases of wine and all sorts of expensive canned goods.

"They're not taking any chances," Bob said, "in case they want to cross the ocean."

HE WAS busy for almost an hour going over everything, which was not such a difficult job, since he always prided himself on keeping the Thistlewood ready for sea.

"Tom," he asked, "why did you take my guns forward?"

"I just thought you might like them, sar," Tom said, "with strangers aboard."

Tom was always suspicious. He had never liked strangers on the Thistlewood.

"Now, listen," Bob told him. "This is just a lady and a gentleman from New York and their valet. Oh, well, all right. Leave the guns there."

Five minutes later Tom called that a boat was coming and Bob came out of the cabin to watch it. A long white launch was moving across the harbor. He could see a pile of boxes and suitcases and the boatman and four people in the stern. One of them was Henry. He saw Mrs. Kingman with a blue scarf around her hat and Mr. Kingman and a short, squat man who would be the valet. They were alongside a minute later, climbing up the little ladder into the cockpit. Henry came first, then Mr. Kingman, then Mrs. Kingman.

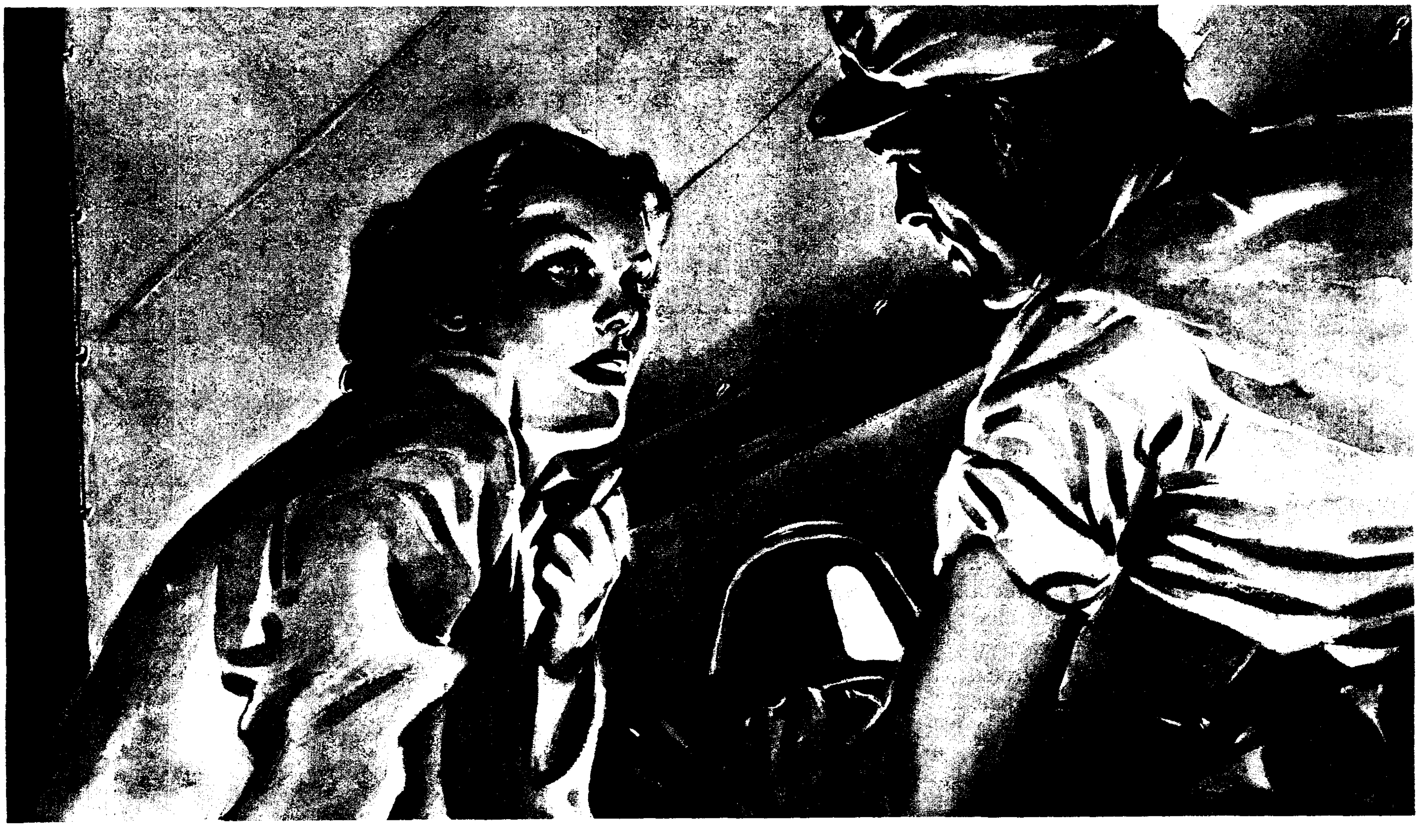
"Greetings, Skipper," Mr. Kingman said. He looked at the sails and at the boom moving lazily above his head. "Here we are. Are you ready to push—shove off?"

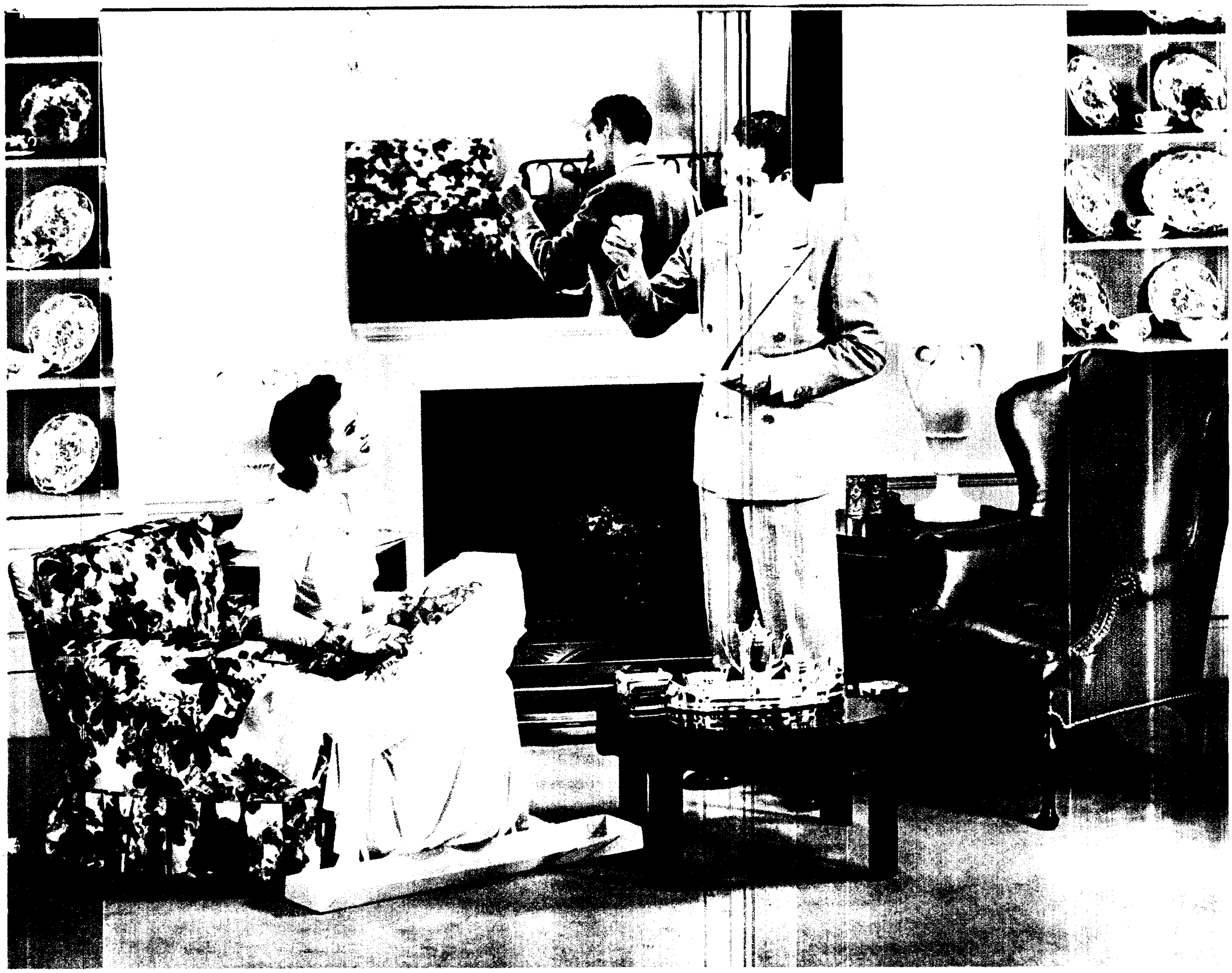
Clearly he was unfamiliar with the sea.

"We can get under way any time you

(Continued on page 28)

"If anything should happen about Mac and me," she said, "you mustn't interfere. You mustn't ask questions"





"to the world's smartest wife, with love–Dick"

Men are funny! Little things often make them sentimental. Give a husband a fragrant cup of coffee—richly flavorful A&P Coffee—well, he's likely to fall in love all over again and boast that you're the world's smartest wife.

Countless wives know that A&P *Custom Ground* Coffee is the freshest, finest coffee there is. And no wonder! The quality is guarded *from source to sale*. That's equally true of scores of fine foods sold exclusively by A&P. Those famously good Ann Page Foods, for example . . . oven-fresh Marvel Bread . . . Jane Parker Donuts and Cakes . . . and many other good things.

And here's a welcome surprise: These fine A&P brands bring you substantial savings. That's because they are brought direct from the source to you, unburdened by those extra handling charges and middlemen's profits that usually increase retail prices. The savings thus made are shared with you in high quality foods at lower prices.

Don't let another precious day go by. Drop into your A&P—take home delicious *Custom Ground* A&P Coffee—enjoy coffee at its best.

SAVE UP TO 25%* ON MANY FINE FOODS

A&P FOOD STORES

*Many A&P brands bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. You'll enjoy the goodness of our Marvel White Bread and Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls and Donuts—The 33 Ann Page Foods—A&P Teas and Coffees — White House Evaporated Milk — 26 A&P Canned Fruits and Vegetables — Sunnyfield Hams and Smoked Meats, and many others.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT A&P

CUSTOM GROUND A&P COFFEE BOUGHT BY EVERY 7th FAMILY IN AMERICA

CONSUMER FACTS: Each type of coffee pot brings boiling water into contact with ground coffee for a different length of time. Hence coffee should be ground a different degree of fineness—*Custom Ground*—for each type of pot. That's why "any grind for every pot" is wrong. That's why you get more flavor, better flavor from *Custom Ground* A&P Coffee.

EIGHT O'CLOCK
FRESHLY ROASTED
GROUND TO ORDER
COFFEE
A&P COFFEE SERVICE
RED CIRCLE COFFEE
BOKAR COFFEE
FRESHLY ROASTED
GROUND TO ORDER
A&P COFFEE

THE COFFEE OF MAGNIFICENT FLAVOR

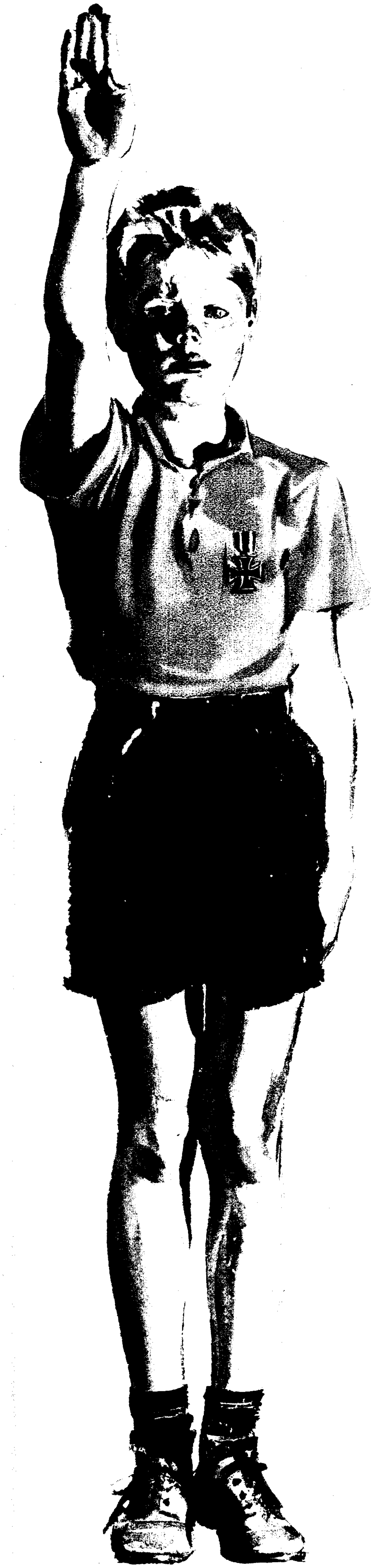
© 1941—The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.

There'll Come a Day!

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

By Pat Frank

ILLUSTRATED BY
WARREN BAUMGARTNER



"Heil Hitler!" Otto screeched. "So you are listening to the lying English broadcasts again! This time I will certainly tell the leader"

DR. HEINRICH GERHARDT sat down to breakfast punctually at 8:15, tipped up his tomato juice, and laid the morning paper on his right knee. "More planes for England," he remarked. "It is a good thing. It will keep that maniac on the other side."

"Shhh!" warned Elsa, his wife.

"Why should I shhh?" inquired Dr. Gerhardt. "Are we not Americans?"

Then he fell silent, for Otto marched into the dining room, swung up his right arm stiffly, and said, "Heil Hitler! Morning, Ma, Pop."

"Otto, please don't do that," begged Mrs. Gerhardt. "You know how it annoys your father."

Otto jumped to his feet, pumped his arm up and down like a semaphore on the loose, and shouted, "Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!"

"There'll come a day," said Dr. Gerhardt grimly, his neat, gray-sprinkled beard quivering. This was all he said, because in the person of Otto, who had just turned eleven and joined the Hitler Jugend, the long arm of the Reich extended to West 85th Street, and into the Gerhardt household.

"In the Fatherland," Otto asserted, reaching for the toast, "Pop would be shot."

Dr. Gerhardt closed his eyes and held on to the edge of the table.

"He would be shot," continued Otto, spreading the toast with fat gobs of marmalade, "for calling the Fuehrer a maniac, among other things."

Dr. Gerhardt pretended not to listen, and stared down at his newspaper. Otto put down the toast, peered shrewdly at his father, smiled, and said in a different voice, "Pop, can I have two dollars?"

"What for?" Dr. Gerhardt asked.

"For the Winter Relief. My leader says each of us should bring two dollars for the Winter Relief."

"No!" Dr. Gerhardt said. "In that little bund of yours it is something new each week. Here is where we make our money, and here we should spend it!"

"Is that what I should tell my leader?" Otto asked.

"I don't care what—" Dr. Gerhardt began.

"And should I tell him," Otto interrupted, "how you listen to all the verboten broadcasts? How you use your short-wave set to sit up all night listening to the lies from London?"

"In my own home!" Dr. Gerhardt groaned.

"If I tell my leader, no doubt he will tell von Bitten, because my leader works at the consulate, too."

The title of von Bitten was only vice-consul, but he was a Gauleiter in the party, and he had visited Dr. Gerhardt before, and of him Dr. Gerhardt was afraid. "Here, take the two dollars and get out," he surrendered. "You only want it for candy anyway. You begin to resemble Goering."

When he was gone, Dr. Gerhardt fired his pipe, and relaxed, but Elsa began to cry. "Heinrich," she said, daubing at her eyes with a napkin, "let us get out of this neighborhood. Ever since he joined that secret Hitler Jugend he has been unbearable."

"Twelve years," Dr. Gerhardt said, "I have been building a practice."

"We can start again. We can go to another city. Perhaps a small city where there are no organizations."

"No," Dr. Gerhardt decided. "This thing will not go on forever."

IT WAS a slack day at the office, with no patients until 11, when Herr Krause came in for his anemia shot. Herr Krause had lived on 85th Street since 1912, and they were of a mind, but what they had to discuss they discussed in the inner office. Miss Flette, the doctor's attendant, was not to be trusted.

It was early afternoon when there came to Dr. Gerhardt's office Hans von Bitten, tall, hard and lean, and self-assured as a baron in his own castle. "Come in! Come in!" said Dr. Gerhardt, trying to smile but feeling numb with apprehension.

"Thank you," said von Bitten, and brusquely pulled up a chair to Dr. Gerhardt's desk. "I am not here for any treatment. This is an official call."

"Yes?" When von Bitten was in the office, it was hard to convince oneself that this was New York.

"We have been getting more complaints about you, Gerhardt. You forget that you are a German."

The fear had not gone from Dr. Gerhardt, but he said simply, "No, I am an American."

Von Bitten shrugged. "All those of German blood are Germans. Your politics do not concern us. We can take care of that in time. But what is of immediate concern is that you have a large practice here, from others of German blood, and yet you have contributed nothing to the Reich. You have bought no savings certificates but invested in American bonds."

"How do you know what bonds I buy?"

"I know your income," von Bitten said, "to the penny, and I know what you do with it."

Dr. Gerhardt rose from his chair. "I will do what I please," he said. "You can do nothing to me. I have no more relatives left in Germany."

"That I know, too," von Bitten said, ruffling the physician's appointment book. "But remember that your patients, they have relatives in the Reich."

Dr. Gerhardt was silent, because he knew of the boycotts, and what they could do to a man. He knew that a decision must be made. It was something he would have to discuss with Elsa.

"I expect to hear from you," said von Bitten. "Doubtless you will change your mind."

IT WAS dark when Dr. Gerhardt returned to his narrow, brownstone front, and he was tired, so that his hand held to the iron rail as he forced his shoes up the steps. It weights a man to have a good practice, and an interesting one, wiped away so.

Elsa met him at the doorway, and he kissed her. He could not tell her immediately. He would wait until after dinner. He made his way to his tiny library, and turned on the radio. The light glowed warm and comfortable before him, and he flicked the short-wave dial as expertly as he used his scalpel.

Usually the European short-wave stations came in fine at this hour, but it was several minutes, this night, before he tuned in a clear channel. He heard marching music, and then the announcer said in clipped Oxford English, "In a moment we will have an important news bulletin."

Dr. Gerhardt heard the shuffle of feet behind him, and turned, and it was Otto, his legs planted wide and his hands on his hips. On his chest was pinned a medal Dr. Gerhardt recognized. It was his old Iron Cross, awarded in 1915.

"Heil Hitler!" Otto screeched. "So you are listening to the lying English broadcasts again! This time I will certainly tell the leader."

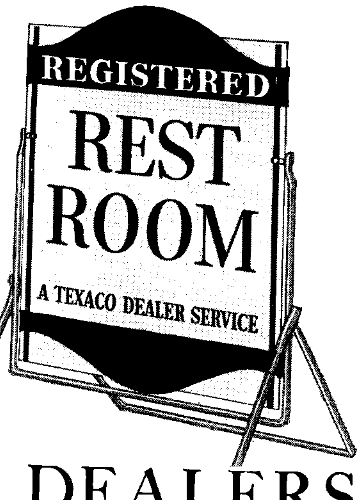
Dr. Gerhardt didn't answer. "Attention!" the radio said. "Here is a bulletin from Washington. The American government has ordered all German consuls and their staffs to leave the United States!"

"Lies!" Otto shouted, hopping up and down with rage. "All lies! Do you believe those lying English?"

"That," said Dr. Gerhardt slowly, enjoying every syllable, "was not London. That was Haw Haw, in Berlin!"

He moved with amazing speed across the room, and grabbed Otto by an ear. "Elsa!" he shouted upstairs. "Elsa, fetch me my razor strap!"

"I'm watching for that sign..."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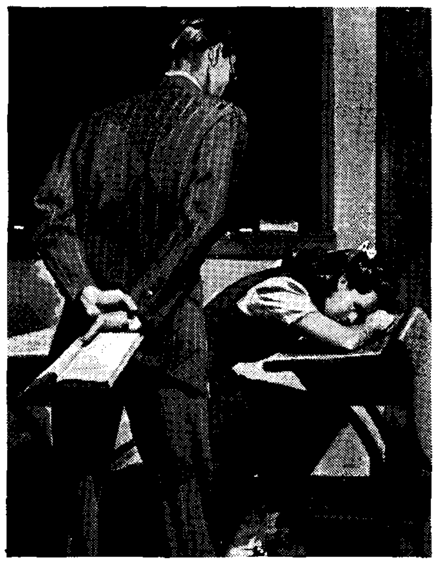
TUNE IN: "Treasury Hour—Millions For Defense" All Star Radio Program Every Wed. Night—C. B. S.—9:00 E. D.T., 8:00 E. S.T., 8:00 C. D.T., 7:00 C. S.T., 6:00 M. S.T., 5:00 P. S.T.

Patty flunks a quiz

Patty needs a laxative. But an important examination starts in an hour. She's afraid to risk interruption.

So she starts off to school in no condition to take a quiz.



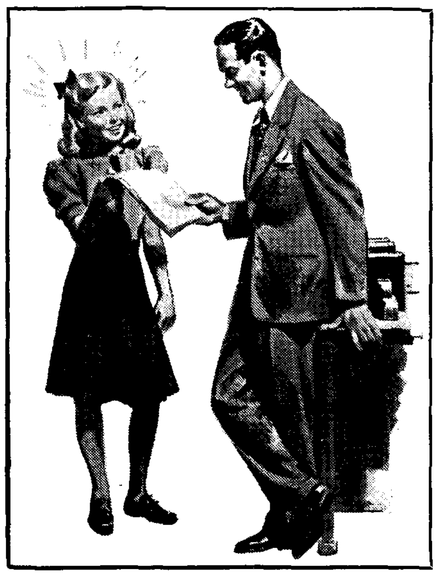
Patty tries to concentrate on her examination. But an aching head and general discomfort make it impossible.

Again and again poor, unhappy Patty has to answer: "I don't know."

Sally knows the answers

Sally needs a laxative. Her semester examination begins in an hour, too.

But Sally's mother says: "Never put off till tonight the laxative you should take this morning." She gives Sally speedy Sal Hepatica. By the time school starts, Sal Hepatica has worked effectively and gently.



Sally is able to put her best efforts on classwork—with good results!

Whenever you need a laxative —take *speedy* Sal Hepatica

NEXT TIME you need a laxative, don't delay. Take speedy Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica usually acts within an hour. Acts in a natural way, by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract. Acts gently, thoroughly—without discomfort or griping.

Small wonder a recent survey shows 3 out of 5 doctors interviewed recommend this speedy, sparkling saline!

More than a laxative, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again!

Whenever you need a laxative, take the speedy, gentle saline recommended by so many doctors: Sal Hepatica!

Sal Hepatica
A Carefully Blended Effervescent Saline Combination
LAXATIVE AND CATHARTIC

SAL HEPATICA

"TIME TO SMILE!" Tune in on EDDIE CANTOR—Wednesdays at 9 P. M., E. D. S. T.

Mercator Island

Continued from page 24

want," Bob said, "as soon as we get your gear aboard. Hello, Mrs. Kingman."

He held out his hand to her to help her aboard. She laid her hand in his and gripped his hand firmly but not too firmly. All he could see in her was a pleased anticipation of a new adventure, nothing more, and she seemed to have forgotten everything else. She seemed to have forgotten what she had asked him, or at any rate she did not want to bring it up. Still holding his hand, she jumped lightly into the cockpit, with a quick little laugh, but he saw her look at Mr. Kingman before she spoke.

"Oh," Mrs. Kingman said, "what a lovely little ship!"

It was obvious that she did not know much about the water either, but it was different with Oscar.

"This is Oscar," Mr. Kingman said, "from Sweden."

A SHORT, stocky man in a badly fitting brownish suit stepped into the cockpit. He was carrying two suitcases which must have been very heavy, because his shoulders bent under the weight. He set them down carefully and straightened his broad back and stood with his stocky legs apart looking up at Bob.

"Hello, Oscar," Bob said. "Glad to see you."

Oscar bobbed his head and raised a stubby forefinger to the brim of his cap. His thick right wrist showed a blue tattooed rope, twisted into a lovers' knot. He certainly did not look like a valet. His eyes were a muddy, slaty color. His eyebrows and his stubby hair were a pale, bleached yellow. His jaw was square, his mouth was large and his lips were heavy, and the bridge of his nose was broken.

"You look handy on a boat," Bob said.

"Yes," Oscar said, "that is right." His voice was rumbling and guttural.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Kingman said. "Oscar's been with us for years. Oscar knows about everything, don't you, Oscar?" Oscar grinned and showed a set of teeth too symmetrical to be real, and as an afterthought touched the brim of his hat again.

"I tank so," Oscar said. "Yes, madam."

"Get those bags into the cabin," Mr. Kingman said. "Step—step on it, Oscar."

"Here," Bob called, "Tom, give him a hand."

"Oh," said Mr. Kingman, "no, no, not that. Oscar understands the baggage." He stopped and watched Oscar move slowly into the cabin. "Oscar's quite a character. He can help you. We all want to lend—lend a hand."

"Oh," Bob said, "that's fine."

Oscar was back in a second, pulling out more bags from the launch. The Kingmans had a lot of baggage—bulky canvas cases, steamer trunks and the kind of cases that could contain the tripods for a motion-picture outfit.

"It's all right," Mr. Kingman said, as he saw Bob watching the growing pile in the cockpit. "Oscar knows where it all goes—camping supplies, guns and whatnot."

"There won't be any big game," Bob said.

"Sometimes," Mr. Kingman answered, "I shoot at bottles. Let Mr. Bolles take you down, dear, and show you your quarters."

Bob took her below while they continued getting the luggage aboard.

"How wonderfully it all fits together," she said after he had shown her the stateroom and the galley and the folding table. "It's perfect," but she was looking at him and not the cabin. "Mr. Bolles—"

"Yes," he said.

He thought she was going to say something more, but a footstep on the stairway stopped her. It was Mr. Kingman.

"Here we are," Mr. Kingman said, "and we're going to take your orders, Skipper. You call me Mac and I'll call you Bob. It's easier, what? And I meant to tell you, Oscar can handle the cooking."

"That's fine," Bob said. "It might be more comfortable if Oscar bunked forward with Tom and me."

"Oh, no, no," Mr. Kingman answered. "Oscar's nervous if he's away from us."

Bob left them in the cabin. Henry stood in the cockpit, looking toward the shore. Oscar was in the motorboat, wrestling with the last of the luggage.

But for some reason Henry did not look entirely happy. His face, always yellowish and pale, looked paler than usual. He kept moving his hands in and out of his pockets. He seemed very anxious to be back on the launch and leaving.

"What's the matter?" Bob asked. "Have you eaten something, Henry?"

Henry's smile was rather sickly. "Oh, no," he answered. "It is only that I have a good deal of business today. You'll like the Kingmans. They're really a splendid people."

"Where did they get Oscar?" Bob asked.

"Oscar!" Henry said. "Oh, yes. Well, Mr. Kingman is so lovely to everybody. Oh, there you are, Mr. Kingman."

Mr. Kingman was out of the cabin again. It seemed to Bob that Mr. Kingman was very restless and everywhere at once.

"We won't keep you any longer," he said to Henry. "Everything's all—straight, isn't it?"

Before Henry spoke he seemed to swallow a lump in his throat. "I think so, yes," he said.

"It can't go wrong, you know," Mr. Kingman said. "Just do what I told you."

"Yes," Henry said.

"Well, don't be so damned fidgety," Mr. Kingman said. "It's perfectly simple."

"I'm not fidgety," Henry said. "Good-by, sir. Pleasant trip."

THE launch drew away from the Thistlewood's side, and Mr. Kingman glanced astern at the shore. The town of Kingston shimmered in the sun and the high green mountains towered behind it. The natives were still loading bananas. You could hear them calling across the water.

"Let's go," Mr. Kingman said. "There's nothing to keep us, is there?"

"Come on, Tom," Bob called. "We'll get the hook up."

"I help him," Oscar said. "Stand by the wheel, sir."

Oscar climbed out of the cockpit and scuttled forward over the deck.

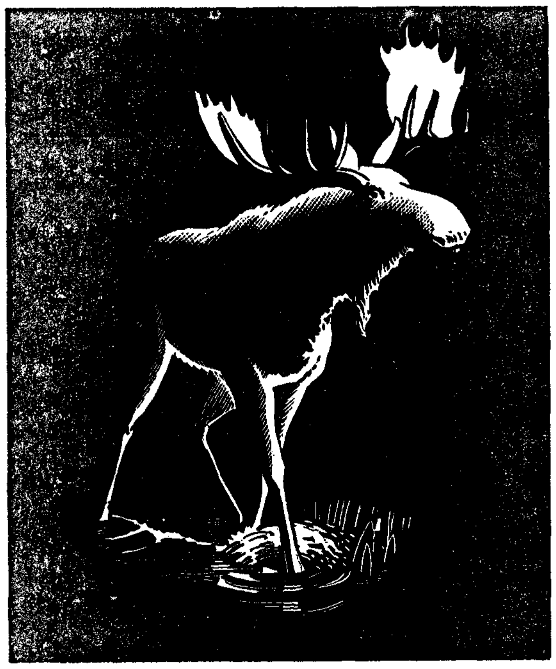
"Well," Bob said, "it's great to have another hand." He trimmed in the mainsheet.

"All clear, sar," he heard Tom call. The jib was filling. Tom was running to the foresheet. The Thistlewood was moving. Mr. and Mrs. Kingman stood beside Bob, looking astern. It seemed to him from the tense look on their faces that they almost expected that someone would call to them from the shore.

"Well," Bob said, "you haven't forgotten anything, have you?"

"No," Mr. Kingman answered, "cer-

Know your M's



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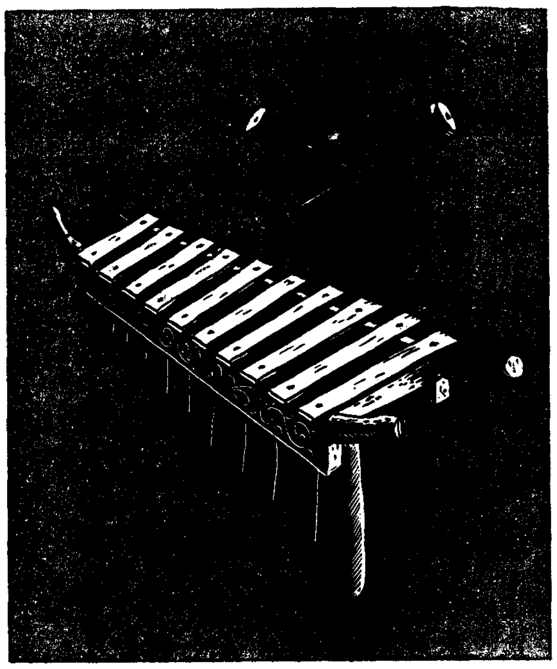

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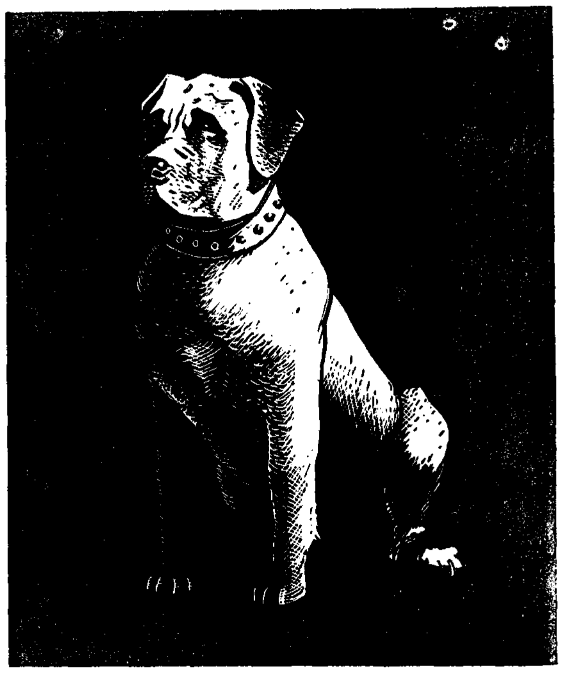

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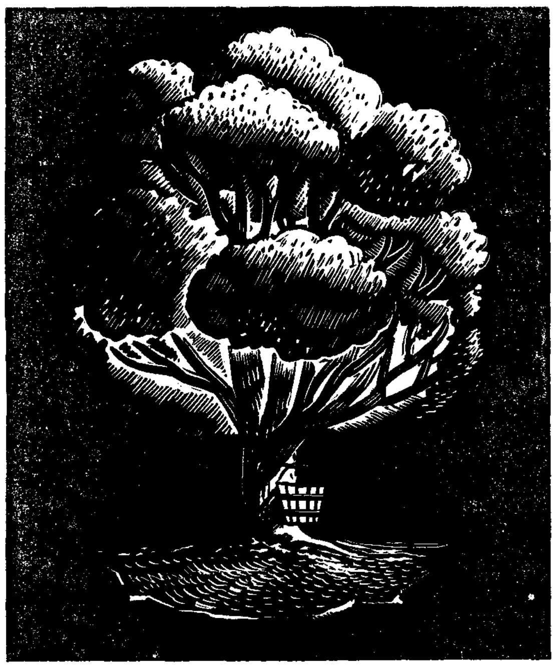

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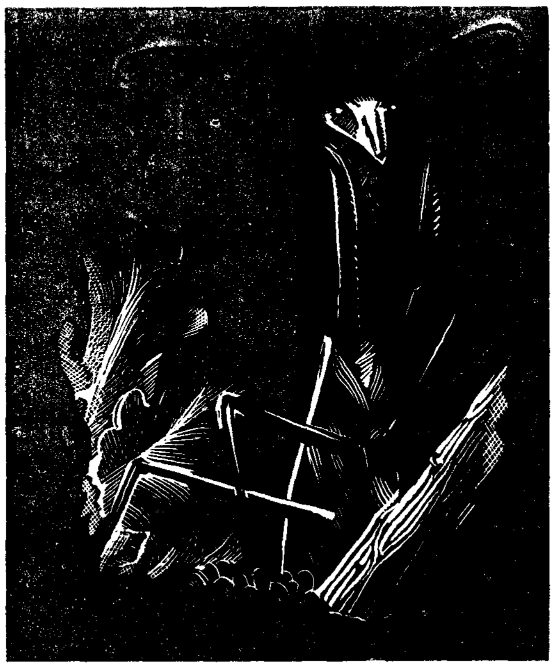

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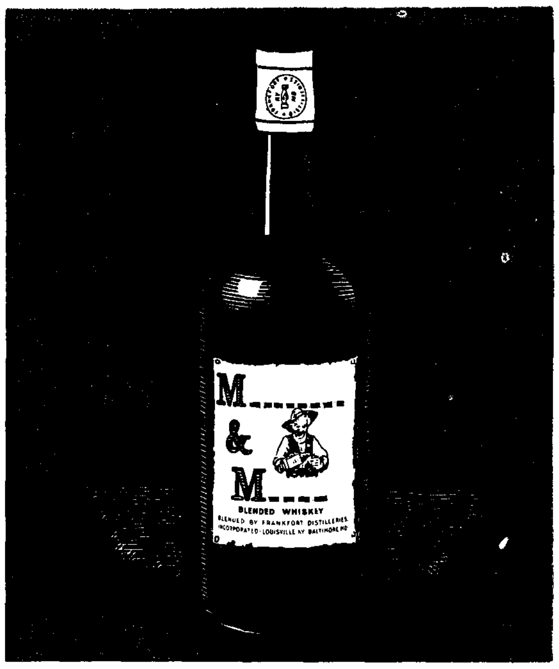


6. This is M________ & M____
The whiskey that's Mild,
Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Moose;* 2, *Marimba;* 3, *Mastiff;* 4, *Maple;* 5, *Mantis;* 6, *Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored 6 right, you're a genius; 5, terribly bright; 4, superior; 3, good; 2, fair; 1, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you guessed right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense... for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

—Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

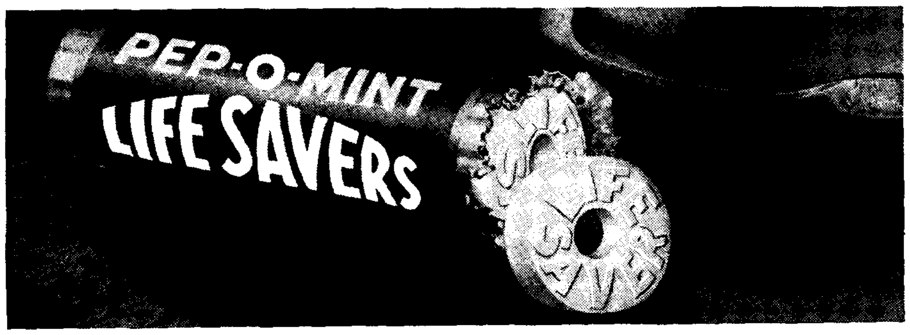
The Best of 'em is

M&M

Three things for gals to take along on dates: house key, mad money, pleasant breath. The last part is easy with delightful, breath-taking PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS.

Questing for a quick quencher? Quite qualifying are CRYST-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. That's your "Q" to get a pack of this dandy candy today.

Hamburger and onion? Okay, so long as you kayo the afterglow with a delicious PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVER to sweeten your breath and aid digestion.



Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Save yours with LIFE SAVERS. Choice of 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.

tainly not. What makes you ask that?"

"I just saw you looking ashore," Bob answered. "It is a pretty harbor."

Mr. Kingman put his hand above his eyes and still stared at the shore. "My dear," he said, "we'd better go and set things to rights, I think."

Mr. Kingman, Mrs. Kingman and Oscar were down in the cabin for a long while with the doors closed, putting things to rights. Standing by the wheel, in the light, fair breeze, Bob Bolles could hear their voices, gentle and muffled, but they did not disturb his own thoughts. Leaving a port made him feel that he might be breaking into something new. The sense of anticipation was milder, but it was the same sort which he had always felt just before taking off in a plane, whenever he waited, listening to the roar of the motors. That feeling of moving away from land, that sound of the water on the bow were not bad substitutes. He was going out again, off where no one could help him much but himself.

THEY were out of the harbor now and the sun was getting low.

Tom stepped into the cockpit noiselessly on his broad bare feet and began coiling the halyards. Now they were at sea Tom looked graceful, almost beautiful. He said it was lovely weather. Then he grinned.

"What's the joke?" Bob asked.

"Just thinking, sar," Tom answered. "Japanese are comical."

"Who?" Bob asked. "What Japanese?"

"That man you speak with this morning, sar. He was out this afternoon in a little rowboat. He come alongside and said everything was so nice—asking where we were going."

"Well," Bob said, "you couldn't tell him, because you didn't know."

Then there was a noise astern. It was the hum of an airplane motor coming toward them and he could see the ship a thousand feet up perhaps. He could see the gray spread of wings and the pontoons underneath. From the sound he could even tell the make of the motor. It was one of those passenger planes which had done a good trade with tourists a year ago. The roar of the motor grew louder.

"Damn' fools," Bob said.

Then just as he spoke the cabin door burst open.

Mr. Kingman bounded into the cockpit with Oscar at his heels.

"Here," Mr. Kingman shouted, "what's that?" From the way both he and Oscar looked you might have thought they had never seen a plane before.

"Here," Mr. Kingman shouted again. He had to shout because the plane was swooping over them. "What plane is that?"

"Just some fool tourist," Bob shouted, "out to see the sunset. Look! She's turning now."

He was right. The plane was banking at about five hundred feet, and now she was going back toward land. The sound of her motor was already dying out.

"Oh," Mr. Kingman asked, "do they do that often?"

"Yes," Bob said. "Two pounds for twenty minutes. They dive down over boats to please the customers."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "just a tourist plane."

"Naturally," Bob said, and he laughed. "You didn't think it was a bill collector, did you, Mr. Kingman?"

Mr. Kingman laughed, too, and put his hands in his trousers pockets.

"The last touch of land," he said. "Oscar, you mix a—a cocktail for Mr. Bolles and me, and you'd better start with supper. You'll mess with us in the cabin, Mr. Bolles, and Oscar will bring your man something forward."

"Thanks," Bob answered, "if it's convenient."

"We'll have some Rüdesheimer 1934, unless you've a feeling against Rhine wine on account of the unpleasantness. Look at the sun how it drops."

The sky was already a deep purple and it would soon be black. When Oscar came up with a tray and a cocktail shaker and two glasses it was already hard to see Mr. Kingman's face.

"A wonderful moment," Mr. Kingman said. "Will you have another touch?"

"No, thanks," Bob answered. "I don't drink much when I'm sailing," and he raised his voice: "Tom, the running lights."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "must we have lights?"

"Even a small boat carries them at night," Bob said, and he leaned down to light the little lamp in the binnacle.

Anything that morning which had disturbed him about the Kingmans, anything odd in the overtones of their conversation, anything that had even seemed like a strained relationship was entirely gone at dinner. Mrs. Kingman seemed to be perfectly happy, perfectly content, and all the hardness had gone out of Mr. Kingman's eyes whenever he glanced at her across the table. There was a clean white tablecloth and the napkins were folded to look like little ships. There was turtle soup and roast chicken and a soufflé afterward. It was amazing that anyone who looked like Oscar could cook so well, and Mrs. Kingman explained that Oscar had set the table and had folded the napkins, too. They talked mostly about trivial things, such as their trip from New York. They both seemed pleased with everything and that made Bob Bolles pleased.

"We might play three-handed," Mr. Kingman said, "if you play bridge. Nothing like cards to keep your mind off your troubles, is there, my dear? Let's get the cards—for just one rubber. By jove, isn't it peaceful? I feel I'm going to sleep tonight, and dream of lonely islands in the sea."

Mrs. Kingman found a pack of cards and shuffled them. "Cutthroat bridge," she said. "I love it," and she smiled at Mr. Kingman.

THAT was the only moment when there was the slightest discord, and Bob Bolles never thought of it till much later. It was only later that he remembered that Mrs. Kingman's words had come a little slowly and that Mr. Kingman had raised his head quickly, as though he were listening for something.

"Yes," Mr. Kingman said, "I know you love it, but be careful with me, Helen. I always hold the cards, and if I don't"—Mr. Kingman picked up his hand and laughed—"I always get them from the dummy. Dummy—that's a funny word, isn't it, Skipper?"

"How do you mean?" Bob asked. "I never thought of it."

"So dead," said Mr. Kingman, "so completely dead."

Mrs. Kingman sighed. "Don't be so gruesome, Mac," she said. "We'll all be dying some time."

There was something acid in that passage, but not enough to notice. Bob enjoyed playing bridge with the Kingmans, because neither of them made mistakes.

Tom woke him at two in the morning for his watch. "A fine, clear night, sar," he said, "a steady breeze."

The stars were out. The running lights and the binnacle light were surrounded by a yellow glow which ebbed away in the darkness. The sea was dark and rolling and the breeze so steady that it would have been safe to lash the wheel and to have left her on her course. It was a time when you could not get away from yourself—standing by the wheel.

First Bob Bolles thought of home, and that was quite a distance away, and then he thought of Bill Howe and of the destroyer in the harbor.

"Oh, well," he said, "oh, well."

There was one thing he was proud of. He was able to look at what he had been and what he was without much emotion. He could stand there at the wheel of the Thistlewood and bring back names and faces and events without any particular regret, just as though they belonged in the life of someone else. He could remember when he played football. He was a good athlete in those days and not a bad sort of person. They liked him in the service. There had never been any trouble about too few friends.

"It was all too easy," he said out loud, "a lot too easy."

THERE was no answer except the sound of the wind. There was never any answer for anything, except inside yourself perhaps. Now if he had gone on with engineering and design, it might have been better, but it still might have been too easy. He thought of other men he knew who had started out well and had just burned out.

He could see it all as though it had happened years and years before, because everything smoothed out when the Thistlewood put to sea. He remembered the way the sun beat down on the lawn by the officers' quarters and the way the motors sounded on the field that morning when he heard how the board had passed on him.

"I'm sorry you take it that way," the C. O. had said.

Of course he wasn't sorry, really, and there had been no other way to take it.

"You'd better think it over and reconsider," the C. O. had said.

"No, I'm getting out, sir," Bob Bolles had told him, and, of course, the C. O. had the last word. The superior officers always did in the service.

"Come on," Bob said. "Stop thinking."

All of him was back in the cockpit of the Thistlewood again. He was back again, going through the motions.

Then the door of the cabin opened. There was no particular reason why it should have surprised him, except that he had thought of himself as entirely alone.

"Why, hello," he said. "Can't you sleep?"

It was Mrs. Kingman with her white coat wrapped around her. Even when she walked toward him her face was vague and blurred.

"No," she answered. "I was awake. I wanted to see the water. We're so near it, aren't we? I've never been so near."

"Yes," he said, "we're near to it." She moved near to him, so near that he could see the light from the binnacle reflected in her eyes. He was intensely, almost insistently, aware that they were alone and he knew that she had not come out to see the water, and he suddenly knew that he had been hoping that she might come out and speak to him. All the time that he had been thinking about himself he had been thinking about her, too.

She sat down near the wheel, so near that she could speak very softly, and he saw her glance toward the closed door of the cabin.

"I think he's asleep," she said, "but I'm not sure. You don't mind my being here?"

"No," Bob answered, "only—"

"Never mind about Mac just now," she said. "Do you know what I'm thinking?"

"No," he said.

"I'm thinking I wish I'd known you long ago. I was thinking about it in the cabin tonight. When two people meet they feel that way sometimes. You know what I mean, don't you?"

BOB BOLLES did not answer.

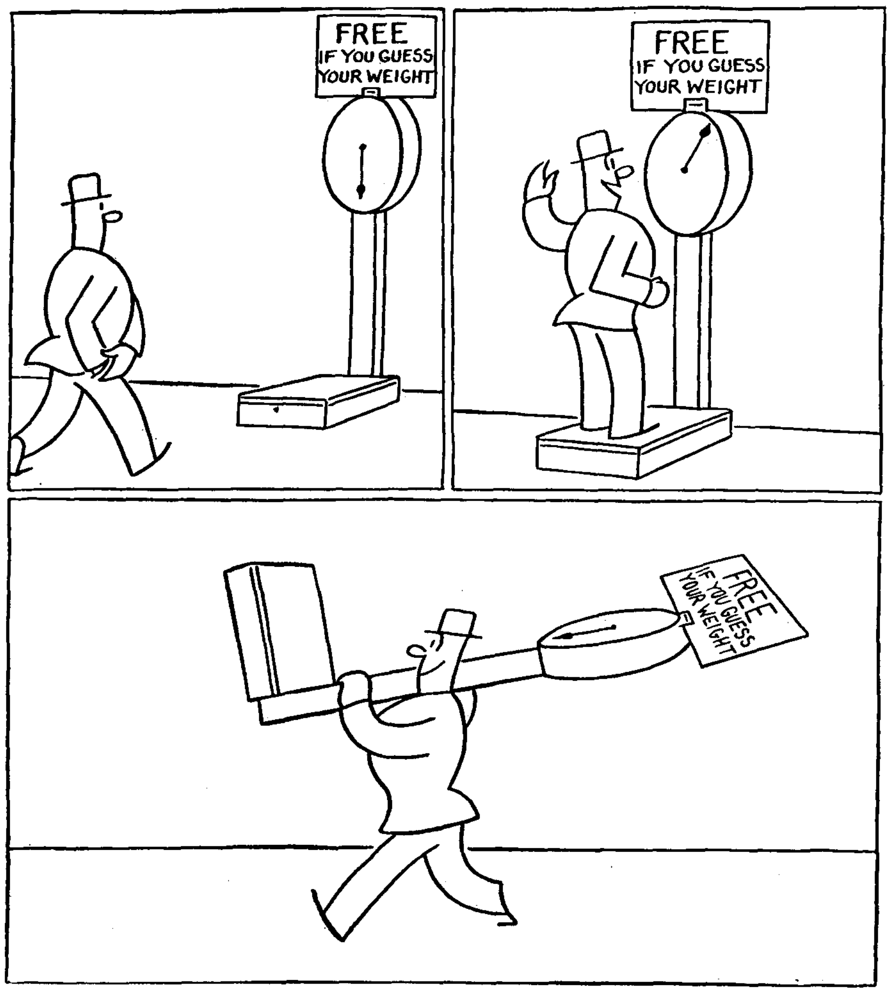
"You don't answer," she said, "because I'm someone else's wife. That's it, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's it," he said.

"But you know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," he said, "but it doesn't do any good. It would be much better—"

"That's it," she said. "You're awfully nice. But I'm glad you know what I mean. I've heard about things like this happening. If we'd only known each other long ago before the war, before


FREE
IF YOU GUESS YOUR WEIGHT
FREE
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FREE
IF YOU GUESS YOUR WEIGHT

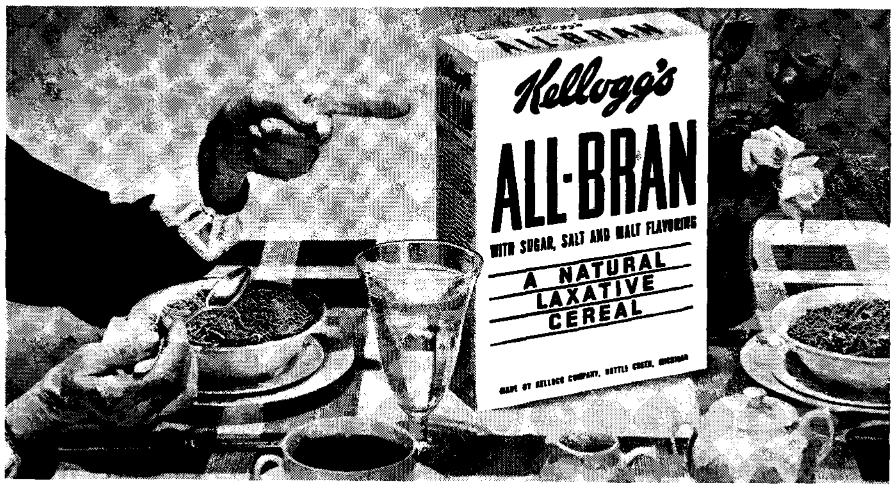
OTTO SOGLOW

Bringing Up Gran'ma

YOU SHOULD KNOW MY GRAN'MA! She's really a sweetheart! And just busting with personality. But don't ever try to change some of her strong-minded ways. "Puss," she says to me, "nothing, absolutely nothing in the world, can do you as much good as a real *old-fashioned purge!*"

"BUT, GRAN'MA," says I, "we're not living in the Covered Wagon days. Things have changed a lot. Did it ever occur to you to find and correct the *cause* of your trouble? You come down to breakfast; I have something swell to show you."

"ALL RIGHT, MISS SMARTER-THAN-I," says Gran'ma, "what's this modern marvel?" "Just a delicious breakfast cereal," says I. "KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble is the kind that's due to lack of proper 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN will go right to the cause of it. Eat it daily and drink plenty of water."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ALL-BRAN
WITH SUGAR, SALT AND MALT FLAVORING
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

"HOLD YOUR HOSSES!" says Gran'ma. "This is downright delicious! Young woman, if a cereal as tasty as this can do the trick you spoke of, I'll put you down for another thousand in my will!" And, bless her heart, *she did!*

Join the "Regulars" with

Kellogg's All-Bran

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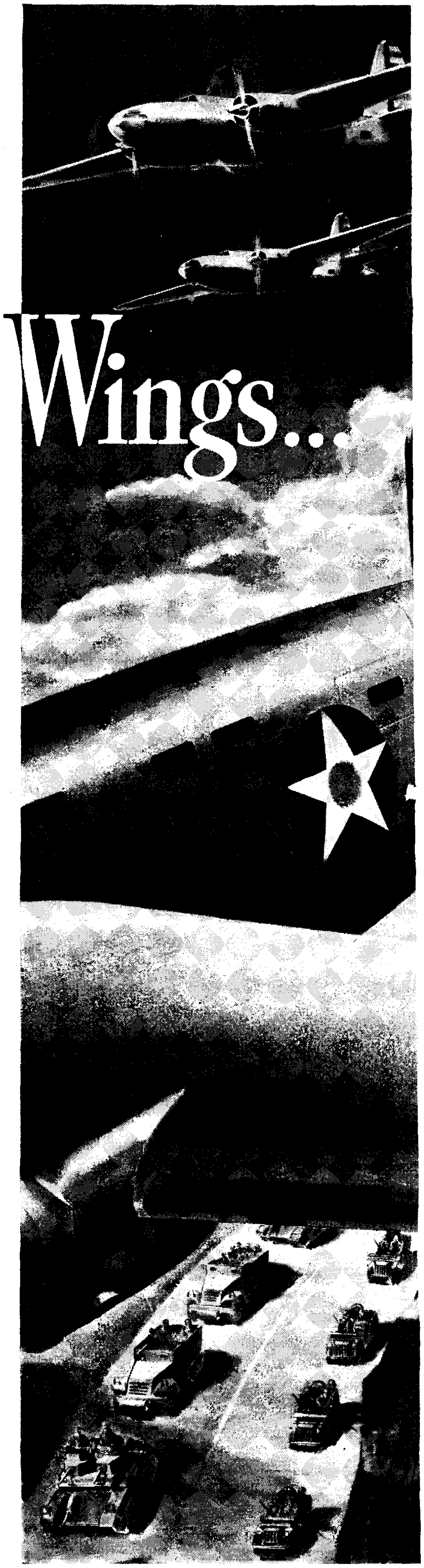
Gas Masks and Gunpowder... Rubber Boats and Tank Tracks



— all these and hundreds of other defense needs, too, come from Goodyear

You naturally think of tires as Goodyear's chief contribution to national defense, since for years we have been the world's largest tire builders.

Well, we are molding endless regiments of tires for America's vast new motorized legions, as well as bullet-puncture-sealing inner tubes to make them immune from battle fire.

But beyond this we are now in mass production on all manner of military equipment that comes within the wide range of our skills and facilities—as a quick reader's tour of our bustling plants will show you.

Let us start with what we are building for aviation, newest and mightiest arm of defense.

In one huge shop you'll see skilled workers lining gasoline and oil tanks for America's battle planes with bullet-puncture-sealing rubber—a safeguard against loss of fuel in action.

Here are men shaping rubber motor mounts for aircraft engines — vibration cushions that reduce their mighty throb to a mere quiver.

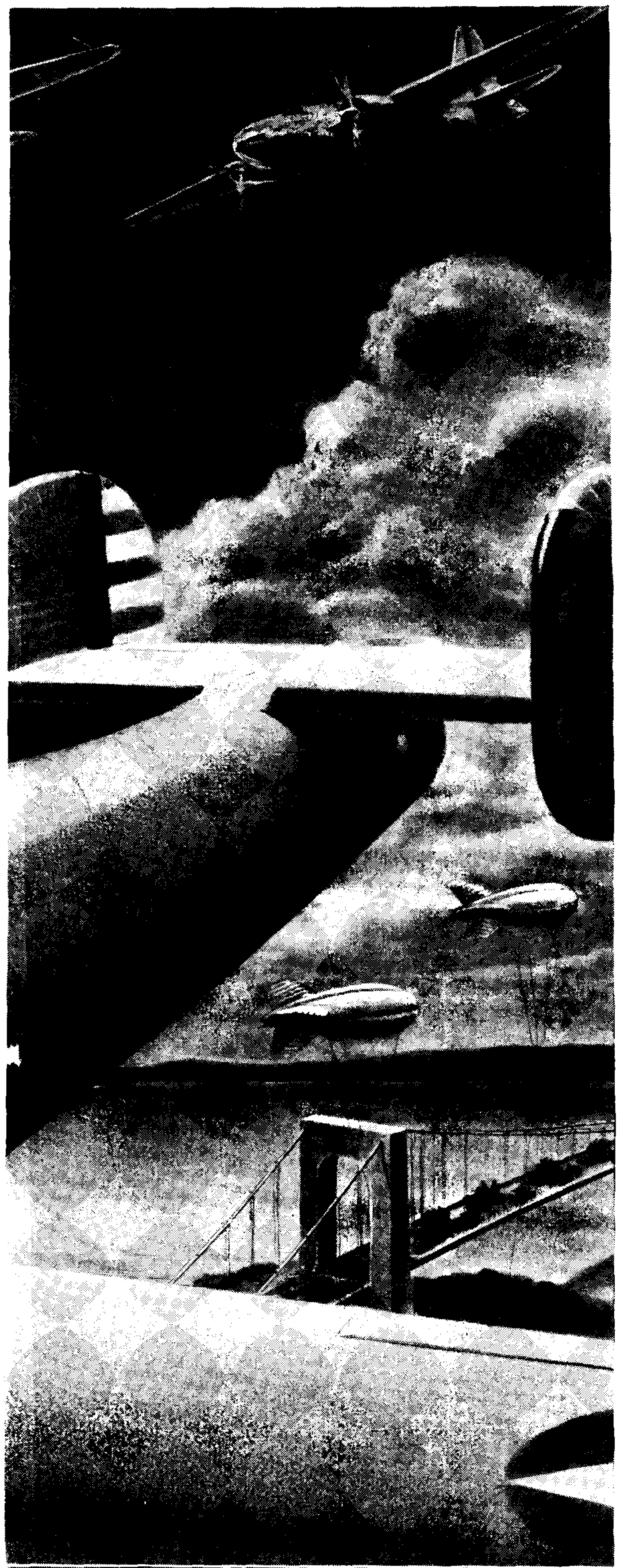
There are deft girls giving the finishing touches to inflatable rubber lifeboats that will save the lives of pilots forced down at sea.

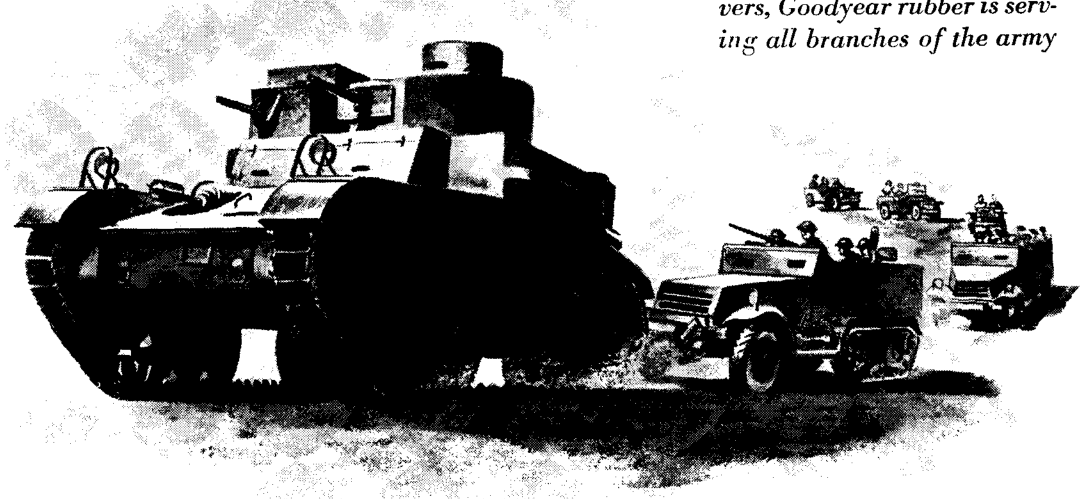
Elsewhere you will find us building more than fifty other rubber accessories for aircraft. From rubberized fabric pontoons for seaplanes to the mammoth Goodyear airplane tires used on giant bombers.

In another section huge barrage balloons are taking shape to guard military objectives against aerial attack. And alongside we are building lighter-than-air craft—Navy blimps for coast patrol.

Next door you'll see our skill in light metal alloy aircraft fabrication being utilized to produce wings, tails, ailerons and other surfaces for the nation's new air fleets—a production that is being increased as fast as facilities can be enlarged.

Now we pass through long aisles where batteries of presses are stamping out millions of rubber heels for infantrymen's





In this year's great maneuvers, Goodyear rubber is serving all branches of the army

boots—no more iron heels for this man's army.

And over there is another type of "shoe" equipment—combat tank track treads of toughest rubber that long outlast metal treads and give U. S. tanks greater speed, longer range and vastly increased mobility.

What's this thin transparent stuff? It's Pliofilm, Goodyear's inherently moisture-proof packaging material used to seal emergency rations, protect airplane motors and spare parts when shipped overseas; also as a protective covering for gas masks when not in service.

Here we come to a new division where women are assembling gas masks by thousands against a day we hope may never come. And those big reels are fire hose—the same type of Goodyear hose that is fighting aerial arson over Britain.

See this soft, cushiony material that feels like a marshmallow. It's Airfoam. It's used in combat tanks to protect crews from crash-bumps, in parachute seats to soften landings, and in ambulance and hospital mattresses, too.

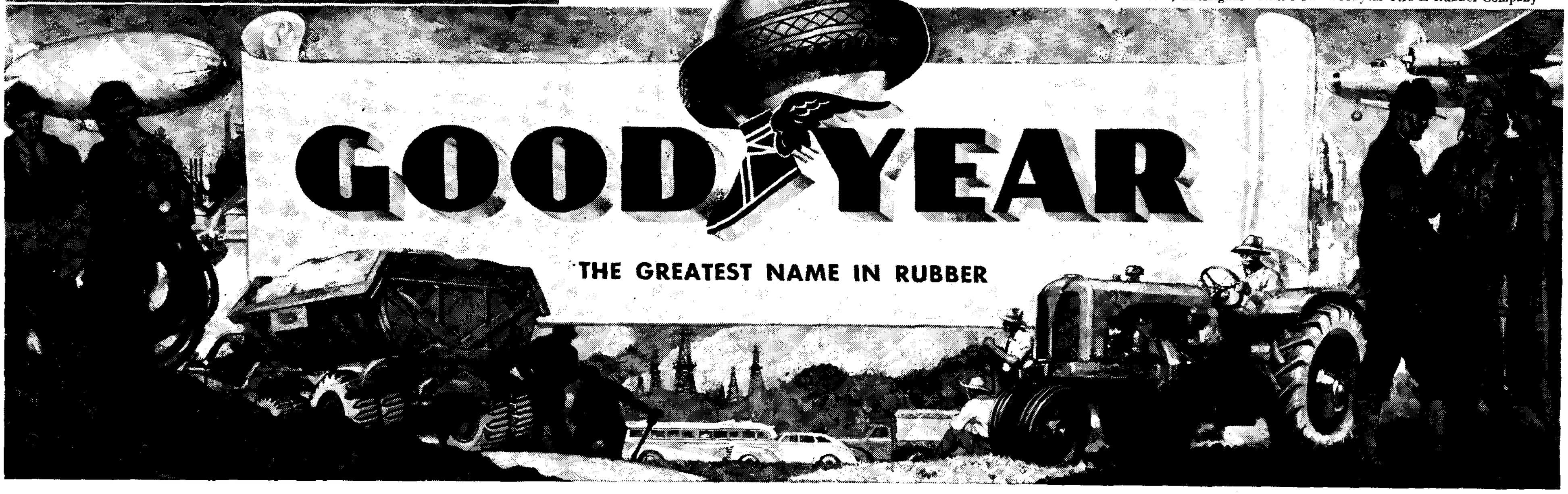
All this is but a brief picture of rubber's many contributions to national preparedness, to say nothing of countless Goodyear mechanical rubber goods products used by other defense industries.

But you say, suppose war cuts off our rubber supply, where will America turn for all these vital needs? Right across the way is the beginning of the answer, a new plant producing Chemigum—Goodyear's new synthetic rubber made from a common gas.

And because we have handled all these new activities with dispatch and enterprise, the government has asked our subsidiary, Goodyear Engineering Corporation, to operate a great new powder-bagging plant for the nation's largest guns.

Gladly and willingly we contribute our part to the great program for the impregnable defense of the American way of life, that liberty may always have a continent to live in.

Pliofilm, Airfoam, Chemigum—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company


GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

everything was all in pieces, we might—"

She stopped as though she wanted him to finish, and he did so, almost before he thought.

"We might have fallen in love," he said.

"Yes," she said. "I'm awfully glad you said it, my dear. We might have—if we'd only met some other time, somewhere else."

"Where?" he asked.

"Oh, anywhere," she said, "anywhere, but here. When I could be myself and you could be yourself. Let's talk about what we once were. You used to be in the Navy, didn't you?"

"I'm out of it," he said. "I resigned. I was passed over for promotion."

"But why?" she asked. "Did you do something wrong?"

"My personality and my temperament," he said.

"Oh," she said. "What were you in the Navy?"

"Aviation," he said.

"Oh!" It seemed to him that her voice had changed again, "I didn't know that."

"Does it matter?" he asked her.

"No," she said quickly, "of course not. I just like to know about you. Why were you in the Navy?"

Her questions had been kind and gentle, but her insistence made him restless.

"I wanted to do something for my country," he told her.

Then he wished he had not said it, because it was too naïve to say out loud, too much like the pledge you took when you saluted the flag at school.

"It doesn't sound right, does it?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, it does," she answered. "I think you're very nice, my dear. I feel a good deal the same way about my country."

She was quiet for a while after that, and he was glad that she was.

"You're not happy, are you?" she asked.

"You mentioned that before," he told her. "You said you weren't. Is anyone?"

"It's silly not to be happy," she answered, "as long as you're alive."

BOB BOLLES was thinking that they had covered a lot of ground in that random talk of theirs, and the more she talked the less he could understand her.

"Yes," she said again, "I wish we'd known each other long ago."

"How long ago?" he asked her. "Where did you used to live?"

"Oh," she answered, "nearly everywhere. When I was four or five we lived in one of those big apartment houses on Gracie Square in New York."

"Wait a minute," Bob said. "There weren't any apartment houses on Gracie Square when you were four or five years old."

She laughed. She seemed to be very much amused. "I was just trying to see how well you knew New York. Where should I have lived?"

"In the East Sixties," Bob said, "and you should have played in Central Park."

"Well, that's exactly where we did live," she said. "In the East Sixties, near Columbus Circle. The circus used to be near there at the Garden."

Bob Bolles faced her squarely and tried to read her face in the dark.

"Look here," he said. "Why are you lying to me?"

"Why," she asked, "what do you mean, lying?"

"What I say," he answered. "The Garden was on Madison Square then. Who are you? What's the matter? You'd better tell me."

"Why—" she began, but he stopped her.

"Who are you?" he asked her again. "You've come up here to try to find out who I am. What was the matter today? What are you frightened of?"

"Stop!" she said, and her voice was very low. "I'm getting cold. I'm going now."

"WHO are you?" he asked her again. "You'd better tell me."

"No," she answered, "please, my dear, don't ask me. But I want to tell you something and it's the truth." She paused and glanced at the cabin door, and then she put her hand over his.

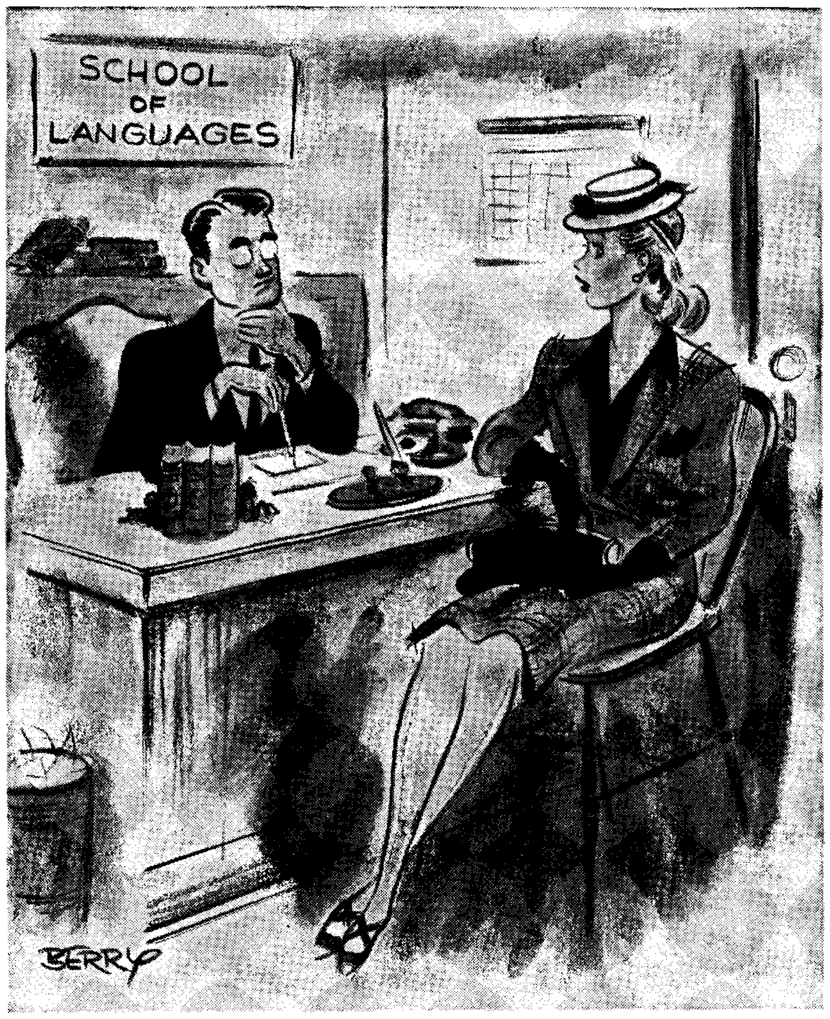
"I didn't come here to get anything out of you. Don't think that, please. I'm worried about you, very worried."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I like you. I really do. Everything I said was true. It wasn't a lie. You must promise me something."

"What?" he asked her.

"If anything should happen—" her voice was very low and insistent—"about Mac or me—don't ask me what I mean—you mustn't interfere. You mustn't ask questions and you must keep out of it. Do you understand?"



"I'd like to take a course in French—Free French, of course"

MICHAEL BERRY

"Why, for heaven's sake," Bob asked her, "what might happen?"

"It hasn't anything to do with you," she answered. "Don't ask. Just keep out of it."

"Now, wait a minute—" Bob Bolles began, and then she snatched her hand away from his. The cabin door was opening.

"Oh," she said, "is that you, Mac?" And Bob saw Mr. Kingman's head and shoulders in the cabin doorway and Mr. Kingman climbed quickly up to the cockpit.

"My dear," he asked her, "how long have you been here?"

"Not long," she answered, "just for a few minutes."

Mr. Kingman put his hand on her shoulder and she stood up.

"Not exchanging confidences with the skipper, were you?" He spoke gently, but there was something icy in his question.

"Not exactly confidences," Bob Bolles said easily. "We were just talking about when Mrs. Kingman was a little girl."

Mr. Kingman laughed and pushed her gently toward the open cabin door.

"You mustn't mind her, Skipper," he said. "Helen's a great one for talking. I hope she didn't disturb you. It's bad for you to be out in the night air, my dear. You mustn't do it again."

"Mac," said Mrs. Kingman, "I just wanted to find out—"

"There is nothing found out," Mr. Kingman said. "Come down to the cabin, dear. Good night, Bob."

It was a long while later—the sky was growing a little lighter than the water—when he saw Tom walking over the deck to relieve him at the wheel. He could always count on Tom to wake up without assistance when his watch came around.

"Keep her as she is," he said, and Tom took the wheel.

"Yes, sar," Tom said, "as she is," and he pointed toward the cabin. "Are they all sleeping down there, sar?"

"Yes," Bob said. "Why shouldn't they be?"

"Sar," Tom said, "I think they do act queer."

"LISTEN, boy," Bob said. "All rich people act queer."

"Someone go on tippy-toe," Tom said, "tippy-toe. Someone try the door up forward."

"What?" Bob asked. "In the forward bulkhead?"

"Yes, sar."

"You've got great ears," Bob said. "Forget it, boy. Maybe it was Oscar being lonely."

"Yes, sar," Tom said. "I think they want to kill us, sar."

For a moment Bob Bolles was so surprised that he did not answer. Then he gave Tom a sharp cuff.

"Don't be a crazy nigger," he said. "Call me if you want me."

He went forward, crawled into his bunk and lay staring at the beams above him, listening to the sound of the water close to his ear. That last idea of Tom's made an odd climax to the whole day. He would have thought it amusing if it had not exasperated him. He was thinking that no white man could ever tell just what went through a Negro's mind. . . .

A SHARP, unfamiliar sound awakened Bob Bolles and pushed him into a sitting posture so suddenly that he had struck his head smartly upon the berth above him. The sun was coming through the open hatch. His oilskins were swaying on the hook by his bunk. He could tell from the sun that it was quite late in the morning. Tom must have let him sleep through a watch, as Tom did sometimes. Then he heard the sound again—the sharp report of a high-powered rifle—and he was on his feet almost without thinking, running up the ladder.

The sweetish salt air of the Caribbean struck his face and he saw Tom standing at the wheel grinning. Mr. Kingman, dressed in orange-colored slacks and a striped shirt, was standing balancing a rifle, looking out to windward. Oscar in faded dungarees with his shirt open at the throat was holding an empty bottle and Mrs. Kingman in gray slacks and an olive-green shirt with little gray sailboats on it, bareheaded and with sunglasses, stood just behind him. As he watched, Oscar's heavy arm moved in an arc and he threw the empty bottle. It fell splashing on a blue wave, far out, and Mr. Kingman raised his rifle and fired. Crack, it went, crack, crack.

"Ah," Mr. Kingman said. "Throw another, Oscar," and then he saw Bob Bolles climbing down into the cockpit.

It was not an easy thing to hit a bottle from a small boat with a rifle. Mr. Kingman certainly knew how to shoot. The whole scene was careless and pleasant. Mrs. Kingman smiled at him, but he could not see what her eyes were like behind the glasses.

"It's Mac's hobby," she said.

Mr. Kingman handed the rifle to Oscar. "Take it away and bring up Mr. Bolles' breakfast. By jove, this is the—the life, isn't it?"

OSCAR brought up folding chairs and set up a table. All their clothes, all the equipment were like numbers in a sporting catalogue. Tom went forward and Bob took the wheel again while Oscar brought him orange juice and bacon and toast.

"You'd think that with those big hands of his that Oscar might be clumsy," Mrs. Kingman said, "but he isn't. Do you know what he's doing already? He's making a little ship to go in a whisky bottle."

Oscar grinned, but he made no comment.

"When you get it finished," Mrs. Kingman said, "you'll give it to Mr. Bolles, won't you, Oscar?"

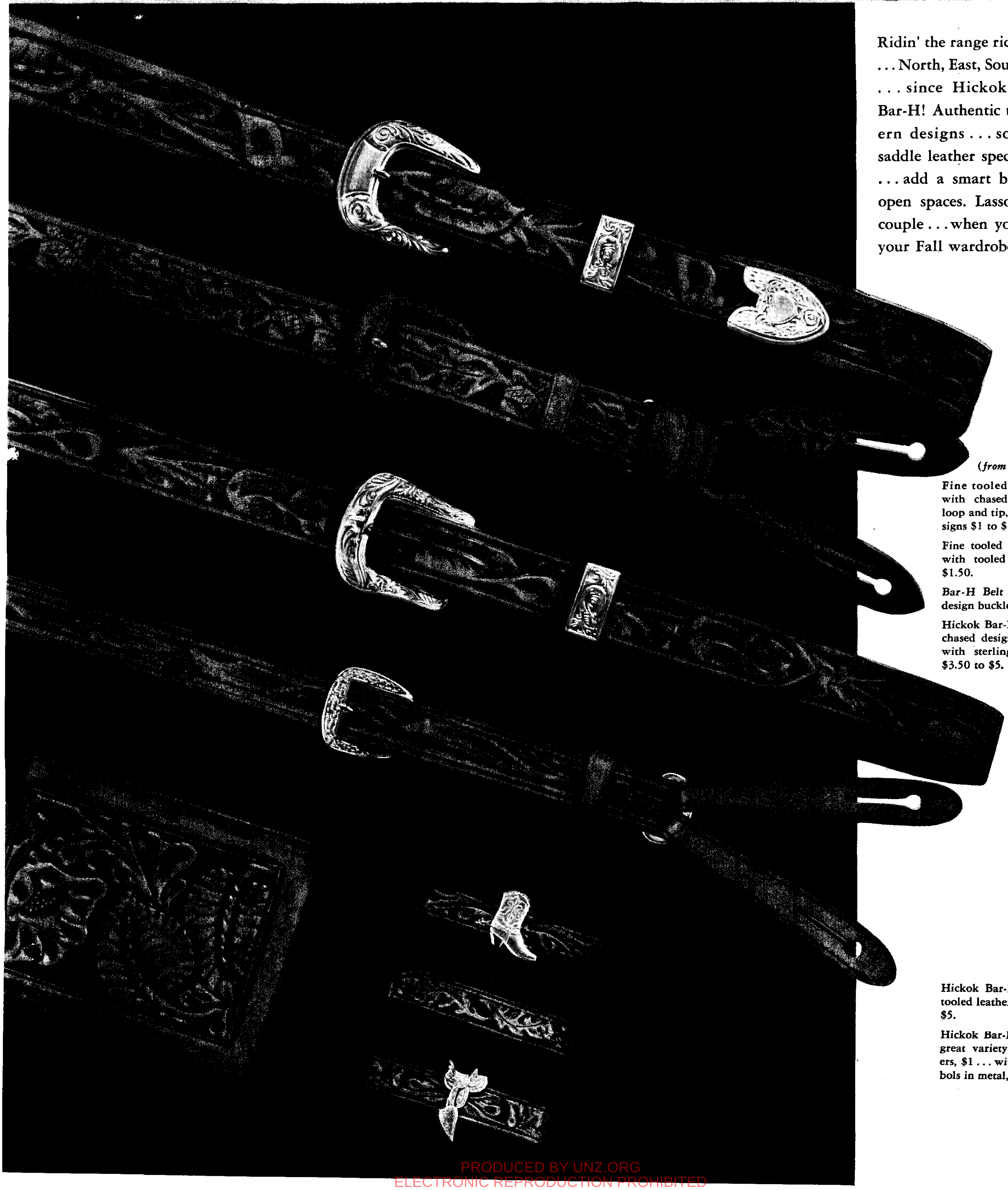
Oscar's mild blue eyes moved down from the luff of the mainsail, stared at Bob for a moment and turned to Mrs. Kingman. "Huh?" he said.

For some reason it seemed to Bob that Oscar's monosyllable was disturbing. He saw Mr. Kingman glance toward Mrs. Kingman sharply, as though he wanted to stop her, but Mrs. Kingman went right on:

"You will give it to him, won't you, Oscar?"

Oscar gave the wheel a little tug, and something working his mind seemed to amuse him. "Ay tank so," he said, "if

HICKOK BAR-H



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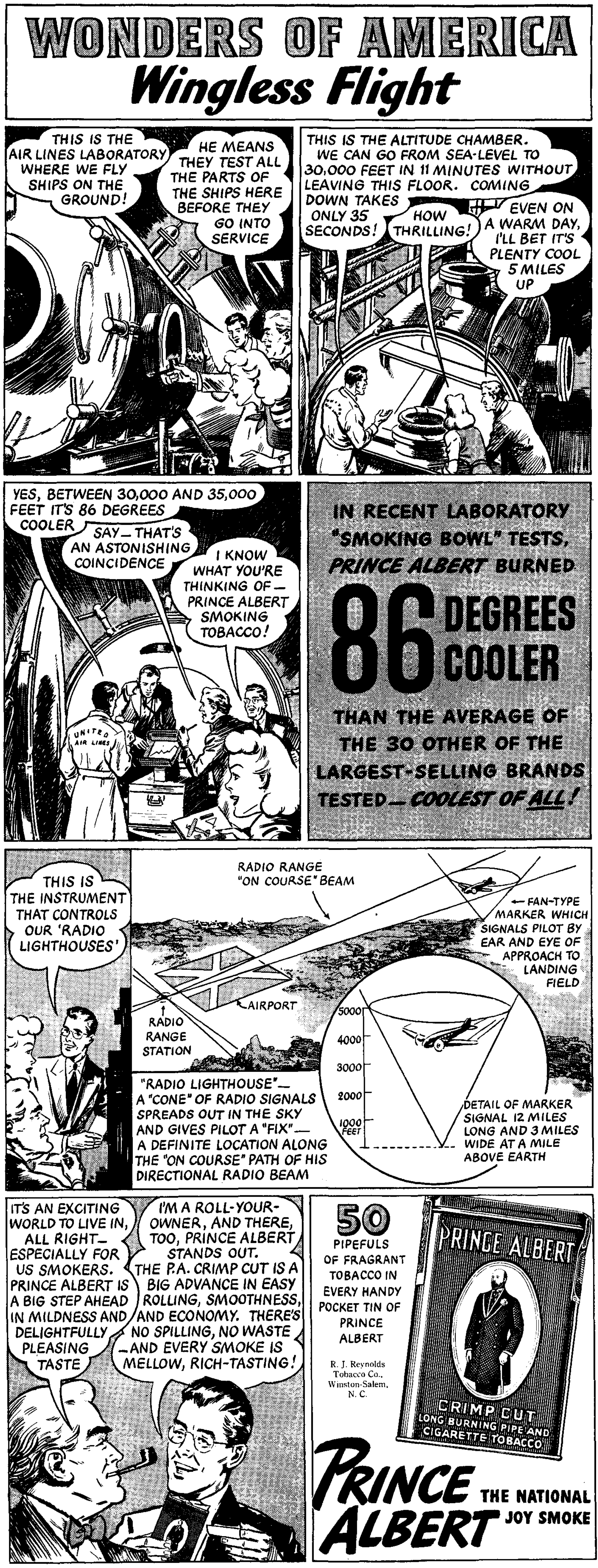
Wingless Flight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he should need a little ship in a bottle."

Mr. Kingman moved impatiently. "That is about enough from you, Oscar," he said.

"If Oscar's such an old sea dog," Bob asked, "why didn't you charter a boat without a master?"

Mr. Kingman had been gripping the arms of his chair, half leaning forward to listen, but now he relaxed.

"Oscar can't navigate," he answered. "And speaking of navigating, how about getting up the chart?"

"I'll fetch the instrument up too," Bob said. "I'm going to shoot the sun at noon."

"Oh," said Mrs. Kingman, "shoot the sun."

The cabin was more spick-and-span than he had ever seen it. When he opened the locker and took out his chart book and instruments, he could hear their voices outside.

"From now on," he heard Mr. Kingman say, "you keep your face shut, Oscar."

WHEN he was up on deck again and had opened the chart on the folding table Mr. Kingman rose and leaned over, looking at it eagerly.

"Where are we now?" he asked.

"About here," Bob said. "I'll tell you accurately at noon."

"Oh," Mr. Kingman said, "I see our line. We're already quite a way from everything."

"Yes," Bob said. "It's a pretty lonely sea."

Mr. Kingman pointed farther down the page. "And those dots—those are the islands there?"

Bob Bolles nodded.

"Those islands, have you anything that shows them larger?"

Bob turned the pages of the big book until he came to the place marked "Winderly Group" and there they were.

"The big one is Mercator," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingman crowded close to the table.

"That looks like a harbor." Mr. Kingman's voice sounded sharper. "Could a ship, an ocean liner, get in there?"

"Not enough water," Bob said, "too much reef. You can see the figures."

"Those other two islands, what are their names?" Mr. Kingman asked. He was pointing at two other bits of land which lay perhaps forty miles to the westward.

"Jacks Island," Bob Bolles said, "and St. Edith."

"Could an ocean liner touch at either of them?" Mr. Kingman asked.

Bob Bolles looked up from the chart.

"Not enough water," he said, "too much reef. But a ship with a light draught like this one can anchor in that bay at Mercator, though it looks like a tricky passage."

But Mr. Kingman's mind was still back with the ocean liner. "I suppose," he said slowly, "a big vessel could stand off shore and send in a small boat, couldn't she?"

"Why, yes," Bob said, "of course. Do you know of a boat's calling there, Mr. Kingman?"

"Know of some boat?" Mr. Kingman said slowly.

"Mac," Mrs. Kingman said, "Mac."

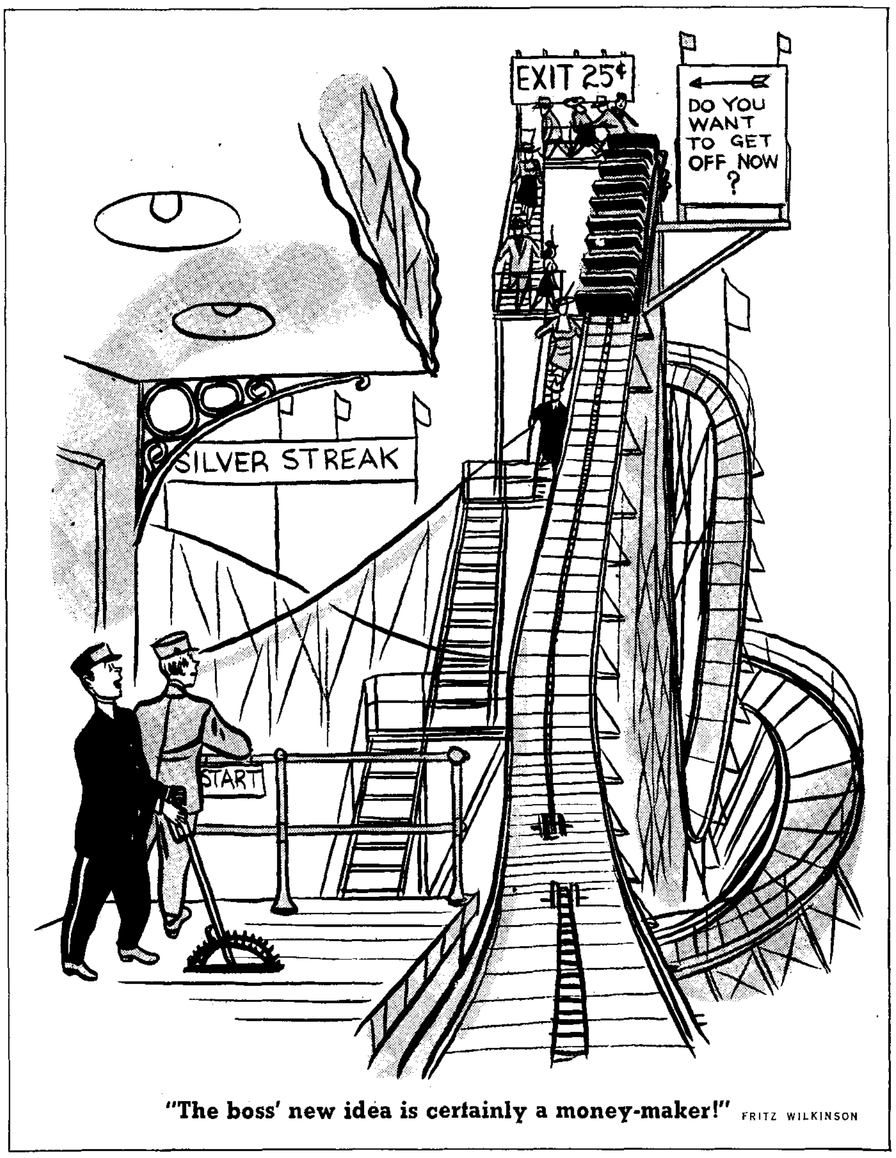
Her voice made Bob look up from the chart. Something had made her face strained and white. Oscar was still holding the wheel, but he had moved in front of it.

"No," Mr. Kingman said, "do not bother, Oscar. What do you mean, Bob, I should know of some boat?"

"What's the matter?" Bob asked. "I didn't mean anything." That was the first time his mind had moved, putting things together. Mr. Kingman laughed.

"Of course you didn't, Bob," he said. "I've a sharp way of asking questions."

(*To be continued next week*)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"The boss' new idea is certainly a money-maker!" FRITZ WILKINSON

The Fight Goes On

Continued from page 17

misconstruction? We had seen how difficult it was to do this in the past. Apparently it was not possible to do it, for example, with respect to the income tax. For we all know the artificial restrictions, limitations and interpretations which have been placed by the Court upon the simple phrase in the sixteenth amendment permitting the Congress "to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived." Chief Justice Hughes once remarked that the Constitution is what the judges say it is;—so is an amendment to the Constitution.

Furthermore, I was convinced that an amendment was wholly unnecessary to meet the situation. I knew that the Constitution was not to blame, and that the Supreme Court as an institution was not to blame. The only trouble was with some of the human beings then on the Court. Need I add here, parenthetically, that later judicial history has proven that all these assumptions were absolutely correct?

Some Differences of Opinion

The Democratic national platform adopted in 1936 said that we would seek solution of the nation's ills by legislation; and that an amendment would be sought only if all legislation had failed.

So, having eliminated the idea of a constitutional amendment, the problem was: what kind of legislation? Here, there were even more types of suggestions than there were for constitutional amendments. Some called for requiring unanimous opinions of the Court to declare a statute unconstitutional; or eight to one opinions, or seven to two. Others called for outright addition of new members to the Court.

Each of these had its own difficulties. How did anybody know, for example, how these same justices would look upon any legislation requiring a unanimous opinion, or more than a simple majority, for a valid decision? They might very well have decided that the Constitution meant that the Court's decision could be rendered only by the traditional majority.

As for adding justices outright to the Court, that would have been an expedient to correct the Court in 1937 only. The expedient was not a new one; the addition of justices had taken place several times before in our history—sometimes in order to change decisions. The trouble was, however, that as the years went by, the new members of the Court and their successors might likewise fall into the conservative mold, which so often takes shape when there is life tenure of position and complete lack of touch with swiftly moving social and economic forces. It would not provide a continuous, reinvigorating process, merely to add some additional members.

The plan which I finally proposed provided for a continuous and recurrent addition of new blood, new vigor, new experience, and new outlook. For, under my plan, as soon as a judge reached the age of seventy, a new judge would be appointed. The old judge could retire on full salary for life, if he wished. If he preferred not to retire, he might continue to remain on the bench; but he would be counterbalanced there by the new man who had had an active contact with life about him. There were other advantages in this plan. It was of undoubted constitutionality; and it seemed to me to have the best chance of passing both Houses of the Congress most quickly. And speed was so essential.

Along with this plan for the Supreme Court itself, I included in my message on the judiciary many other recommendations for necessary reforms in the federal administration of justice, covering all the courts from the lowest to the highest. Practically all of these other recommendations have been adopted.

I made one major mistake when I first presented the plan. I did not place enough emphasis upon the real mischief—the kind of decisions which, as a studied and continued policy, had been coming down from the Supreme Court. I soon corrected that mistake—in the speeches which I later made about the plan.

There followed a most bitter fight—in the Congress and out of the Congress. I had expected it, of course. That fight is now a matter of history. It is interesting to note, however, that during all the long struggle, and in spite of the abuse and vilification of the plan from many quarters, nobody of any importance or prestige could be found who was willing publicly to indorse or justify the trend of the recent decisions of the Court.

Time and again during the fight I made it clear that my chief concern was with the objective—namely, a modernized judiciary that would look at modern problems through modern glasses. The exact kind of legislative method to accomplish the objective was not important. I was willing to accept any method proposed which would accomplish that ultimate objective—constitutionally and quickly. I received, however, no reasonable guarantee or assurance that some other definite method would obtain congressional approval. Rumors of compromise were plenty; but never a definite agreement or offer. Furthermore, it was clear that the opponents of the plan suggested by me would never be able to agree among themselves on a plan of their own. And the best legislative advice which I could get from the congressional leaders was that my own suggestion would ultimately be approved.

That is the reason why no so-called compromise was ever submitted by me to the Congress; that is why it was necessary to persist in the plan originally proposed. Had any satisfactory compromise been definitely offered which would have been effective in attaining the objective, and which would have been capable of quick passage, it would have been accepted by me.

The Court Begins to Change

Events happened in the midst of the fight to becloud the chief issue. There was, first, the retirement of Justice Van Devanter in June, 1937. Some have said that it was strategically timed; but of course that is incapable of proof at the present time. There came, then, the death of Senator Robinson, the Senate Democratic leader of the members in favor of the plan.

But the startling fact which did more than anything else to bring about the defeat of the plan in the halls of the Congress was a clear-cut victory on the bench of the Court for the objectives of the fight. The Court yielded. The Court changed. The Court began to interpret the Constitution instead of torturing it. It was still the same Court, with the same justices. No new appointments had been made. And yet, beginning shortly after the message of February 5, 1937, what a change!

Whether this change came as a result of the election returns of 1936, whether

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it came as a result of my message, whether it came as a result of public discussion during the course of the fight, or a combination of all these—those are important questions for the later historians of the period. These need not be discussed here.

I feel convinced, however, that the change would never have come unless this frontal attack had been made upon the philosophy of the majority of the Court. That is why I regard the message of February 5, 1937, as one of the most important and significant events of my administration on the domestic scene. That is why I regard it as a turning point in our modern history. For unless the Court had changed, or unless some quick means had been found to give our democracy the power to work out its needs, there is grave doubt whether it could have survived the crisis which was bearing down upon it from within, to say nothing of the present 1941 threat against it from abroad.

The change began very soon after the message was delivered.

A Surprising About-Face

On March 29, 1937, the Court completely reversed itself on the constitutional power of a state to pass a minimum wage law for women. Just nine months after denying this power to the states, the Court unequivocally decided, five to four, to uphold the power; and, in so many words, it expressly overruled its earlier contrary decisions.[1]

A new interpretation was thus placed on the doctrine of freedom of contract under which the old minimum wage law and other social legislation had been struck down by the Supreme Court. It was no longer to be given its old unrealistic meaning. It was now to mean, in the language of the Court, "liberty in a social organization which requires the protection of law against the evils which menace the health, safety, morals, and welfare of the people."

This remarkable about-face came because one justice decided to change his vote of nine months earlier. Here was one man—not elected by the people—who by a nod of the head could apparently nullify or uphold the will of the overwhelming majority of a nation of 130,000,000 people.

On the same day the Court sustained the new Railway Labor Act providing for collective bargaining and mediation in railroad labor disputes;[2] and upheld a revised Frazier-Lemke Act which was only slightly different from the one they had previously set aside.[3]

Next month, April, 1937, there came further evidence that the Court was in full retreat, as it sustained the constitutionality of the National Labor Relations Act. This statute was designed to insure the right of collective bargaining to labor unions, and to prevent unfair labor practices on the part of employers. It was, of course, applicable only to products which went into interstate commerce.

Remember that in the earlier decisions involving child labor[4] and NRA and bituminous coal, these labor issues had all been considered purely local questions which had no relationship to interstate commerce, even though the products themselves later went into interstate commerce.

Three of the five cases under the National Labor Relations Act then before the Court involved employers who manufactured goods for the interstate market—steel,[5] trailers,[6] and men's clothing.[7]

In each of these cases the Court, five to four, was able to find that labor disputes and strikes and stoppages of work did directly affect interstate commerce in the products manufactured.

In vain did four of the justices exclaim in a dissenting opinion (pp. 76-78): "The Court, as we think, departs from well-established principles followed in Schechter Corp. vs U.S., 295 U.S. 495 [NRA decision] and Carter vs Carter Coal Co. 298 U.S. 238 [bituminous coal decision]. . . . Every consideration brought forward to uphold the Act before us was applicable to support the Acts held unconstitutional in causes decided within two years. . . . [The Act] puts into the hands of a Board power of control over purely local industry beyond anything heretofore deemed permissible."

The minority was right in its criticism of the majority. The old minority of 1935 and 1936 had become the majority of 1937—without a single new appointment of a justice! The Court had decided to give interstate commerce a meaning and a scope commensurate with the realities of the modern situation. It had decided that the Constitution meant what it said when it provided that the "Congress shall have power . . . to regulate commerce . . . among the several states."

It would be a little naïve to refuse to recognize some connection between these decisions and the Supreme Court fight.

And as the fight went on, and as the Court term was drawing to a close, the constitutionality of the Social Security Act came before the Court. The Court was still unchanged in personnel. The statute in question dealt with old-age pensions and unemployment insurance. It was based on the power which the Congress thought it had under our Constitution to "lay and collect taxes . . . to . . . provide for the general welfare of the United States." The tax for unemployment insurance was a tax on employers' pay rolls; and the action provided to carry out the purposes of the statute was joint action by the Federal Government in conjunction with the respective states. The system for old-age pensions was, on the other hand, purely a federal one. The taxes for old-age pensions were to be collected from employers and employees by the Federal Government alone, and disbursed by it alone. The federal law was upheld in its entirety on the ground that unemployment and old-age dependency were matters of general welfare.[8] The state tax for unemployment insurance was also upheld.[9]

The Fight is Won

This was a radical departure from a philosophy which had previously held mining and agriculture to be of purely local concern. If there is any doubt of this, an examination of the dissenting opinions in the social security law cases will show how well-founded had been our fears that like the "no man's land" for minimum wages in 1936, there would come to be a "no man's land" also for old-age pensions and for unemployment insurance, into which neither the federal government nor the states could step to meet the modern concepts of social security.

And here again, it would be a little naïve to refuse to recognize some connection between these decisions and the Supreme Court fight.

By the time the Court term was over in June of 1937, it was very clear that the entire approach of the Court to the many problems confronting us had completely changed. The views of the liberal minority of 1935 and 1936 were being gradually adopted by the one or two justices on the other side necessary to make them the views of the majority.

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[1] West Coast Hotel Co. vs Parrish 300 U.S. 379.

[2] Virginia Railway Co. vs System Federation No. 40, 300 U.S. 515.

[3] Wright vs Vinton Branch of the Mountain Trust Bank of Roanoke. 300 U.S. 440.

[4] Hammer vs Dagenhart, 247 U.S. 251.

[5] National Labor Relations Board vs Jones and Laughlin Steel Corp. 301 U.S. 1.

[6] National Labor Relations Board vs Fruehauf Trailer Co. 301 U.S. 49.

[7] National Labor Relations Board vs Friedman-Harry Marks Clothing Co. 301 U.S. 58.

[8] Steward Machine Co. vs Davis 301 U.S. 548; Helvering vs Davis 301 U.S. 619.

[9] Carmichael vs Southern Coal and Coke Co. 301 U.S. 495.

The blunt fact, therefore, is that by this time the Supreme Court fight had actually been won, so far as its immediate objectives were concerned.

The legislative fight was not discontinued immediately, however, because it was not certain whether this victory was permanent or temporary. Furthermore, even with a liberal Court, the basic principle of insuring a steady flow of new vigor and new intellectual approach into the personnel of the Court would still be a sound one. For only with that continuing process could we ever be sure that the Court would continually be kept personally abreast of changing social conditions by the addition of new men, brought up and molded in such conditions.

The result of the Supreme Court fight in the political halls of the Congress is now well-known. Owing to many factors, the most important of which was this reversal of the Court's attitude itself, the portion of the bill dealing with the Supreme Court itself was defeated—although many other provisions of the bill were adopted in 1937 and later.

It was not until after the end of the judicial term in June, 1937, that a single vacancy on the Court actually occurred. The about-face in the decisions of the Court had come from the very same personnel that had been on the Court since my first inauguration. The victory, therefore, cannot be attributed to the new justices. It was rather a realization by one or two members of the Court that the Court had exceeded its powers, that it had strayed away from the Constitution itself, and that the liberal minority of the Court had been correct in its conclusions.

In the succeeding terms of the Court, commencing in October, 1937, and running through to date, it has given continuous and consistent approval to the policies of government action which have motivated most of the reform measures of the New Deal. It has laid down principles of federal control of interstate commerce which have permitted the government to proceed in a direct and forthright manner to meet the social problems and conditions which beset it. Also with respect to federal powers of taxation, the Securities and Exchange Commission regulation of public utilities and public utility holding companies, fair labor standards legislation, stabilization of the bituminous coal industry, and the power of the federal government to develop the water power resources of the nation—in all these fields, and in others, the contentions of the federal government have been sustained.

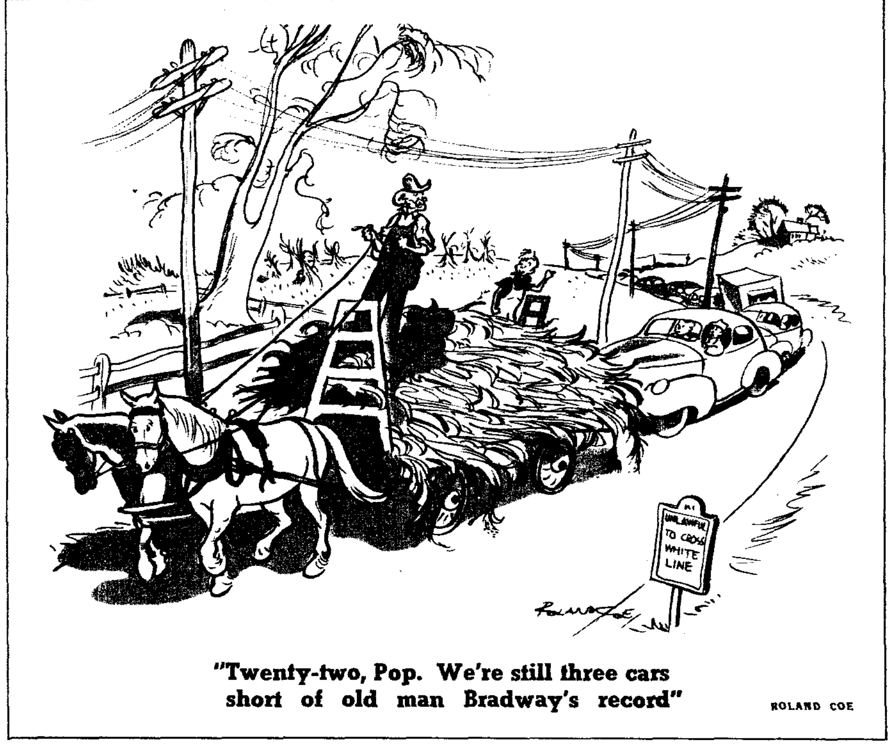
Whatever doubts were created by the old Court before the elections of 1936 have been practically all removed. There has been a reaffirmation of the ancient principle that the power to legislate resides in the Congress and not in the Court; and that the Court has no power or right to impose its own ideas of legislative policy, or its own social and economic views, upon the law.

The result has been that the federal government now has the undisputed powers which had always been intended for it by the framers of the Constitution. These powers were clearly implied or expressed in the Constitution; and the recognition now at last given to them is in no sense indicative of any change in the Constitution itself. In fact, nearly every time that the Court in 1935 and 1936 proceeded to circumscribe these powers, it was acting beyond the Constitution itself, and seeking to grasp authority for itself which it did not possess. The change which came after the elections of 1936, and after the message on the reform of the judiciary, has been characterized by former Attorney General Jackson (now Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States), as a "retreat to the Constitution." The phrase, to my mind, aptly describes the conduct of those justices of the Court who before 1937 had stood in the way of government progress. In the new approach which has come since those days, it can truly be said that the Constitution has prevailed over those men who sought to submerge it.

Democracy proved again that it had within it the power to function—the ability to furnish to its citizens the strength, the courage, the assistance, the instruments with which to meet their problems in an American way, in their continued effort to preserve and raise their American standard of living.

White House,
Washington, D. C.,
June 1, 1941. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

In next week's article, "The Continuing Struggle for Liberalism," the President gives his own explanation of the purge and of his activities in the 1938 primary campaign.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*FIRMA-FELT: All Portis hats now undergo a new, secretly applied processing called Firma-Felting. This *extra* operation imparts an *extra* fine, *extra* soft, *extra* luxurious feel—assures *extra* wear *at no extra cost!*

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Check details in illustrat above

NEW 1942 HUD

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The facilities and organization of the automotive industry can be used to great advantage in the nation's defense program. We at Hudson recognize this obligation and have enlisted our services extensively in defense manufacturing.

We have been entrusted in the present national emergency with a large and steadily increasing amount of defense work. These assignments occupy positions of major importance on the list of defense needs and call for the highest degree of manufacturing skill and accuracy.

We are glad to announce that, along with the performance of this national service, we are able to present to the American public new 1942 models. These new motor cars, while necessarily restricted as to the number we may be able to build, strictly maintain the high standards established during 32 years of engineering leadership.

NEW FOR '42 . . . HUDSON SAFETY RUNNING BOARDS

Wide, full-length running boards are standard on all 1942 Hudsons, *concealed and protected against snow, ice and slippery mud* by the graceful outward sweep of these new Hudson bodies. The beauty of "no *running* boards," with the extra protection that only a good big running board can provide!

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You just start the motor, step on the accelerator and GO. *From then on, there's no need to touch either gear lever or clutch to meet any ordinary driving situation.* No other way of driving is so easy, so smooth, or does so much to make motoring safer. Nothing new to learn.

The new Hudson Drive-Master is one of the foremost advancements in a 32-year record of engineering leadership! No other car can offer it. By all means, try it soon!

**Available at low extra cost on all 1942 Hudsons (and worth many times what it costs)*

THIS IS ALL YOU *DO*
with DRIVE-MASTER
HANDS ON WHEEL . . . FOOT ON ACCELERATOR
NO GEAR SHIFTING
NO CLUTCH PUSHING

FOR MONTHS the question has been asked on every side: "What will the new 1942 cars be like?" *Now you can see for yourself, at any Hudson dealer's showroom.*

In a year when it is important to look not only for fine appearance and performance but solid quality and lasting value — Hudson, we believe, has more to offer you than ever. You'll see great new cars that are designed and engineered to meet today's unusual requirements — cars built to serve better, last longer and cost less to run.

When you look at these new Hudsons, think beyond 1942. Look for the fine engineering and workmanship that mean thousands of *extra* miles; at the advanced features that will keep these cars abreast of the times for years to come. Here are cars that not only have proved their ability to stand up in performance as no others have ever done, but that will stand up in *value,* too.

The great features responsible for the fine performance, long life and exceptional economy of past Hudsons have been carried forward into these 1942 models. Along with them, you will find much that's new for '42, including the new Hudson Drive-Master, easiest of all ways to drive.

The minute you touch the starter button, you'll realize that here is the same smoothly brilliant motor performance for which Hudsons are famous — and (take our word for it) the same lasting dependability and surprisingly low cost per mile are here, too. Frame, axles, body are of the same extra-sturdy type. Here are Hudson's great Double-Safe Brakes and Patented Auto-Poise Control, widely recognized as two of the greatest safety features ever placed on any car.

You will be delighted at the striking appearance of these new Hudsons with their longer, lower lines, trimly tailored sleekness and sparkling new colors. Typical of the fine quality which, so long as obtainable you can look for and find in every 1942 Hudson are the new upholstery fabrics—richer, more beautiful and longer wearing than ever.

Inside, you will also see new instrument panels, steering wheels and body equipment more tastefully designed than ever before. And, in number of harmonizing interior-exterior color combinations from which to choose, these new cars surpass those in which Hudson, last year, brought the new idea now known as Symphonic Styling to the automobile.

Hudson presents these new cars with pride, but with this word of caution: *At Hudson, as elsewhere, defense needs come first. We will continue to build as many of these cars as we can, but strictly within the requirements of defense production.*

This year, therefore, it will pay you even more than ever to visit your Hudson dealer *without delay.* And be sure to *drive* one of the new cars. Remember, when you compare *prices,* you'll find a Hudson at or near the *bottom* in every popular price class; when you compare *values,* you'll find a Hudson at the *top!*

Now On Display* . . . New 1942 Hudson Six • Hudson Super-Six • Hudson Commodore Series *(Sixes and Eights)

BUILT TO SERVE BETTER, LAST LONGER, COST LESS TO RUN

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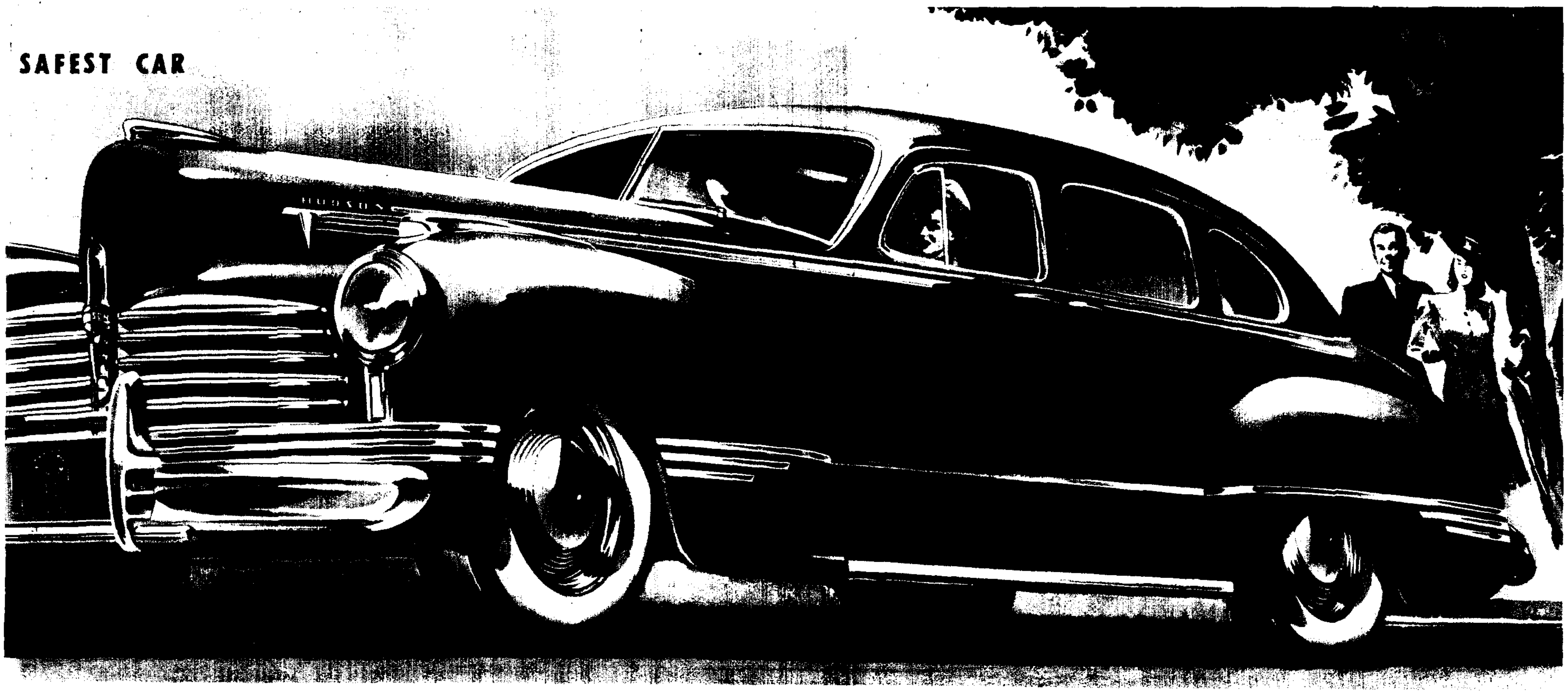


A Ray of Hope

[illegible]

Ernest [illegible]ence (l.) inve[illegible]clotron, one [illegible] me[illegible] brot[illegible] tensi[illegible] in [illegible] tion [illegible] the [illegible]ical at th[illegible] [illegible]

What good is a cyclotron? One of the answers is that cyclotrons are beginning to make medical history. Here's the story of the attack on leukemia, that cruel disease sometimes called cancer of the blood

EVERYONE has heard of atom-smashing. And seen Sunday-paper pictures of the machines that do the job. But this new work hasn't caused an epidemic of sleeplessness or an epidemic of nightmares. Everyone, in fact, has been wonderfully apathetic. We have never seen an atom; and we don't care particularly whether it is smashed or not.

This is about to be changed.

Tremendously important medical applications are on the horizon—things that will touch all of us. It is quite possible that recent events in the atom-smashing world may one day outrank in importance the Curies' discovery of radium, or Professor Wilhelm Roentgen's discovery of X-rays.

Since this story has life-saving importance it is essential that we get it straight. The story begins in the spring of 1932. Few of us noted its beginnings in our newspapers. We were too busy with other things: the Lindbergh kidnaping and the suicide of Ivar Kreuger. For our heavy thinking we had the growing tension in the Orient, and the brawlings of an upstart German politician. With such a heady dish of news, no one had a great deal of time except a bushy-haired young scientist working at the University of California in Berkeley. But Ernest Orlando Lawrence was making Grade-A history. He had an idea, you see.

His idea ran something like this: If a child in a swing is given a series of little pushes they have a cumulative effect. Pretty soon the child is going as high as one big push would have sent it in the first place. Lawrence wanted to apply the same principle to atom-smashing. He wanted to take a minute chunk of matter—one of the pieces that go to make up atoms—and give it a series of pushes. Such a procedure, he hoped, would create previously undreamed-of velocities.

He began building the gun to do this job. It was a copper vacuum tank about the size of an 11-inch frying pan. He added plumbing and wiring until it looked like a junior version of the lab equipment beloved by Hollywood.

When the machine was completed Dr. Lawrence introduced his chip of matter. He gave it a 5,000-volt kick which started it revolving. Every time around he would fetch it another 5,000-volt smack. Two hundred of these added up to a million volts. Pretty soon the fleck of matter was traveling at an incredible velocity. It spiraled out the edge of the pan—a powerful bullet to be used in atom-smashing.

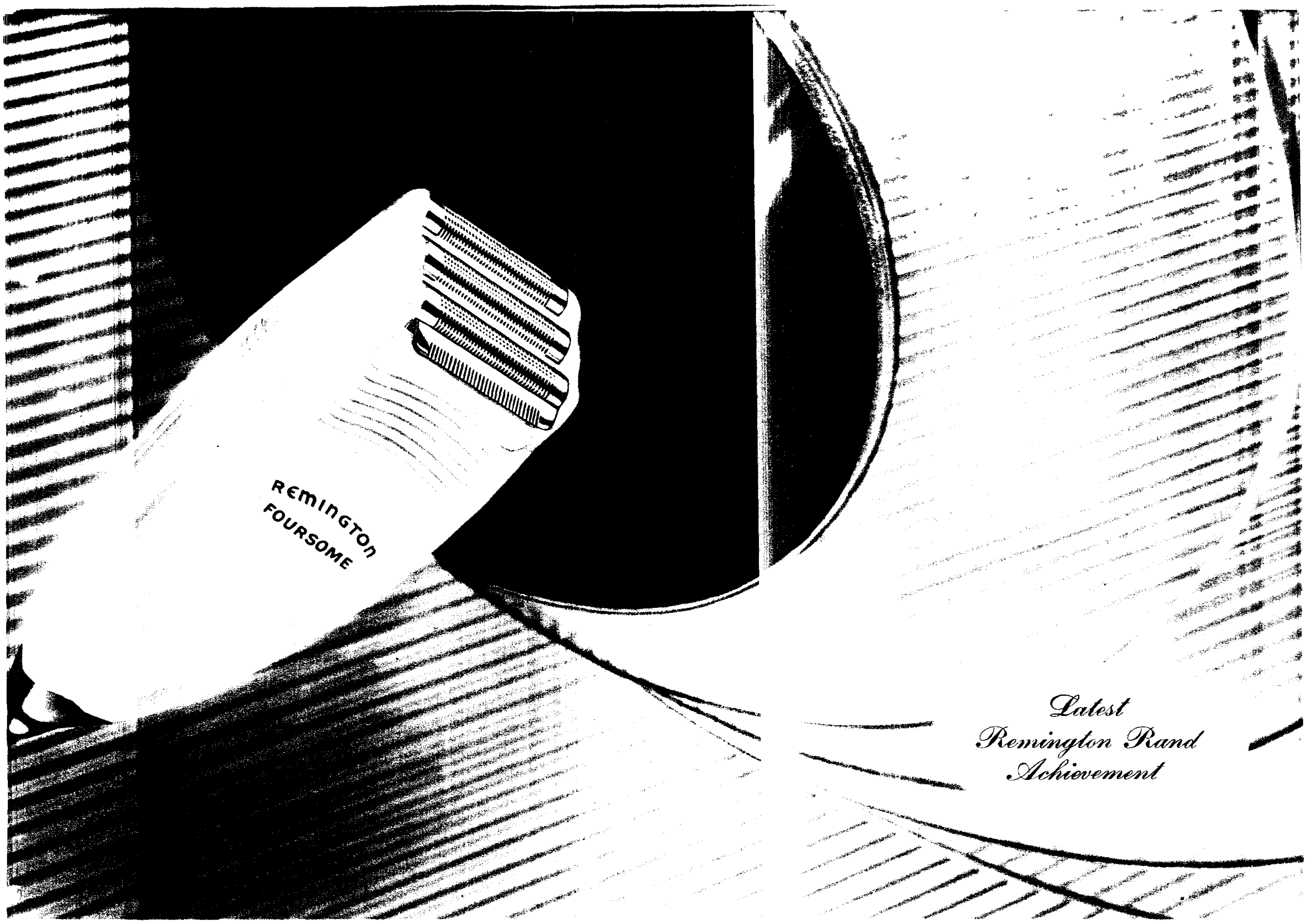
Lawrence was pleased with his idea; a very good one, you will admit, for a young man of thirty. From his 11-inch frying pan he dreamed his way into monstrous contraptions which would apply 50 kicks of 2,000,000 volts each—thereby creating energies previously unknown on the earth.

If you still have doubts about the worthiness of this idea there is ample evidence to prove you wrong. The Nobel Prize Committee liked it enough to give Lawrence science's highest honor—worth $37,000. The Rockefellers thought enough of it to back Lawrence with $1,150,000 with which he is building a 100,000,000-volt machine.

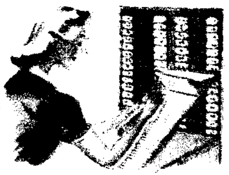
Medical value of Lawrence's cyclotron is just now becoming apparent. Its potentialities rest on one fact: under bombardment from the atom smasher 87 of the 92 chemical elements become radioactive. This means that they shower off radiation just as radium does—but for much shorter periods. It takes radium 1,500 years to lose half its rays; whereas elements which have been made radioactive artificially have a half-life ranging from minutes to months. The importance of this short life is obvious. It means that they can be introduced into the body where they will do a healing job, then sputter out harmlessly.

Possibilities stretch in all directions. At the present time this is conjecture, but it appears likely that when more facts are collected it may be possible to inject radioactive table salt directly into tumors. Inside the tumor mass the salt would give a steady, easily tolerated stream of cell-destroying radiation. Or it might be possible to treat a too-active thyroid—goiter—with radioactive iodine. At the moment these things are merely interesting speculations.

To date, most clinical work has been done with radioactive phosphorus—used in the treatment of leukemia. This fright of a disease kills with the mechanical precision of a guillotine. Although "cures" are recorded, few of them stand up to cold medical (*Continued on page* 74)



The Remington "FOURSOME" Shaver—only electric shaver with FOUR cutting heads. Newest addition to the Remington line, used and recommended by 16,000 barbers.

THE WORLD'S FINEST ELECTRIC SHAVER. *Back of this newest development of Remington Rand precision manufacture is the same great American organization that has created the first and only printing calculator* *and was quick to apply the value of photographic accuracy to business through the devising of photographic records* *and that has given American Business its most efficient recording systems.*  *As an important contribution to national defense, Remington Rand is today devoting its skill to the manufacture of precision products* *for the United States and British Governments.*

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"Not Malt, Not Rum, Not Wine, Not Nuts, So Help Me, It's Tobacco!"

6137 N. Meridian St.
Indianapolis, Ind.
June 27, 1941

Larus & Bro., Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I'm still a young fellow, or like to think so, and as long as I've smoked, I've smoked a pipe. Life for me has been a continual round of trying different tobacco.

I've paid as high as six dollars a pound for the stuff. I've had mixtures made to order.

I've smoked tobacco that tasted like honey, that tasted like rum, that tasted like wine, that tasted like maple sugar, that tasted like nuts, that tasted like burning hickory, that tasted like sweet grass. I once smoked a British blend that tasted like somebody's old tweed suit, so help me.

But Edgeworth—I can't possibly explain it, but Edgeworth tastes an awful lot like tobacco! Possibly it *is* tobacco and not malt, not apples, not rum, not wine, not something to disguise the taste of a product the manufacturer is ashamed of.

I shouldn't take up your time like this, really. But I long ago promised the first time I found a tobacco I could smoke for a month or more steadily without tongue-bite, throat irritation, dizziness, and at the same time enjoy the flavor every time I lighted the pipe—when I found that kind of tobacco, I was going to write the manufacturer and tell him about it. *Thanks for Edgeworth, gentlemen!*

(Signed) G. T. Fleming Roberts

NOTE: Mr. Roberts got acquainted with America's Finest Pipe Tobacco by sending in this coupon for a generous sample tin.

SEND FOR SAMPLE (At Our Expense)

LARUS & BRO. CO.
209 So. 22nd St., Richmond, Virginia
Please send me, *at your expense*, a generous sample of EDGEWORTH Ready-Rubbed—America's Finest Pipe Tobacco.

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BEEFSTEAK
SAUCE
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With ROAST BEEF There's Nothing As Tasty As HEINZ 57 SAUCE

Makes Good Meats Taste Better

Dinner with Churchill

Continued from page 12

He worked in his shirt sleeves, and one cigar after another died under vigorous puffing. And then we pulled into Waterloo Station.

"Come to lunch tomorrow," he said unexpectedly. "A friend of yours will be down—Harry Hopkins. Can you make it?"

"I can make it," I said gravely. Reporters can usually make it when asked to lunch by prime ministers.

He was spending this week end at his ancient, ivy-covered country home. August had come to England, and roses, carnations and marigolds blossomed in her tumbling hair. This rural section of England seemed literally alive with flowers.

I was twenty minutes late for luncheon, which is hardly the way to win the friendship of a prime minister. But he didn't seem to mind. Neither did lovely, white-haired Mrs. Churchill. Mrs. Churchill is one of the world's loveliest-looking women. Her hair is white and her cheeks are ivory-tinted, and she looks as though she had just stepped out of a cameo. Pretty eighteen-year-old daughter Mary, vivacious and eager-eyed, didn't mind either. Only Sukie seemed annoyed. He barked and leaped and in general just behaved as any young puppy would behave at the intrusion of a stranger into the family circle. "He's a Free French poodle," Mary explained proudly. "Have you a dog?"

I told her that the Savoy Hotel where I lived took a very dim view of guests who kept dogs.

"Have you a cat?" she asked. I told her that my secretary took a very dim view of cats, and I had to choose between her and a cat. And after all, I explained, a cat can't take dictation.

"I have goldfish, though," I told Mary.

"I shouldn't think they'd be much fun," Mary said thoughtfully.

Mr. Churchill Agrees, But—

Winston and Harry Hopkins were talking production. It is hardly the prerogative of a guest to report the conversation of his host. But then, this story is not concerned with what Churchill said; it is concerned with the man himself. What manner of man is he? He and Harry argued happily.

When Harry made a statement, Winston would lean back and say thoughtfully, "You know, friend Hopkins, you could make a good case against that. Now for instance . . . " Then, having made a good case against Harry's statement, he would add mischievously, "Of course, I don't believe a word of what I've been saying. I agree with you entirely. I just wanted to see if I could make a case against it." After lunch, Mary had to rush to the hospital where she works. The Churchills all work. Sister Sarah, an actress, gives troops' concerts. Brother Randolph is in Egypt with his regiment. Mrs. Churchill heads a dozen committees doing war work; she works in a canteen and she is on duty as a fire-watcher near Downing Street two nights a week.

Churchill, Hopkins, Thompson and I walked out of the house. It was difficult to believe that this wasn't Long Island, or Connecticut or even Beverly Hills. There was a badminton court and a lawn studded with croquet wickets.

"Harriman would go crazy about this court," I said. "He loves croquet. He and Bob Sherwood play it by the hour."

"Mary gave him a beating here the other day," Winston chuckled.

Light rain began to fall. Churchill doesn't notice minor things like the weather. He was dressed for it. He was wearing what his staff call his "rompers." This is what we usually call a "shelter suit." It is a one-piece all-over garment with a zipper. He always wears it in the country. He also wears it because he is a great one for prowling around at night. Especially on blitz nights. More than once, a fireman has looked up and seen the bulky figure of the prime minister standing there in the glare of the flames watching.

In the afternoon the prime minister worked with his secretaries, who go everywhere with him. Mrs. Hill, Martin and "Tommy" are indispensable to him. Always one of them is within shouting distance.

I wandered about the house with Tommy and Harry Hopkins. We went into one enormous room where Winston keeps his toys. Here is the largest globe of the world I've ever seen. Churchill loves to twirl it around, finding places where his armies are fighting, and when he does this, you can tell by the look in his eyes that he wishes he were there. Then there is a refined mechanical edition of the old-fashioned stereopticon. Here pictures of bombed German cities are shown. On his desk was a book, one book. It was the history of the Washington family in England; Churchill reads everything, including the comic strips in the papers, but most of all he prefers biographies.

"The PM wants you to stay for dinner," Thompson said.

"I have no dinner clothes with me," I protested.

Tommy laughed. "Do you think that will worry the PM? And you know Mrs. Churchill. She doesn't worry about what people wear."

We assembled in the big high-ceilinged hall before dinner. This room was probably 500 years old. Portraits of great figures of the past crowded the walls. You seldom have cocktails in England. There are no lemons, no limes, and practically no vermouth left. We had our choice of sherry or whisky. Hopkins had double-crossed me and had put on a dinner coat. So had Thompson and Martin, who were dining with us. The prime minister wore a new set of "rompers." Mrs. Churchill had a slight cold and she was resting. Mary was the hostess tonight, and she played her part beautifully.

"I feel like a French refugee in these clothes," I said to Mary.

"How about Pa?" she laughed. "Look at his clothes!"

"It's easy to see," Winston chuckled, looking at our dinner-jacketed companions, "which two men in the room worked all afternoon. Mary, where's Nelson?"

Mary didn't have to answer. For from out of the dark recesses of a corner there strode a cat—Nelson. Nelson is a huge, baleful-eyed black cat, who ignores everyone else but tolerates the prime minister. He takes a rather patronizing view of him, but occasionally allows Churchill to stroke him, and when there are no dogs around to chase, Nelson even listens to the PM's attempt to draw him into conversation.

"Bravest cat you ever saw," Churchill laughed. "Once chased a big dog right out of the admiralty. He sleeps through bombings and doesn't mind the guns. Come here, Nelson, old boy."

BRITISH COMBINE

Mr. and Mrs. Churchill and Lady Astor (right) visit raided Plymouth

Nelson yawned, and then humored the prime minister to the extent of allowing himself to be patted on the head. Then he stalked majestically into the dining room.

"Nelson knows we're having salmon for dinner," Mary said. "He's hoping that Pa will feed him."

It was fun at dinner. We didn't talk much about the war. We talked about Mary, who had just enlisted in the A.T.S. She is to go on active service with an antiaircraft battery—and that means active service.

"Did you have any trouble getting permission from your father?" I asked her.

"No," she said proudly. "He doesn't mind."

It was a cozy family dinner. The Churchills all have the knack of making you feel at home, making you feel a member of the family. We talked of many things—of food, which is topic Number One all over England, and of the cigarette shortage. Churchill chuckled, "Thank goodness," he said, "I smoke only cigars." We talked of moving pictures (both Churchill and Beaverbrook are fans) and, inevitably, of the war.

After dinner Mary left us to the port and the cigars. She kissed her father goodby. "Don't be long," she pleaded. "I so want to see the picture. It's that wonderful Target for Tonight—the bombing picture. If you love me, you'll hurry."

"I am very fond of you," he said gravely, and Mary, satisfied that he would be there, left.

"That's the greatest example of understatement I ever heard," I told him.

"I find understatement very effective at times;" he laughed, "very effective indeed."

A report came about the sinking of an Italian destroyer. Churchill chuckled happily. He has made no secret of his contempt for the Italians.

"Tommy," he said, "have you got that letter about the Italians? Good, good. Let me read it. It is a letter to Charles Colebaugh, managing editor of Collier's Weekly. It is from W. B. Courtney, his correspondent who was then with the Italians in Ethiopia. Best letter I ever read."

He read the letter, and Hopkins laughed. Thompson roared; Churchill himself had to stop several times to repeat lines he liked especially. The letter is really one of the all-time classics of invective.

"Have some copies of that made, Tommy," Churchill grinned. "We'll pass 'em round."

Over our cigars and port, which nobody drank because there was also brandy, and brandy gets scarcer every day in England, we talked of the war, and of after the war, and Churchill talked of governmental problems of the present and of the future. He talked freely, as one who knows and trusts his guests. Nor did he ever preface what he said with the usual, "This is off the record, of course," which we reporters hear so often. But a guest at the prime minister's has the same self-imposed responsibility which a guest at the White House has. But one can quote a word or two.

An Optimist at Heart

"Things have been looking up a bit lately," the prime minister said. His voice is the same in conversation as it is in his speeches. It has the same slight lisp—if that word can be applied to anyone as virile as Winston Churchill; the same long, beautifully rounded sentences; the occasional armchair phrase; the by now perhaps unconscious use of alliteration as an aid to description. He talked of the dark days after Dunkirk and his face clouded at the remembrance.

"Oh, we have a long way to go," he said thoughtfully. "But with the help of our great friends across the sea, we'll get there. I expect that we'll get it badly in London again and again, but, mind you, every time they come over, our night fighters will be taking huge bites out of them. I am not overoptimistic, I hope. But then, I am at heart an optimistic person."

His conversation was like a chameleon on a rock. It darted back into antiquity; it touched on Greece and that reminded him of a canto in Don Juan and he talked of Byron; it somehow streaked halfway across the world to India, and that reminded him of Kipling.

"I've gotten a lot from Kipling," he said enthusiastically. "Ah, there was a singer of songs. But, of course, there was only one. I mean Shakespeare. Do you remember in Hamlet when—"

It was fun, it was exciting to hear Winston Churchill recite Shakespeare. On and on his sonorous voice rolled. He was acting the part now. He was Hamlet, and not a word in a long passage did he miss.

"Not one real poet has emerged from the war as yet, do you think?" Harry Hopkins asked.

Churchill shook his head. "No, and very few from the last war. But there was one who died too soon. Rupert Brooke. Do you remember that lovely thing he wrote called The Fish?

"*'In a cool curving world he lies*
And ripples with dark ecstasies.'

"And further on"—Churchill's eyes were blazing with enthusiasm now; he loved this poem, "those lines—

"*'The dark fire leaps along his blood;*
Dateless and deathless, blind and still,
The intricate impulse works its will;
His woven world drops back; and he,
Sans providence, sans memory,
Unconscious and directly driven,
Fades to some dank sufficient heaven.'

"And how about these lines to apply today?" Churchill chuckled. "Can you fit them to anyone:

"*'But there the night is close, and there*
Darkness is cold and strange and bare;
And the secret depths are whisperless. . . .'

"That was a poet," Churchill said softly. "Ah, yes. And he, you'll remember," he said sharply, "was killed by the Hun."

Surcease from the War

He went on, and something Hopkins said awakened a memory of Thomas Moore, and from the store of that incredible memory there came forth stanza after stanza of Moore. And then, amazingly, Bret Harte, and he laughed because neither Hopkins nor I could recall the passages he quoted. Outside of this quiet dining room, dominated by the resonant, insinuating voice; outside of this personality that dominated the room the way a sunrise dominates a dawn—there was bloody, murderous war going on. But for the moment we had declared a moratorium on terror and bloodshed and governmental problems. I'd even forgotten that I was a reporter. The eternal muse, who will live long beyond the memory of this war, was queen for the moment.

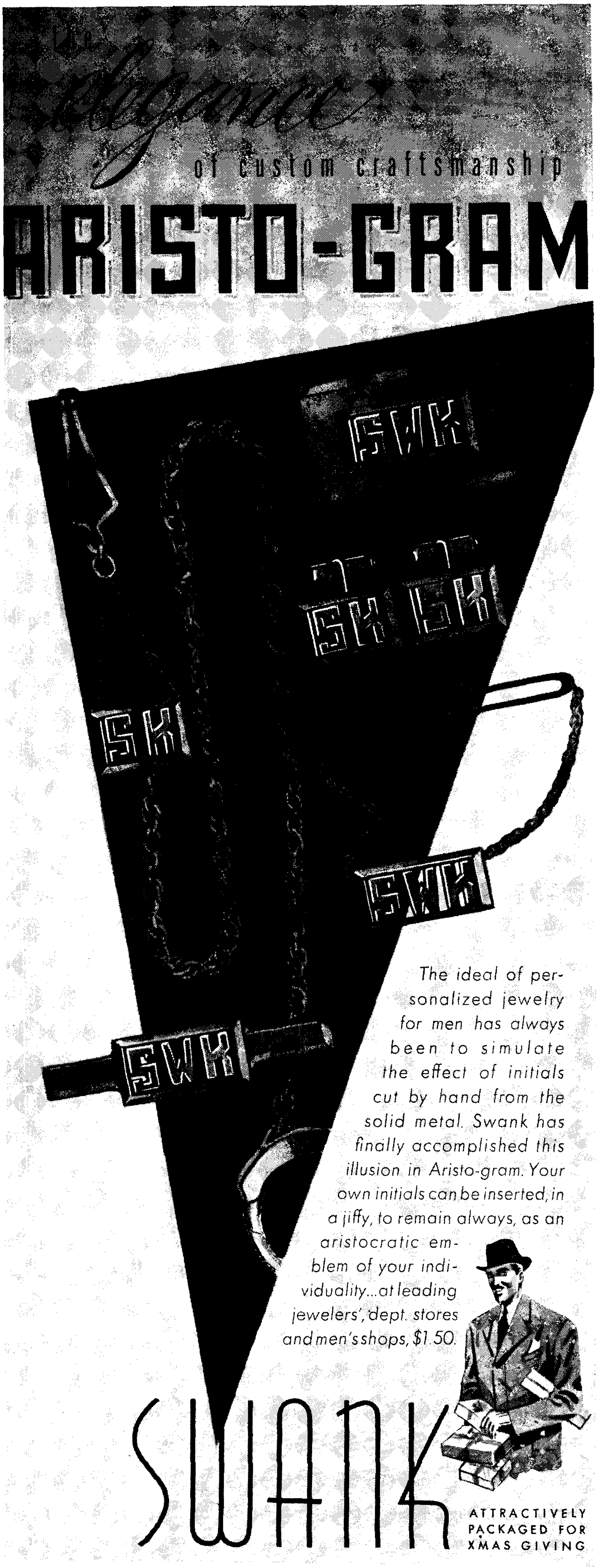
And then.

"But Mary will be waiting," Churchill said ruefully. In the long run, fathers, even prime ministers, are always bossed by their eighteen-year-old daughters. We went upstairs to the room where a projection booth had been installed. The picture was Target for Tonight—we all agreed that it was the best picture to come out of the war. Target for Tonight is the honest, sincere story of the bomber pilots. Churchill smoked and was as tense as any movie fan when things looked bad for the bomber that was over Germany. He chuckled when the bombs hit the Nazi target; he breathed with relief when the pilots returned safely.

Downstairs again, Thompson said that my car was ready. The prime minister walked to the door with me. It was a dark night. The rain still slanted down dismally.

"Sure now you won't have a drink before you go?" he asked solicitously. "It's a chilly night. No? It's been nice having you. You must come again. Let me know when you go to Moscow. Good night."

The car pulled away. I looked back. Just for the moment the prime minister had forgotten the black-out. He stood there in the huge Gothic doorway. He stood there and the dim light from the hall silhouetted him—sturdy, rocklike, immovable. He stuck his cigar in the corner of his mouth at a jaunty angle. His hands were dug deep into the pockets of his blue "rompers." He waved once and grinned. I, too, like a man who grins when he fights.



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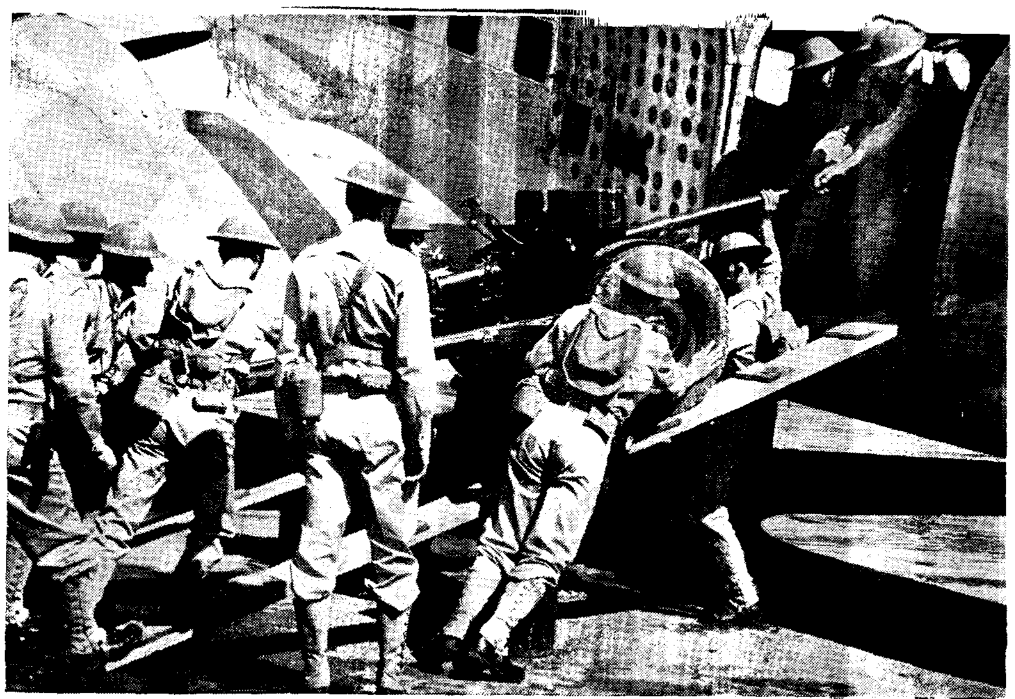
The ideal of personalized jewelry for men has always been to simulate the effect of initials cut by hand from the solid metal. Swank has finally accomplished this illusion in Aristo-gram. Your own initials can be inserted, in a jiffy, to remain always, as an aristocratic emblem of your individuality...at leading jewelers', dept. stores and men's shops, $1.50.

SWANK

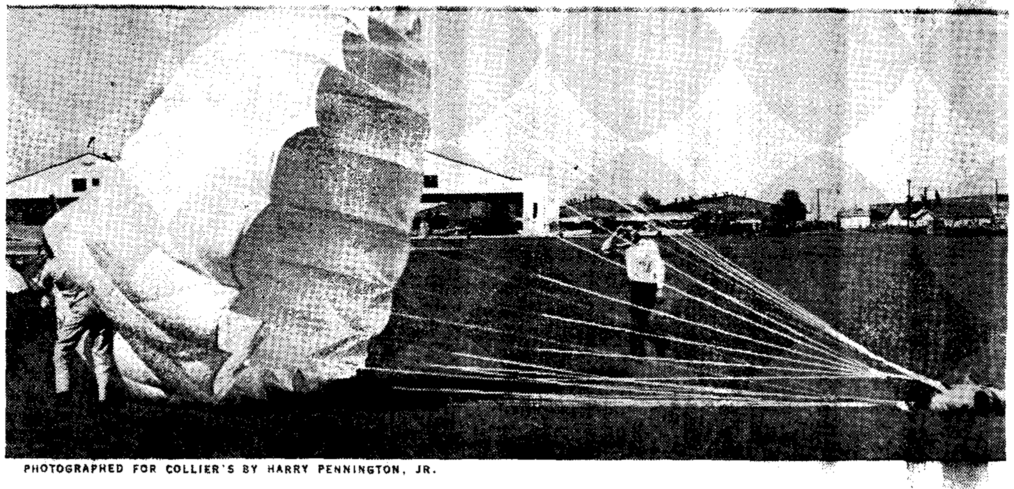
ATTRACTIVELY PACKAGED FOR XMAS GIVING

At Duncan Field, San Antonio, Copilot Lt. Channing Emberson inspects packed freight destined for another Air Corps depot



Purely as an *experiment*, members of the Ninth Infantry use depot's transport service to move 1,000-pound antitank gun to scene of theoretical action

Important depot activity is drop-testing overhauled parachutes with dummy weighing 150 pounds (extreme right). Sixteen chutes are taken up at a time



PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.

AIR CORPS MAINTENANCE DEPOT. Newest department of the Air Corps is called the Maintenance Command around whose hub at Patterson Field, Dayton, Ohio, revolve four repair centers located at Fairfield, O., Middletown, Pa., Sacramento, Cal. and San Antonio, Texas. Main function of depots is to keep Air Corps equipment in working order, but transport squadrons sometimes ferry aircraft and transfer Army personnel. Depots employ thousands of skilled civil-service technicians supervised by an officer known as chief engineer

OUR NEW ARMY

THE Army has finally done something about it. For a long time there was justifiable yowling and howling from men who were called up, passed by local examining boards, shipped off to a post, then later booted back into civilian life as "defectives." In the Second Corps Area an Army Traveling Examining Board has replaced local physicians in checking potential selectees. It classifies the men as fit or unfit and gives the former a few weeks in which to wind up their affairs. Exams are given at Buffalo, N. Y., Fort Jay (Manhattan) and Newark and Camden, N. J., after which selectees are sent to reception centers at Forts Dix and Niagara and Camp Upton, where they're given a final checkup. The Army calls this system more efficient, and the boys who are tapped for service go for the extra time at home. One important elimination it makes is that of the overpatriotic local medicos who were flooding reception centers with more trouble than the Army doctors could stand.

MISSISSIPPI

37TH DIV.

CAMP SHELBY, Hattiesburg. The inspecting officer of the 112th QM regiment has informed regimental mess sergeants that he can't give any mess hall a 100 per cent grade because it's not possible, he insists, for any mess hall to get that clean. Co. D's kitchen had been getting excellent ratings right along, so Mess Sgt. Lawrence Sealey decided to challenge the officer's statement. One day he and his men worked overtime, scouring, scrubbing, sweeping, until Co. D's kitchen and mess hall showed no spots whatever. The inspecting officer peered high, stooped low, poked his fingers into corners looking for dust, ran his thumb nail around the inside of pots and pans looking for grease. He found none. He looked worried. At that precise moment one lone housefly marched across a mess-hall table in characteristic fits and starts. "Ahhhhhh," breathed the inspecting officer, obviously relieved. His report, grading Co. D at ninety-nine per cent, read: "Too many flies in the mess hall." Mess Sgt. Sealey is thinking of turning over all his pay to the association for the extermination of you know what.

ALMOST everybody in the 145th Inf. was surprised when Pfc. William Lantz, first cook of L Co., was ordered to attend cooking school. "Pop" Lantz is sixty-eight, the oldest enlisted man at Shelby, and has been cooking for a right smart spell of time. Another thing about Cook Lantz: Although he's been in and out of the Army for about forty-five years, he's never managed to see any fighting. When the Spanish-American War got going, "Pop" was ready but his father had enlisted, so son had to stay home with Mrs. Lantz. Then along came the previous World War and "Pop" was ready again, this time in the National Guard, but dependents kept him home. Well, he's in again and he intends to stay in. "The kids are grown," says he, "and they can't keep me out now."

LOUISIANA

5TH ARMY CORPS

SOLDIERS in the four camps around Alexandria have found a way of getting off their chests a lot of things they'd like to say to their sergeants. On week ends the boys visit the monkey cages in the city park zoo, name each quadrumanous anthropoidean mammal after an unfavorite sergeant and give out with vituperations. The boys say it helps a lot. The monkeys don't seem to like it at all.

43D DIV.

WHEN the 43d Division arrived in this area from Camp Blanding they first beefed about the Pelican State brand of coffee and the scarcity of hot water in bivouac; then, being more than a little resourceful, they began to use the hot coffee for shaving water. It didn't improve the java situation any, but some of the lads claim it's giving them an artificial sun tan.

NORTH CAROLINA

TH DIV

FORT BRAGG. The day before Maj. Gen. Jacob L. Devers left the fort to take command of the Fort Knox Armored Forces he and North Carolina's Governor Broughton stood in the broiling August sun to watch the 9th Division pass in review. The infantry and artillery got by in good shape, but when the division engineers hove into sight some unfortunate guy in one of the dump trucks being used as troop carriers touched the wrong lever at the right time and the truck body began elevating directly in front of the reviewing stand. The truck occupants strove mightily to maintain a military demeanor, but as the grinding mechanism tilted the body to dizzy degrees the engineers slowly slid into a mass of arms, legs and equipment at the lower end of the conveyance. The spectators applauded and an officer restored order by running out into the line for a very short talk with the occupants of the cab.

YOU never can tell how Army discipline works, or where it'll strike next. For instance: Pvt. Paul Lewis, assigned to sentry duty, was caught by the officer of the day walking his post without his shoes. Now you'd expect that shoeless Lewis would have been put on K.P. duty for his breach of regulations, but it

BY THE BEARDS OF *Three Million Prophets!*

NEW AND FASTER, HERE'S THE SLICKEST SHAVER THAT EVER WHIPPED A WHISKER—THE BRILLIANT NEW SCHICK, WITH ITS SENSATIONAL 2-M HOLLOW-GROUND HEAD AND FAR SPEEDIER "WHISKWIK" MOTOR

Since Schick invented the electric shaver, 3 million men have decided they were fed up with tug-o'-war shaving methods—fed up $40,000,000 worth! For that's the amount they've already laid on the line—to get Schick's quicker, slicker, nickless shaves.

Today more men shave with Schick than with all other makes of electric shavers *combined.* So ask some of them what a Schick Shaver can do for *you!*

They'll tell you what a boy-fresh face Schick leaves in its path. The 2-M *Hollow-Ground* Head arches the skin, makes the whiskers stand up to be whacked off right down to the skin line.

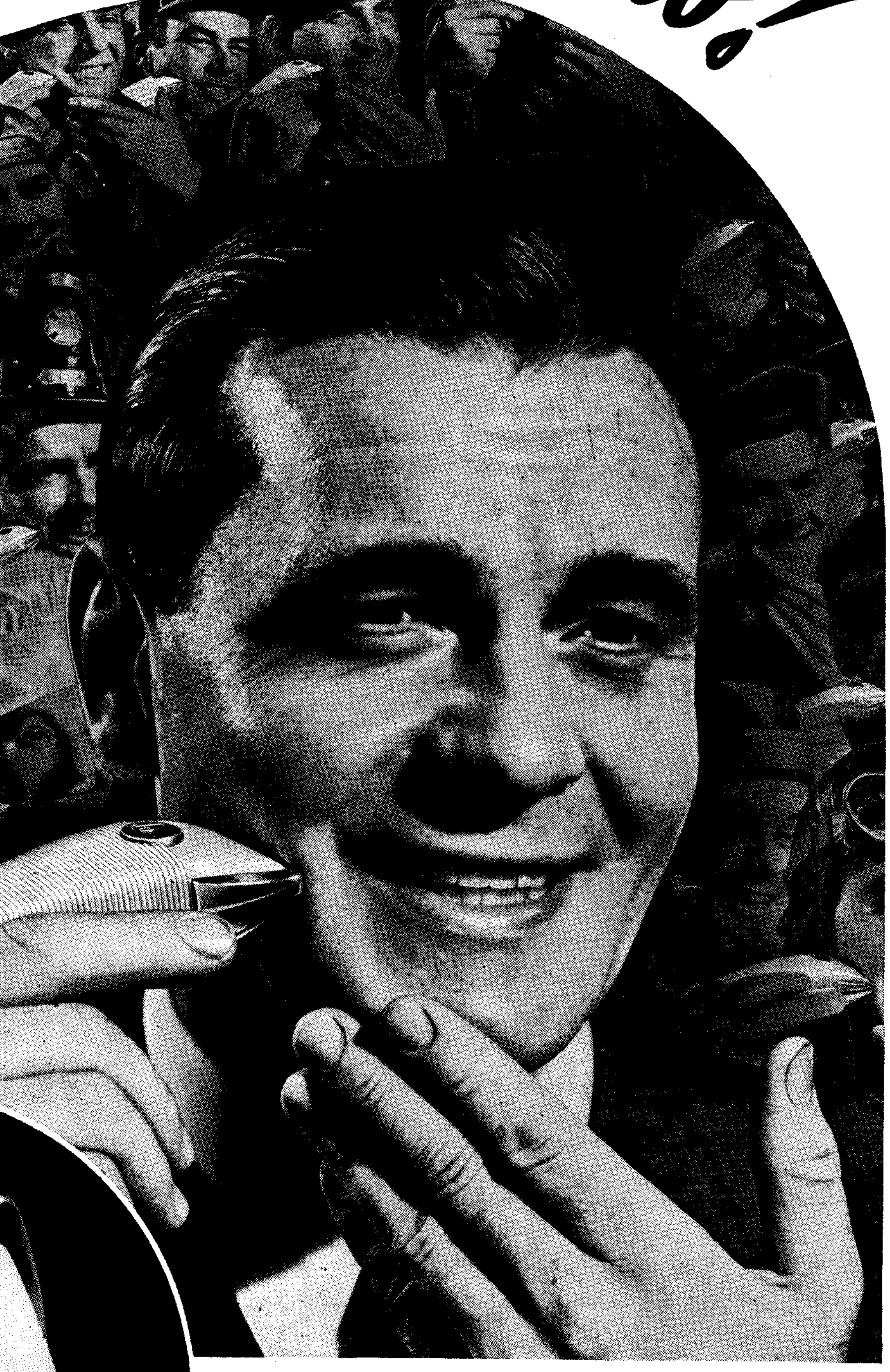
They'll tell about the ease and comfort of being able to shave anywhere, any time—without a kitful of barber tools. They'll tell about the *hinged* Whisk-Its that catch all beard clippings.

Now Quicker and Slicker than Ever

Then if you're *still* not convinced, go to your dealer's and get the story on the wonderful *new* Schick with its still faster AC-DC "WHISKWIK" motor—a *real* motor, not just a vibrator—a motor that provides 16,800 beard-shearings per minute!

Trial-buy a Schick Shaver. Use it for 2 weeks. If, at the end of that time, you're willing to part with your Schick—take it back and your dealer will refund every penny!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.



HOLLOW GROUND
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Your choice of **TWO HANDSOME MODELS**—*styled by Raymond Loewy*

SCHICK COLONEL—*executed in rich, ivory plastic with gold-colored trim and hinged Whisk-Its. Complete, in simulated alligator tuck-away case,* **$15.00.*** *(Or, packed in de luxe Dress Kit,* **$17.50.**)

SCHICK FLYER—*executed in burgundy plastic with silver-colored trim and hinged Whisk-Its. Packed in soft pouch,* **$12.50.*** *Standard equipment on Pan American Airways and other leading airlines.*

**Slightly higher in Canada*

Many Dealers Offer Easy Payment Terms!

Born in September? Drop a birthday hint for a new Schick shaver!

SCHICK OWNERS!

Get this 2-M Head for your shaver!

We didn't forget you when we developed this marvelous new 2-M Head. We made it so that it can be used on any of the 3 million Schick Shavers now in use!

And it's yours for only $3.00 (slightly higher in Canada). You get the new head expertly fitted, and the whole shaver inspected, cleaned, lubricated, and adjusted free of charge. Simply take your shaver to your nearest dealer or to a Schick Shaver Service Office. (See list at right.)

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CLEVELAND
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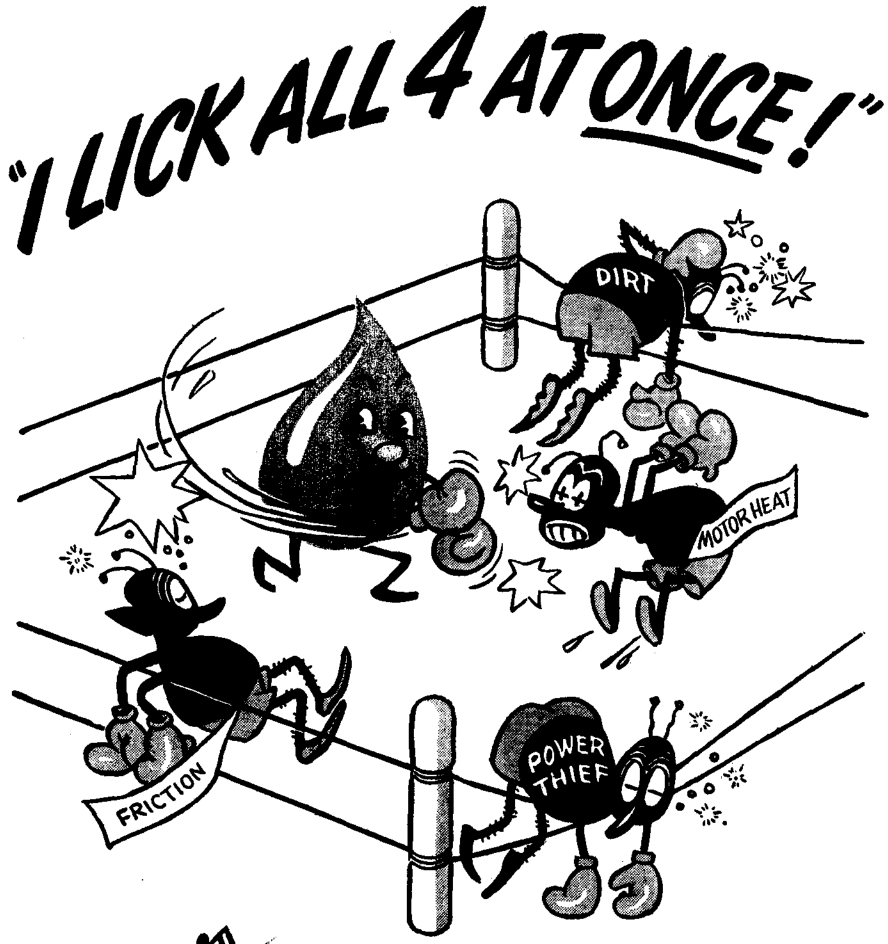
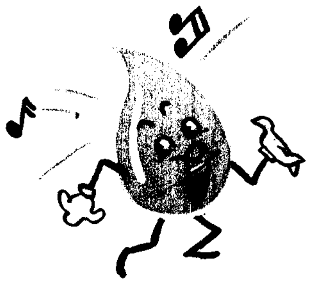
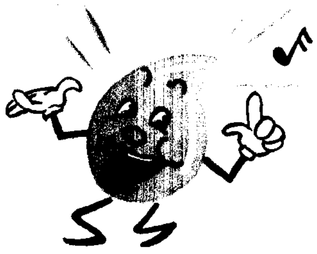
SCHICK INCORPORATED *The New* **SCHICK SUPER SLICK SHAVER**





Inside your engine, friends,
Are four big jobs to do
And I'm the oil, you know,
That does 'em all for you!



I cool the hot spots,
Cart grit and dirt outside,
Seal every stroke of power—
And hang up Friction's hide!

Think Goldie's bragging? Not a bit. Today's precision-built cars *must* have an oil that does four jobs at once. And Golden Shell—at only 25¢ per quart—fills the bill.

IT COOLS. Golden Shell carries engine heat rapidly away from tortured moving parts.

IT CLEANS. Golden Shell washes grit, dirt and waste products from vital bearings.

IT SEALS. With Golden Shell the rapid strokes of pistons under pressure are sealed against power leaks.

IT OILS. Golden Shell safely lubricates each close-fitting engine part to reduce friction.

SHELL

The modern oil for precision-built cars

Golden Shell

MOTOR OIL

Does 4 jobs at once

didn't turn out that way. The corporal of the guard got the spud-peeling detail—three days of it—for failing to keep Lewis up to snuff.

DRUGSTORES in Fayetteville couldn't figure it out when soldiers from the fort started a run on nail polish, but the men had found out that nail polish is almost pure collodion and that a drop of collodion (difficult to get from the Army dispensaries) is a sure cure for chiggers. It cuts off the air supply. Sounds even better than the hotfoot method used by Camp Robinson boys, which was described in this department three weeks ago.

ILLINOIS

SCOTT FIELD, Belleville. The Medical Detachment's Corporal Edward D. Guthrie was idly wandering around the field when a detail of prisoners, destined for the cooler, marched by. The corporal, with much on his mind, joined the group, but when it reached the guardhouse, Guthrie kept right on walking. "Hey!" shouted the guard. Suddenly aware of his situation, the corporal argued violently but vainly. Into the hoosegow he went and there he languished for some time before things got straightened out.

MISSOURI

6TH DIV.

FORT LEONARD WOOD, Rolla. After the Louisiana wars are over the 15,000 men of the 6th Division will find a few things changed at this Ozark forest post. Football squads will be working out, a new service club will be open, and a lot of workmen will be setting up bowling alleys and putting down tennis courts and swimming pools. Some of the brass hats said that there wasn't enough room for all this stuff, but Recreation Officer Lt. Col. Leo B. Crabbs said shucks, there's plenty—and he's proving it. The new beverage garden (beer garden to the local papers in dry areas) was opened before the division left. Most dreaded enemies of the 18,000 men in units remaining at the post are dust and chiggers. The latter are being fought with various individual strategies; the former is a problem for the Army command, which says it's just a matter of a few months—if enough WPA men can be rallied around to build some hard roads.

COLORADO

LOWRY FIELD, Denver. Couple of weeks ago the lads here went on a round-the-clock schedule that was tried out last summer and found to be pretty successful. The first shift of students has reveille at 1 A. M., eats a light breakfast and starts classes at 3 A. M. Breakfast-dinner comes between 6 and 7 A. M., and classes last until noon. Study and sleep take up the afternoon and lights-out sounds at 8 P. M. The second division attends its first class at noon, eats "dinnupper" between 5 and 6 and adjourns at 9 P. M. What the early classes think of the idea hasn't been recorded but it's all for the expansion of Lowry to a 13,000-pupil school for the training of more and more Air Corps armorers, bombardiers and photographers. The faculty comprises 300 officers and 200 civilian instructors who find the double schedule pretty tough going inasmuch as many of them are required to work night and day, or at least parts thereof.

UTAH

40TH DIV.

FORT DOUGLAS, Salt Lake City. The fireworks over the fort aren't caused by war games; they're the result of a letter published in a Salt Lake City newspaper's reader forum from a woman who as much as said that soldiers are no-good bums and implied that she'd trust *her* eighteen-year-old daughter with Hitler before she'd let her date a draftee or any other kind of soldier. Men in uniform were gratified by the avalanche of replies from parents and bystanders who told the crabby reader where to get off. The incident inspired a Fort Douglas soldier to run up a little poem. This is just about it:

When on his way to battle
You cheer him on his way;
You say he is a hero
When in his grave he lay.
The hardest battle of a soldier
Is in the time of peace,
When people mock and scorn him
And treat him like a beast.
And with these few lines I will close,
And hope I don't offend—
The next time you see a soldier
Treat him like a friend.

CALIFORNIA

FORT ROSECRANS, Point Loma. HQ Btry., 1st Btn., says it has more mascots—988 of them—than any other Army unit, and it's indubitably true. They comprise an entire swarm of bees led by Queen Hilma, which spend most of their time fabricating honey in an ammunition box. The buzzing blitzers are watched over by none other than a Corporal Honeyman, who says there are 988 because he counted them.

GENERAL

"I" WRITES Lois Currey from Oklahoma City, "think the Keep 'Em Happy Club (Collier's, Aug. 23d) is a marvelous idea, but the pledge they want the gals back home to make just doesn't make sense. Listen, or read, the first two pledges we make: (1) I agree to refrain from mentioning my dates with other men when I write to him (the boy in camp); (2) I agree to be honest with my boy friend in the Army. I will not, therefore, lead him to believe I am being true to him when I am not.

"Now how, I ask you, can a girl refrain from mentioning dates with other boys and still be honest with the boy in camp? Or, the other way around, how can she be honest with him and not mention she's having dates with other boys?" The problem is all yours, K. E. H. C.

FURTHER (and final, we hope) notes on the Tacoma-Seattle feud recently fanned by our accidental moving of Fort Lewis from Tacoma to Seattle. Mr. William P. Nicklason writes from Woodbury, N. J., as a former resident of DuPont, Washington, that Fort Lewis may be closer to Tacoma than to Seattle but that the fort actually adjoins DuPont (pop. 400). "But what," he asks, "has Tacoma that DuPont doesn't have?"

And a former resident of Seattle, Mr. A. C. de Soucy, now at the Annette Island Air Base at Ketchikan, Alaska, read with deep regret our public apology to the good people of Tacoma. "Had you but consulted road maps," he advises us, "you would have learned that Fort Lewis is equidistant from Tacoma and Olympia, the state capital. I appeal to all good Olympians not to let Tacoma steal your thunder. As for me, I'll settle for Fort Lewis' remaining an entity in its own right. After all, it is almost as large as Tacoma and quite self-sufficient."

MISS TERWILLIGER, before opening any packages from Tacoma, Seattle, Olympia or DuPont, please soak in a bucket of oil. G. W.

Three for the Money

Continued from page 15

consecutive victories anxious to go out and save a game that would erase his own proud mark. Dyer gave him the nod. The southpaw took a dozen warm-up pitches, and then burned fast balls past the Dallas Steers for two innings to win, 8-6. Martin got his thirteenth in a row and the league record.

Self-sacrifice is old stuff for Pollet, youngest and tops of the three pitchers. He began it five years ago at the age of fifteen when his French-Irish father died in New Orleans. Oldest of four children, he got a job in a Texas Oil Company gas station before and after school hours to support his mother and the kids. How he managed to squeeze baseball into his already crowded life is a phenomenon of physics. He pitched and played first base for Fortier High School, pitched the American Legion boys' team to sectional championships and for two years operated on the mound for a Texaco team in the Business Men's League without losing a game.

"Once," he confesses, "my schedule got the best of me when I had to pitch for the oil company on a Sunday morning after mass and pitch an important Legion game in the afternoon. I tried to duck the oil game, but my boss and sponsor, Hugh McConaughey, claimed he needed me. So I pitched my head off for four innings and, with a 2-0 lead, I developed a headache. Mac broke down and excused me, and I raced across town in my oil uniform, ate a quick meal and got into a Legion uniform.

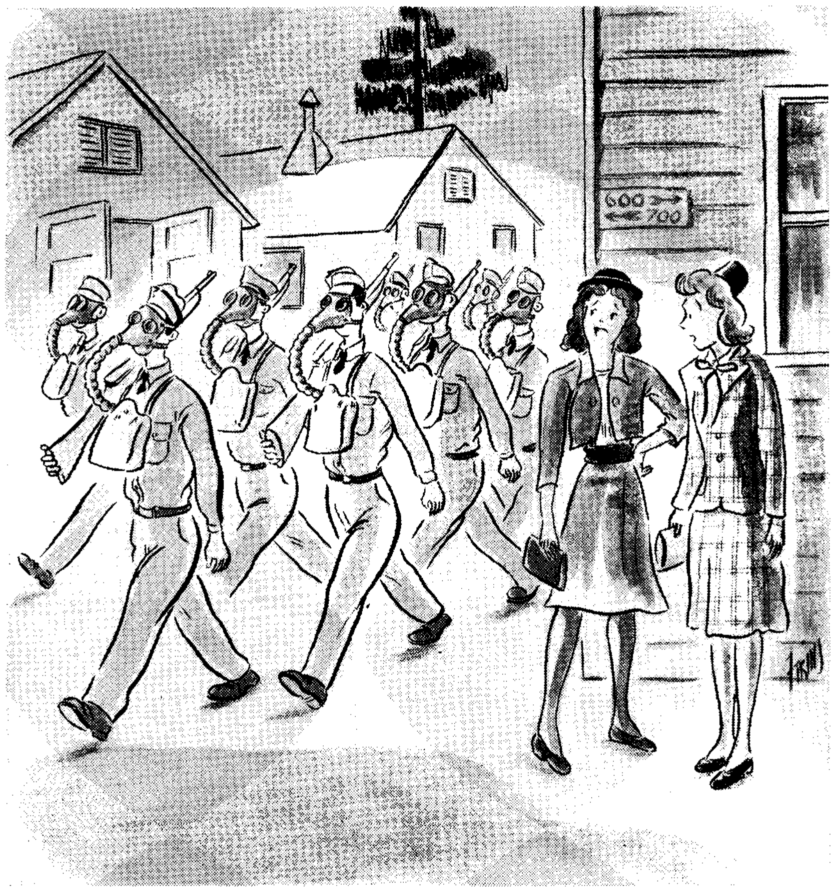
"Unfortunately, McConaughey scouted that afternoon game for talent, and you should've heard him cuss and rave as I pitched a nine-inning shutout for the Legion team!"

McConaughey personifies the long arm of coincidence, because he too was a poor kid who needed a financial lift sixteen years ago. He received it from the late Robbie Robinson, then owner of the Houston club, who selected him as one of three boys to be helped through school. McConaughey wasn't a great player, but he has never passed up a chance to help a kid with baseball talent. Pollet, of course, was overflowing with ability, even as a string-bean youngster in high school. He pitches with a fluid, effortless motion reminiscent of Herb Pennock, and he has developed a wrist-snap that sneaks a fast ball to a batter before the take-off can be timed. He throws a hook and a knuckle ball with equal effectiveness.

McConaughey tipped off the Houston club and Branch Rickey sent Eddie Dyer, then the Cardinals' field man, to inspect the prospect. Suddenly Dyer found himself in a wild scramble for a sand-lotter named Pollet. Eight or ten big-league teams were bidding, but it was McConaughey who paved the way for the Cardinals. Dyer handed the boy's mother a check for $3,500 and personal assurance that (1) he would get his high-school diploma and (2) no harm would befall her pride and joy.

Pollet reported to Houston in the spring of 1939, pitched a couple of games, and went to New Iberia, of the Evangeline League. There he fanned 212 batters while winning fourteen and losing five. Last year he paced Houston with 20 victories against seven defeats, and when he left for the big leagues a few weeks ago he had set a new Texas League record for low earned-run average, 1.08 runs per nine innings, which displaced the mark of 1.53 hung up by Dizzy Dean and Whitlow Wyatt in 1931. Pollet hadn't made a single fielding error in twenty-five games this year. His big-league hero, of course, is a fellow citizen of New Orleans, Mel Ott of the Giants.

Fred Martin is wholly unlike Pollet, beginning with right-handedness. Loquacious, carefree, big, gangling and a power pitcher specializing in fast ball,



"And I have on my best La Petite Enchantress at ten dollars an ounce"

ELMER ATKINS

More money! Doesn't it feel great when something new is added? Something **new's** *been added to Old Golds, too . . . rare Latakia tobacco to give a* **new** *dividend in pleasure.*

Something NEW* has been added!

DOMESTIC LEAF
LATAKIA

***It's Latakia!** (Pronounced La-ta-kee'a), a wonderfully flavorful tobacco from the Eastern Mediterranean. Now added like a "seasoning" to Old Golds, *Latakia* creates a delightful, NEW cigarette taste! Old Gold's store of Latakia in America *assures* smokers this new flavor for years.

"The class of the field," says Earl Harper, sports announcer, Maplewood, New Jersey: "I'd say, in fact, that the new Old Gold blend, with Latakia, breaks all records for smoking pleasure."

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
P. Lorillard Company
Established 1760
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

"Even better than I expected," says Millicent Barr, fashion editor, New York: "The new Old Golds have a delightful new taste, new fragrance—new overtones of flavor."

Same familiar pack—but NEW Old Golds! Made by P. Lorillard Company, blenders of fine tobaccos since George Washington's day

CHANCES ARE...4 OUT OF 5 EVEN YOU MAY HAVE GINGIVITIS

TENDER GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS

Often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea with its soft shrinking gums

DO you know that Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation—is so common today—4 out of 5 of us *may have it?*

Gingivitis often starts with tender gums that bleed a little when you brush your teeth. So watch out! If neglected—it may lead to ravaging Pyorrhea *which only your dentist can treat.* See him at once. Then do this:

For "Every-Day" Help To Guard Against Gingivitis

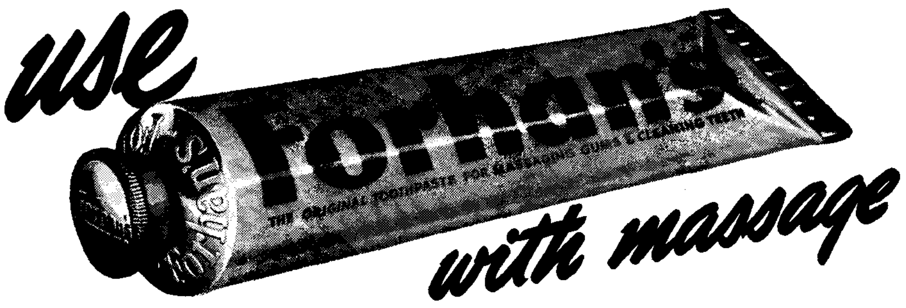
Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's—the toothpaste known FIRST for both massaging gums to be firmer and for cleaning dull, dingy teeth to their natural sparkling luster.

Forhan's—original formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—not only does a thorough cleansing job—but even helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. No wonder *so many* dentists have used and recommended Forhan's for over 20 years!

Forhan's costs no more than ordinary toothpastes. Why not enjoy its advantages—change to Forhan's *tonight!* All drug and department stores. Week-end size at 10¢ stores.

SEE DENTIST EVERY 3 MONTHS

Nowadays thousands of sensible people visit their dentists every 3 months. Thus he can keep a close watch for signs of Gingivitis and help keep gums and teeth in good condition.



FOR FIRMER GUMS—"NATURALLY" SPARKLING TEETH

sinker and slider, he reminds you of Dizzy Dean, especially when he turns on that Oklahoma speech. Upon learning that Collier's was interested in the deeds of Houston's pitching trinity, he said:

"Then, shucks, you want somethin' t'write home about!"

Whereupon he strode to the mound for the night game and pitched a shutout against San Antonio. Sweat-soaked, panting and grimacing from a painful groin injury that is aggravated when he pitches, he said, "Ah'm sorry about that looper-dooper. The fella was swingin' late, so Ah figured Ah could sneak in an inside pitch on him. Well, he crossed me an' swung early, an' pulled it into right."

The apology was for a single, San Antonio's *only* base hit!

Martin got his baseball start in and around his native Cameron, Oklahoma.

Six years ago, when he was twenty, Martin hooked on with the Siloam Springs Club of the Missouri-Arkansas League. Then came two years in Duluth and a sore-arm nightmare which he explained as follows:

"Ah went along right fine at Duluth to win six or seven, an' then mah arm got sore. Ah tol' the manager, Ah says Ah got a sore arm, an' he says how kin he tell, an' Ah says you got t'take mah word on it, an' he says he's no sucker t'take mah word an' fo me t'git in there an' pitch!

"So Ah keep a-goin' in there an' Ah cain't th'ow th' ball with any speed, but that don't convince this fella, an' Ah don't guess Ah win any more, but lose about nine, which is the first an' only time Ah ever lose more'n Ah win."

The arm came around next year and remained strong. He was bumped around, though, with two years at Portsmouth, Ohio, and last year to Columbus, Ga. Twenty-one wins there brought him to Houston.

In the winter, Martin trucks between warehouses and stores in and around Cameron. He isn't married, and says, "But, shucks, Ah've seen worse things happen to a man."

Late last winter he underwent a minor groin operation, which he promptly strained in the game against the Yankees. Though it has improved, he suffered considerable torture during every game he pitched last season, and the pain didn't subside until well in the second day. The injury was serious enough to have his draft-call deferred, but when the season closed, the board decided that if a pitcher could towrope a league, he could do Uncle Sam some good, with or without a groin.

Ted Wilks, third of the pitching trio, resembles neither of the others. He is short, stocky, stolid, unimaginative and stoical, a duplicate of his Polish-born parents who have worked in the woolen-weaving mills of Fulton, N. Y., for thirty-five years. He has no color or flair, just a dependable fast ball, screwball and sinker, which he can control with enough results to make him a standout. His distinction this year was a low record of bases on balls per nine-inning game. He is an ideal relief pitcher, imperturbable, a glutton for work and strong.

His entire professional baseball life has been spent in the Cardinals' farm system. He went from Fulton High School diamonds in 1938 to the Cardinal baseball school held at Rochester. Two days later he was signed to a contract and dispatched to the smaller links in the baseball chain.

"But what a brother I got!" he exclaimed, dismissing his own success. "Raymond's only fourteen, but already he's pitched two no-hit games this year!"

Wilks is 24, married and has two small children. Instead of making the long trip back to New York State in the fall, he winters in Houston where he takes jobs on WPA projects to keep his compact physique from getting cobwebby.

During the summer a wealthy fan treated the Houston team to a banquet and Wilks eyed the entree with grave suspicion.

"What's this?" he asked.

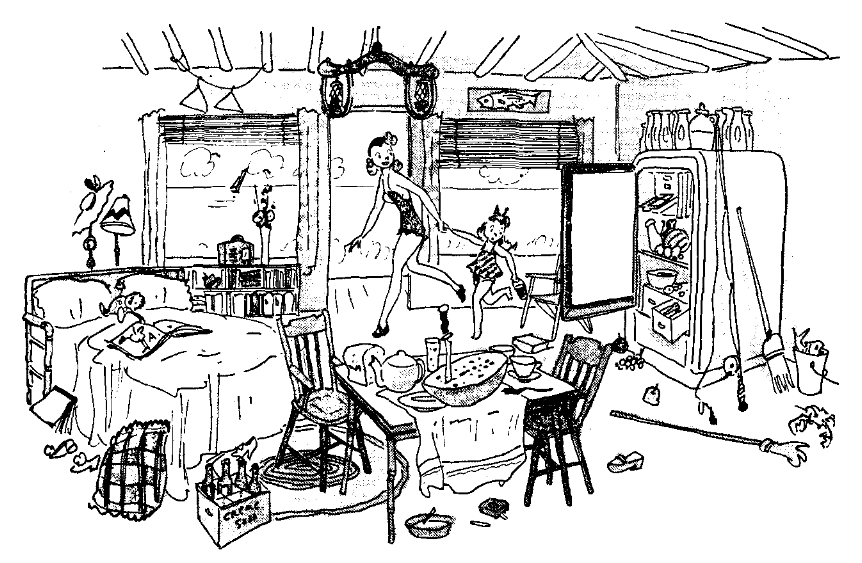
"Red snapper," the player on his left replied.

"Red snapper!" Wilks muttered. "I thought we was invited up here for a fish dinner!"

Houston is still singing the praises of Pollet, Martin and Wilks, and once again they have paid monetary tribute to their heroes beyond the box office admissions. Last year it was $100 in cash to each player. This year loyal fans made up a purse and gave a $100 defense bond to each member of the team, and to the guiding genius responsible for their success, Eddie Dyer, former baseball and football star at Rice Institute.

Here is a true worker in the chain-store vineyard, for next year he may cry in vain for pitchers. His big three will be gone. Brazle and Doyle will be shipped to Rochester. Pintar will report to the Cardinals. Dyer will have only Gardner and a lot of guys named Joe. But they're all guys named Joe when he gets them and begins teaching in terms of team results rather than individual performance. This team spirit burns with a high flame, as indicated by Howard Pollet's firm resolve when he left to join the Cardinals.

"A player on one of the National League teams owes a Houston player ten bucks. I'm going to collect that ten for him if it's the last thing I do!"



"Daddy's coming up this week end to clean up" REAMER KELLER

Getting the Inside Story
AUTO-LITE
AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS
TOO HOT
NORMAL
TOO COLD
REFER TO PLUG-CHEK DATA BOOK FOR DETAILED INFORMATION
AUTO-LITE "PLUG-CHEK" INDICATOR
TOO HOT
IF YOUR SPARK PLUGS LOOK LIKE THIS THEY ARE OPERATING TOO HOT AND MAY BE CAUSING LOSS OF POWER
TOO COLD
IF YOUR SPARK PLUGS LOOK LIKE THIS YOU ARE PROBABLY USING TOO MUCH GAS, TOO MUCH OIL OR BOTH
AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

New "PLUG-CHEK" Service
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NEW AUTO-LITE "PLUG-CHEK" HELPS REVEAL INSIDE STORY OF MOTOR PERFORMANCE!

WHAT'S going on in the motor of your car? Why are some cars sluggish, hard to start, slow on pick-up? "Plug-Chek," a new service for car owners, helps reveal the "inside story!"

The new scientific Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" Indicator helps show you whether your spark plugs are operating efficiently—or whether they are wasting gas, robbing your car of power. Here's an easy way to make sure your plugs are getting peak economy from the gas you use.

Stop for an Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" today—at any Auto-Lite Spark Plug dealer's. Check your spark plugs against the Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" Indicator. Note the "symptoms" shown by the firing tips of your plugs. The color and condition are revealing indications of what's happening *inside* the motor.

An Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek" will also show you, clearly, whether any of your spark plugs need changing. If they do, replace with ignition-engineered Auto-Lites, and see the amazing difference they make!

One out of every four new cars is now factory-equipped with Auto-Lite Spark Plugs.

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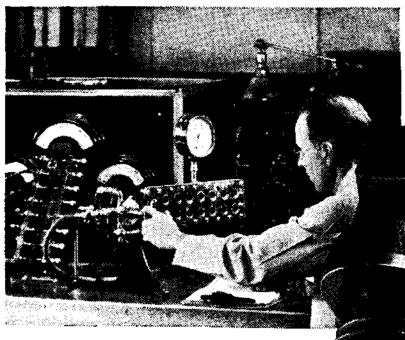
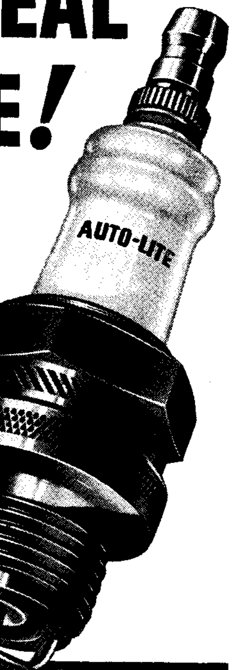
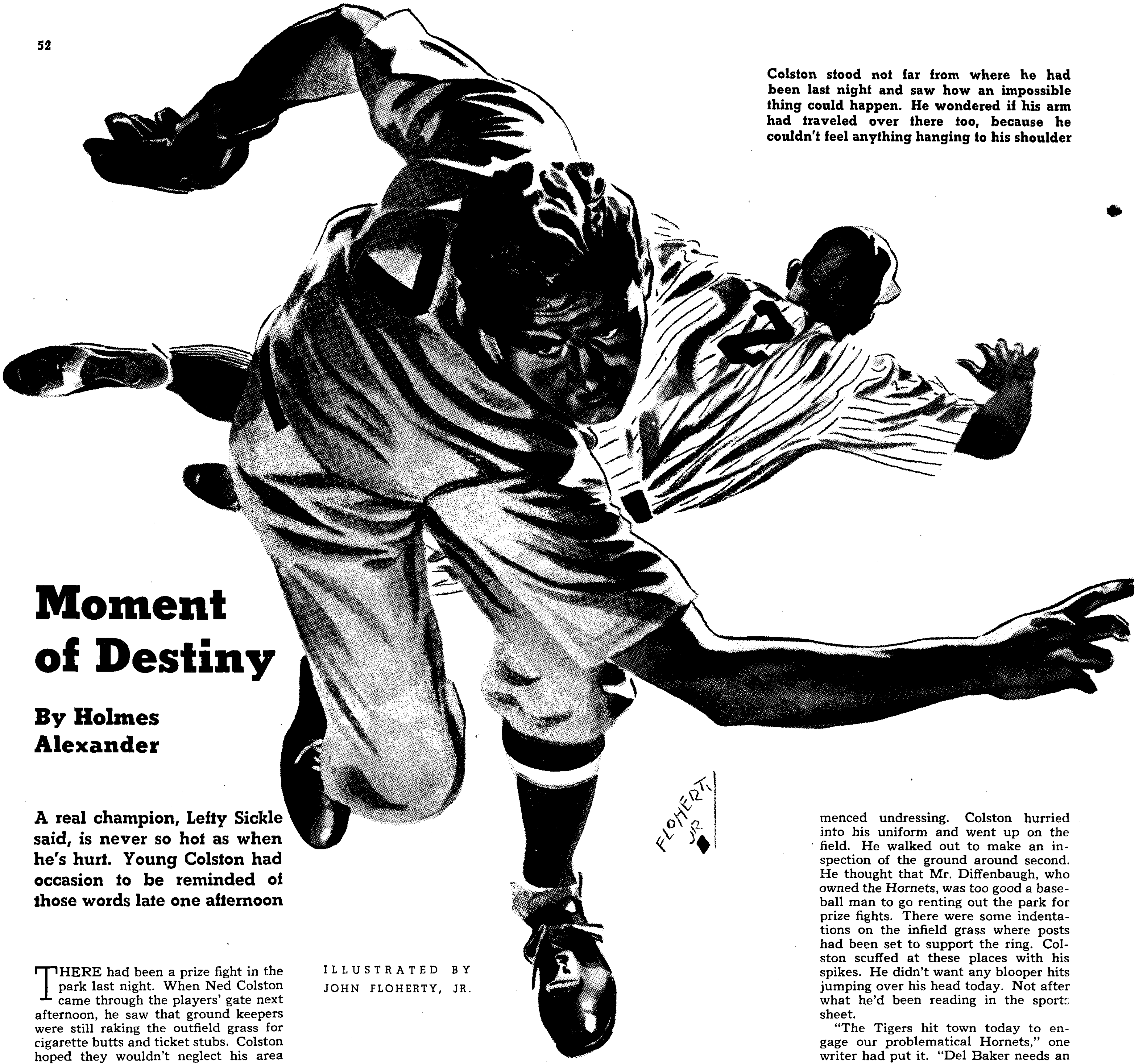

Auto-Lite Engineers, through countless tests and experiments, have developed the amazing Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek"—a new, money-saving service for motorists.



AUTO-LITE *Ignition Engineered* SPARK PLUGS



Colston stood not far from where he had been last night and saw how an impossible thing could happen. He wondered if his arm had traveled over there too, because he couldn't feel anything hanging to his shoulder

Moment of Destiny

By Holmes Alexander

A real champion, Lefty Sickle said, is never so hot as when he's hurt. Young Colston had occasion to be reminded of those words late one afternoon

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

THERE had been a prize fight in the park last night. When Ned Colston came through the players' gate next afternoon, he saw that ground keepers were still raking the outfield grass for cigarette butts and ticket stubs. Colston hoped they wouldn't neglect his area around second base.

He went down through the dugout and came to the locker room. Lefty Sickle and Red Harding, today's battery against the Tigers, were the only ones there ahead of him. They were not talking baseball though, because they were trying to relax. They were desultorily playing seven-up and discussing last night's fight. Red Harding was playing manager of the Hornets.

"It was a fake," said Harding. "Look at this. He gets cuffed all over for five rounds. In the sixth he's slammed through the ropes—and what? He gets up off the floor and lays the other fella cold. Well, I ask you—does that make sense?"

"He's the champ," said Lefty Sickle. "So what?"

"Just it wasn't a fake," said Sickle. "He's a real champ and the best of 'em are like that. They're never so hot as when they're hurt."

"Maybe," said Harding, only half convinced. "Hello, Handsome," he said to Ned Colston. "You saw the fight. Was it *on the level?*"

"How do I know?" Colston answered vaguely.

But he knew all right. He'd been standing not ten feet away when the champion came hurtling through the air and pancaked on the apron of the ring. Colston had seen the muscles twitching in the naked thighs and seen a glaze crawling over the distended eyeballs, and it wasn't any part of a fake. You couldn't tell how the fellow ever got back into the ring, much less went on to win. It was pretty wonderful.

"Handsome's been reading the papers," said Manager Harding accusingly. "He's got no time for small talk."

Colston shrugged as his shirt came off. He had plenty of power through the bunched chest muscles, and long arms with big, strong-fingered hands. One reason they called him Handsome was because he really was if you liked brick-red hair and a square chin with a cleft in it. But there was another *reason, and a better one.* People said he smothered half hops as Beauty Bancroft used to do, and handsome was the name for that.

"Sure I read the papers," he grinned. "Detroit's on the prowl for a second baseman. Am I supposed to wear crape if Mr. Diff sells me to the Tigers? All I get is a Briggs salary and a chance to play in the first division for a change."

"WE'RE not so far away," said Lefty Sickle. "Sixth place." He was a big, seamy man who had been through the baseball wars and everybody respected *him.* He looked earnestly at Ned Colston and added, "We might even finish in the money this year, kid, if nothin' happens to you."

"Somethin' always does," the manager grunted.

Colston ignored this last remark although there was provocation in it. Some other players drifted in and commenced undressing. Colston hurried into his uniform and went up on the field. He walked out to make an inspection of the ground around second. He thought that Mr. Diffenbaugh, who owned the Hornets, was too good a baseball man to go renting out the park for prize fights. There were some indentations on the infield grass where posts had been set to support the ring. Colston scuffed at these places with his spikes. He didn't want any blooper hits jumping over his head today. Not after what he'd been reading in the sports sheet.

"The Tigers hit town today to engage our problematical Hornets," one writer had put it. "Del Baker needs an infielder and Mr. Diffenbaugh needs money. This brings up the subject of Ned Colston's *durability*—but maybe we shouldn't have mentioned it."

Colston snorted as he kicked the grass. There it was again—that crack. All right. He'd been three years with the Hornets and not one of them a full season. In his rookie year he was going great guns when his back began to hurt. As a sophomore he'd been mentioned for the All Star game, but something happened to his knee.

"Can I help it if I get laid up?" Colston once demanded.

"Now then, son," said Mr. Diffenbaugh, "no one except you can answer *that question.*"

This conversation had taken place in Florida, in March. Mr. Diff was seventy-five years old, which made him three times as aged as Ned Colston. People said the Old Beaver had forgotten more baseball than most men knew, and maybe (they said) that was the

(Continued on page 75)

How should an intelligent woman feel about beer & ale?

Every modern-minded wife and mother should know the truth about beer and form an honest and unbiased judgment as to the place it should hold in her life.

"A girl who uses face-powder is fast*!". . ."A lady who doesn't wear petticoats is no lady at all!". . ."A dress that reveals the ankles is immodest!" Such out-dated opinions are nonsense to the modern-minded woman. Yet the same sort of nonsense is still put forth on the subject of beer by those who would ban it from the thoughtful consideration of women.*

BEER should neither be praised nor blamed for qualities other than its own.

Brewed from rich, wholesome grains and fragrant hops, beer is a product of Nature. Through the centuries, philosophers have rated it one of Nature's blessings to mankind. They have called it "the beverage of moderation."

Today, that definition is approved by science itself. Tests made in the laboratories of a great research institution indicate that beer, used with normal good sense, is ***not*** an intoxicating beverage.

Beer and young people

When children grow up and reach manhood and womanhood, their interests broaden, they begin to explore and appraise the outside world. If a mother is truly wise, she will make home so attractive to her young people during those critical years, that they will enjoy entertaining friends in their home . . . instead of seeking less wholesome entertainment elsewhere.

Kindly, mellow beer can be of great help. Served with a mother's approval and understanding, it becomes an asset in normal, pleasant, friendly gatherings of young people.

Ban this beverage of moderation from your home and you must face this fact:

Your children . . . no longer children now, but budding men and women . . . will make the decision of when and what to drink, outside your home, outside your influence, outside your help.

Then, there is the hospitable place beer can hold in your own life, your woman's world of entertaining, bridge, and friendships.

Beer and YOU

When you entertain, nothing is easier to serve than beer . . . nothing is more economical. Just a step to the icebox and the cool, fragrant brew is ready to serve to your guests.

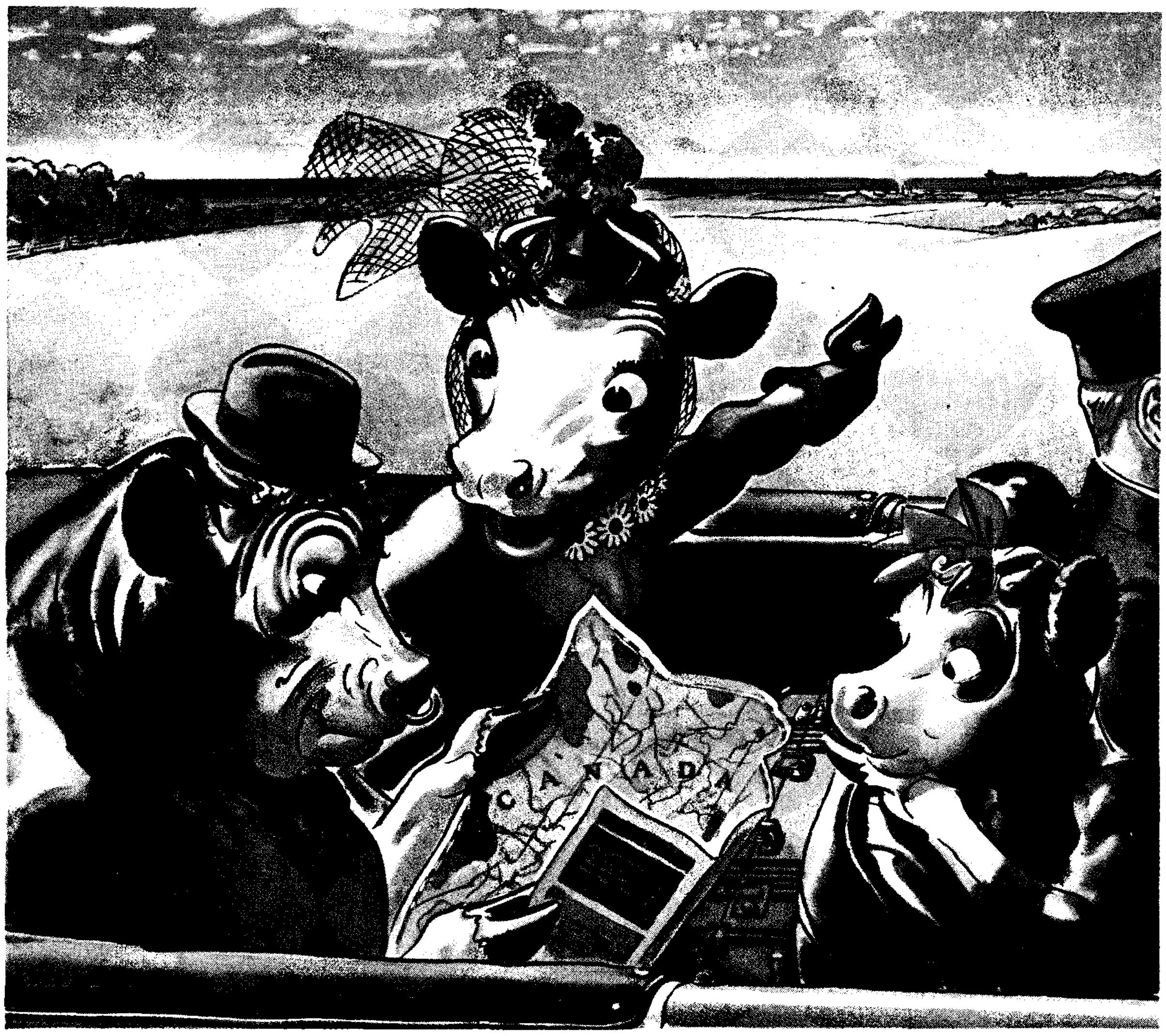
Contrary to the belief of many, beer is not a fattening food. An eight-ounce glass of beer contains 108 calories. Few beverages, suitable for entertainment, contain fewer. Remember that fact, and you will no longer need to discipline your natural liking for beer.

Served with tempting snacks, cool mellow beer will enhance your reputation as a skilful charming hostess.

* * *

And so, in relation to your family, your friends, and yourself . . . beer should have a pleasant place in your life . . . and can do much to make life saner, sweeter, more worth living.

The brewers of America are eager to have beer win the place it deserves in the confidence of forward-looking women: a beverage of moderation for the nation. As a tolerant and modern-minded woman, won't you help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program . . . to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. It is described in a booklet sent free on request. Address: United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. B9, 21 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.



"Why, it's just like home!" fluttered Elsie "—not blue at all!"

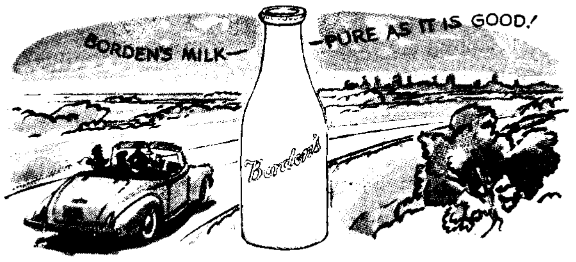
ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW, turned from admiring the attractive Canadian countryside to look questioningly at Elmer, the Bull.

Elmer was embarrassed. "Harrumph!" he spluttered. "There must be some mistake. Canada certainly is blue on this map."

"Don't worry," soothed Elsie, as they neared a handsome, flag-topped city. "I'm sure we're really *on* the map, for this looks like the Canadian National Exhibition we're coming to. My feminine instinct tells me we're right."

"Sure, sure," sulked Elmer. "You're *always* right."

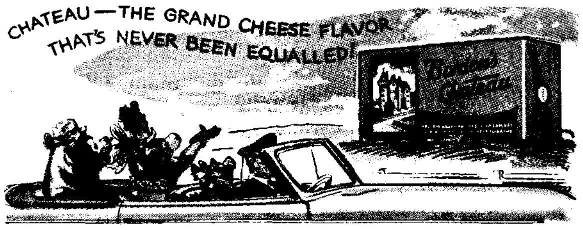
"No—but my *Borden's Milk* always is," retorted Elsie. "It *has* to be, to get by Borden's eagle-eyed experts and scientists. And to rate having a host of pure, wholesome Borden products made from it, too."


BORDEN'S MILK—
—PURE AS IT IS GOOD!
Borden's

"Did you come all the way to Canada to tell me *that?*" Elmer complained.

"This trip is part of my *good neighbor* policy," reminded Elsie. "After all, we have our good neighbor Canada to thank for one of the tastiest things made from my milk—*Borden's Chateau.* It's the mellow, golden cheese-food no one's been able to copy, a credit to the whole distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses.*"

"Family! Bah!" snorted Elmer. "A lot *you* care about family life—forever gallivanting all over the continent!"


CHATEAU—THE GRAND CHEESE FLAVOR THAT'S NEVER BEEN EQUALLED!
Borden's Chateau

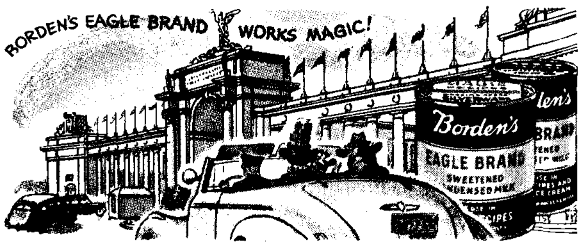
"Please, Elmer!" begged Elsie. "Don't start a rumpus just as we're pulling up to the Exhibition. As a matter of fact, family life is one of my biggest interests. *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* is approved by doctors for babies because it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D. And it pleases the rest of the family by helping to make the fluffiest mashed potatoes and creamiest cream soups."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED IS RICH IN VITAMIN D!
Borden's
EVAPORATED MILK

"For self-confidence," snarled Elmer, "you certainly take the cake."

"For confidence," Elsie replied, "good cooks everywhere rely on *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*—to make the most luscious cake frostings, candies, and cookies . . . Isn't this where we turn in?"

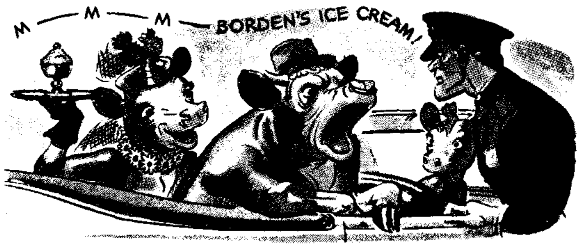
"I'll take care of everything," stated Elmer, as the car stopped and a uniformed guard stepped up. "Don't delay us, my good man," said Elmer. "We're already a little late."


BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND WORKS MAGIC!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

"Oh, you are?" replied the guard, beginning to frown. "Maybe you're going to be even later."

"*What!*" bellowed Elmer. "Do you realize who you're talking to?"

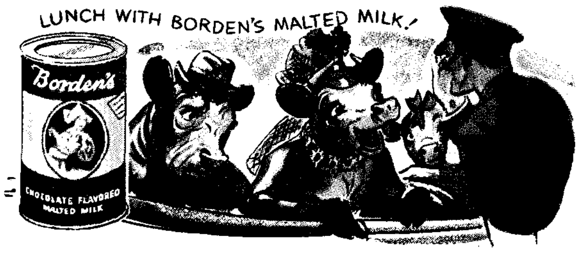
"Elmer, Elmer," sighed Elsie. "Don't let your temperature boil over. Cool down. Lots of folks do that with *Borden's Ice Cream*—the smoothest, most refreshing cooler-downer there is. It's made from the finest milk and cream, you know."


M—M—M—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"Listen, beefy," the guard was saying to Elmer. "Are you going to move on—or am I going to move you on?"

Elmer almost exploded. "T-talk to me that way, will you! I'll show you!" he roared.

Elsie warned him: "Careful, Elmer—you'll wear yourself out. Lots of people who need a quick energy bracer find it in that delicious energy drink, *Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk.* Please, Mr. Guard, weren't you told to expect me?"


LUNCH WITH BORDEN'S MALTED MILK!
Borden's
CHOCOLATE FLAVORED MALTED MILK

"Elsie!" cried the delighted guard. "Of course we're expecting *you!*" he added, with a chilly glance at Elmer. "Drive right in!"

"Bah!" fumed Elmer. "You must need a password to get into this place."

"If you do," smiled Elsie, "I bet it's the best-known one there is . . . *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'* "

⁂

More than 27,000 Borden employees work in partnership with 47,000 owner-stockholders, to provide the best of dairy products, to guard the goodness of all Borden foods, and to bring them to your home.

-if it's Borden's it's got to be good

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Time Exposure

Continued from page 14

in straight lines through great immensities of sky in which even birds flipped and frolicked. Tonight was tonight; the end of an era.

He looked again at the magazine. The name of the stewardess was Gail Nelson. She looked mockingly at him from the glossy page, a half-smile on her lips. His eyes moved over the caption beneath the photograph:

"Gail Nelson, airline stewardess, who became a heroine on the air as well as in it when Maurice Kelton, ace radio commentator, dramatized for his radio audience her coolness during a forced-landing emergency near Salt Lake. Mr. Kelton, a passenger in the plane which was forced down by snow and high winds, calls her 'the bravest girl I ever met.' "

McGrath grunted. He was interested but not unduly impressed. He looked again at the portrait of the dour Scot upon the label of a bottle. In a pinch, old Jock was a fit companion for a man with the blues; still, it was a large world.

GORDON McGRATH fished a quarter out of his pocket and spun it solemnly in the air, calling "Heads" aloud as he did so. He made all of his decisions that way, but the falling of the coin never influenced him. If it fell as he called it, he accepted the blessing of Fate graciously; if it fell against him, he asserted his right, as a free soul, to do what he pleased.

The coin fell "heads" and McGrath went down to the lobby. He knew a lot about airlines, and Denver, he knew, was a terminal town. Pilots on this run lived in Denver and went on expense account at other terminals; stewardesses lived elsewhere and went on expense account in Denver. That meant that the company would have a suite for them in some hotel. It took McGrath about ninety seconds to bluff the name of the hotel out of the clerk downstairs. He went back to his own room and picked up the receiver.

It did not occur to him that Gail Nelson might be out on a run, that she might have a date if she was in town or that there would be any difficulties in his way. He had flipped a coin with Fate, so he had practically won the girl in a raffle. The gods paid off on invincible ego. Gail Nelson, herself, answered the phone.

"This is the Army Air Corps, Gail," he said. "How about convoying you in about twenty minutes?"

There was an almost imperceptible hesitation on the other end of the line, then a cool, young voice was saying, "General Marshall, I presume?"

"No. He couldn't come. Lieutenant Gordon McGrath commanding on this mission."

"Humph! Irish, with a dash of Scotch."

"Not yet. The Scotch is on the bureau. I haven't opened it—yet."

"Look, Morrie—the tune is cute, see? I like it. It's cute, see what I mean? But, Morrie-kid, look around. It's 1941. Okay? The world is in flames! The forces of evil are unleashed on one and all. Bombs, Morrie! Bombs falling on women and children. Do you get it, kid? Here's the way I see the lyrics—a pretty girl is sitting by the Thames. In her eyes—tears . . ."

JOHN RUGE

"That sounds like a threat."

"It is. Right now it is you or suicide or the Scotch."

"And you don't care which?"

"Frankly, I don't."

She laughed suddenly. "In that case you can come over. The lobby in twenty minutes. Do I have to wear a rose or something?"

"Not for me. I've been memorizing your picture. Stand to!"

McGrath hung up and looked briefly at the bottle on the bureau. Very solemnly, he turned the portrait of Old Jock to the wall and went out.

GAIL NELSON was smaller than she appeared in the photograph; a light-haired girl, not quite blond. McGrath, medium tall himself, sat across the table from her in the cocktail lounge. He was wearing a dark blue sports coat and white flannel trousers as an off-duty declaration of independence from drab regulations and drabber garb. There were reddish high lights in his dark hair, a survival from the day when red had been its dominating color. His chin was rounded, but firm, his nose undistinguished and his eyes a stormy blue. Life had rocked him back on his heels a few times but it had never knocked him down. He looked as he was and Gail Nelson measured him.

She had her own share of vaunting ego and she had met thousands of men; most of them parading a standard act and each of them convinced that he was unique. The hospital where she had earned her "R. N." had taught her what people were like and the airline had taught her how to handle them. The dreams that still moved in her were her own secret and she was prepared to be surprised if ever she found a man who would fit into them.

"Before we get friendly," she said, "I want you to get over any idea that you've established a port of call. I do not usually make dates this way. You caught me in a weak moment."

McGrath shrugged. "That's okay, but let us be nasty all at once and get it over with. If I wasn't having a weak moment, I wouldn't have caught you at all."

"Fair enough." She reached across the table and shook hands with him. McGrath grinned at her.

"How's your shoulder for crying on?"

"One of the best. It's been cried on as often as a bartender's."

"Swell." He half closed his eyes and launched into the tale of his troubles. It seemed a small matter in the telling but it eased something deep inside of him to get it into words and Gail Nelson was not essentially hard-boiled inside. A person who was nursing a blazing disappointment was never funny to her.

"And so," McGrath concluded, "I am out here in this prairie village to train with the snapshotters, and a lot of raw kids will be doing the job that I do best."

She smiled gently. "Piloting a photographic mission is a lot like piloting an airliner, I imagine. If it is, it takes a darn' good man to do it. Maybe piloting a shooting skyrocket doesn't take as much, and maybe the Army knows it."

McGrath snorted. "Nuts!" he said.

"All right. Nuts! Somebody won your pet marble and you don't want to play any more. Suppose you *couldn't* play any more?"

McGrath's eyes widened. "How do you mean that?"

"Any number of ways. Mostly per-

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SPRATT'S
DOG BISCUIT FOODS

sonal. I've got something I like. I am washed up. So? So, there is nowhere to go but out."

McGrath looked at her levelly. "My shoulder has been cried on, too," he said. "Let's have it."

For a long moment, Gail Nelson looked out beyond him, her eyes thoughtful and her lips drawn tight. "You saw that rot in the magazine?" she said.

"About Gail Nelson, the girl hero? Sure."

"Well, that did it. It happened months ago and I wasn't a heroine. It was just a dirty, snowy night and we were going into Salt Lake. There was a lot of snow static and icing conditions in the valley, so Phil Corbin, being a mighty swell pilot, started hunting for an alternate landing. It was a jinx night, so one motor cut out. He had to come down in a snowstorm and land in an emergency field. He did it and none of the passengers were even bruised. I didn't do a darned thing except keep them amused and serve them coffee."

McGrath looked thoughtful. "How does that make you all washed up?"

"I've lost my nerve," she said, "I know that I am a fake. Every time I go out on a trip, I tell myself that this is the time that something will really happen: that in a real emergency I'll fizzle out and the world will know that I am a phony."

Gordon McGrath looked at his glass and clinked the ice around thoughtfully. "Look," he said, "you're just a nerve case. Besides, you're superstitious. Do you fly a ship yourself?"

"No. Some of the girls do, though."

"Ever take any lessons?"

"No."

McGrath took a quarter from his pocket and spun it. He looked at it thoughtfully when it fell and put it away. "What you need," he said, "is the feel of a ship under your own hands. You'll get over being afraid that there will be an emergency and that you can't handle it. You're going to get lessons."

She smiled indulgently, a trifle amused. She looked for a moment startlingly like her picture in the magazine. "When?" she asked.

"Right now."

McGrath's emphatic answer jarred her equanimity. Her eyes widened and her lips parted. "Now? It's night and . . ."

"Sure. Night flying is tougher. The tougher the better, for you. I've got a fly-it-yourself card with all ratings. There will be a place here where I can get a ship as easily as I can rent a car."

FOR a moment she stared at him and the dead seriousness of his expression did something to her. She moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue and shrugged.

"Okay," she said, "now it is."

McGrath rose. He would, he told himself, get this girl straightened out even if he could do nothing about Gordon McGrath.

Gail Nelson looked up at his craggy profile out of the corners of her eyes and told herself that he was a pretty good human. Taking a flying lesson from him, she decided, would not help her problem a bit, but it might help him if he got a legitimate chance for some honest masculine showing off.

There is a magic about night flight that is a blend of beauty, mystery and a sense of the eternal. Even veteran fliers feel it and are awed by it. For a half-hour, Gordon McGrath was the instructor and Gail Nelson the pupil: at the end of that time they gave it up and became merely a man and a woman in an airplane. Gail returned the controls to McGrath and leaned comfortably back in the seat beside him.

"That was swell," she said, "but I'll never make a pilot. How about just riding?"

McGrath was enjoying himself. The ship was a mass-production sky flivver with a sixty-five-horse motor and a wing span out of all proportion to its length. It was almost impossible to stall it or to spin it, but a man could not use horsepower to get out of trouble; on this little kite he had to fly.

"Okay," he said. "How's this!"

He flipped over and dived down on a brown ribbon of road that cut through the lonely prairie. There was a parked truck on the road with its headlights burning. He lined up on the truck, pulled out of his dive a few feet above it and zoomed back into the sky, rolling out of the top of the zoom deftly and heading back the way he had come. The girl nodded.

"Nice amusement-park date," she said, "but let's just sit and talk."

McGRATH flushed. He had been feeling exuberant and he did things with ships just to express his feelings. This girl made him feel like a small boy riding a bike with his hands off the handle bars.

"I like the mixture of Scotch and Irish," she said; "it is so predictable."

"Yeah? I never found it so. The Scotch and Irish fought a bitter peace in our family."

The girl smiled. "I'm pure Swede, I guess. My father was boss absolute in our family. I've never let a man boss me since."

"You'll get over that."

"I don't think so."

A sudden coughing snort from the engine blocked McGrath's reply. It spat viciously twice and died. The girl turned swiftly in her seat as the nose pulled up slightly and the ship trembled. It fell off on one wing and McGrath seemed to be trying to fight it out of a spin.

"Brace yourself," he said.

They nosed down swiftly toward the wide, rolling prairie and they were lined up again with the parked truck on the road. McGrath's face looked grim and the ground rushed up at them fast. Almost at the last moment, he pulled the nose up, fishtailed to kill his forward speed and landed with only a slight bounce upon a field as flat as the average airport. He wiped one hand across his forehead.

"Whew!" he said.

The girl snorted impatiently. "I've had that one pulled on me in automobiles," she said, "but pulling it in a plane is something new."

McGrath glared at her and suddenly the girl laughed. She put one hand on his tense bicep. "Your heart is all right," she said, "but this was really silly. If you were trying to give me an emergency so that I would get my nerve back, it was sweet of you but awfully impractical. . . ."

"You've been going to cut-price movies."

She laughed again, then broke off suddenly. "Look!" she said, "Somebody's coming. From the truck."

A man was coming on the run across the field from the direction of the road. He had nearly reached the plane by the time that McGrath and Gail Nelson got out. He was a young man, tall and excessively thin. His faded shirt was stained and wet with perspiration, his frayed trousers flapped around his legs. He was pale and panting.

"I gotta have help," he said. "My wife, she's in the truck and . . ."

"Hurt?" Gail was instantly alert.

"She's going to have a baby."

The man gulped on the words and there was stark fear in his eyes. Gail did not wait for detailed explanations. She was running toward the road. McGrath fell in behind her and the

We WON'T
let him down

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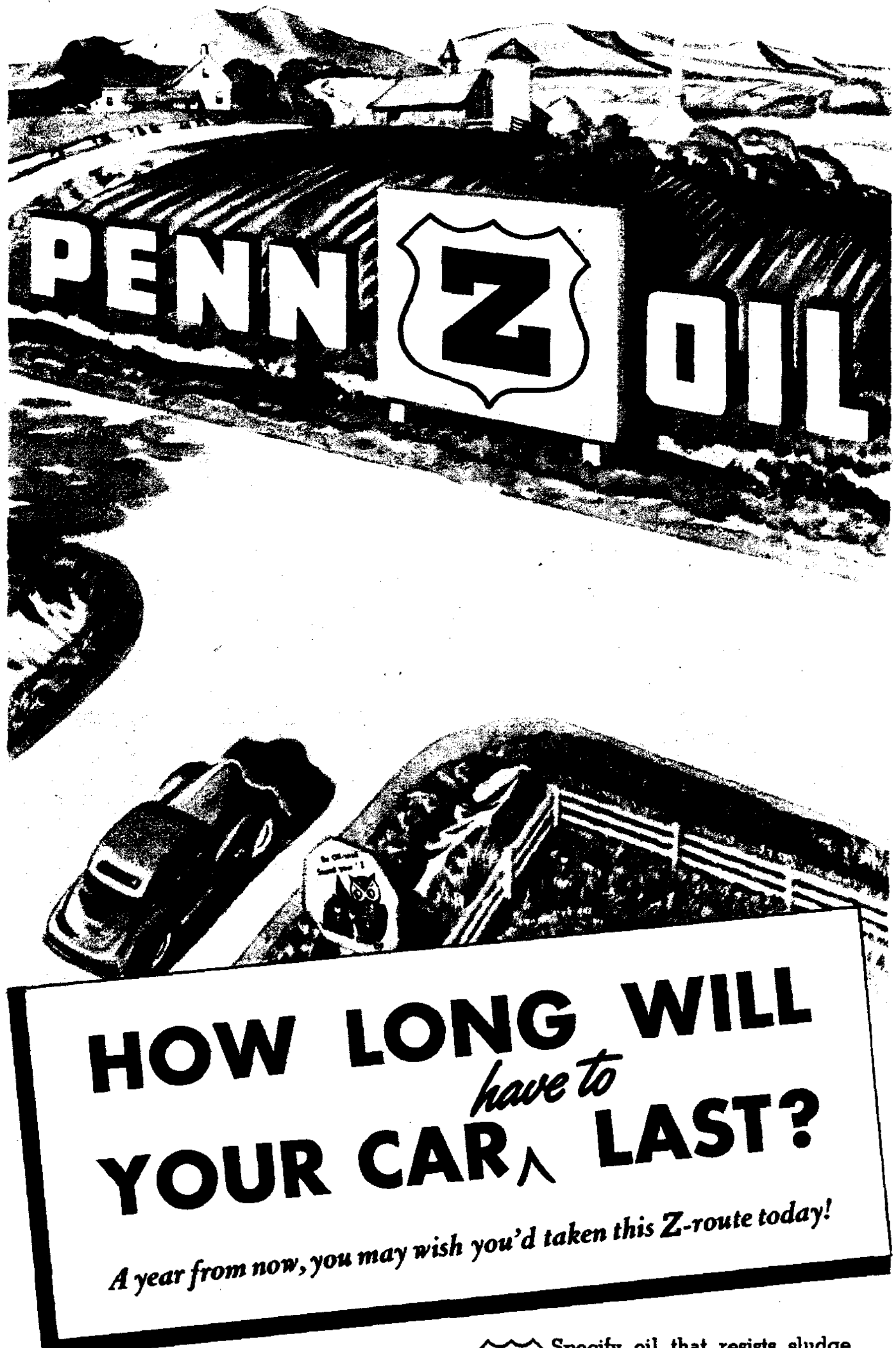

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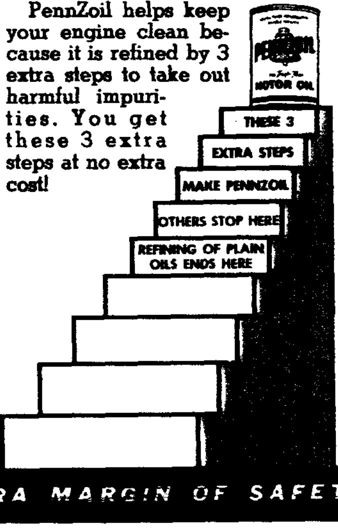

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stranger, drawing air into his lungs in a gasping inhalation came awkwardly after them.

"Truck won't run," he gasped.

"Okay. We'll fix things."

McGrath called back over his shoulder without looking around. He did not know what they would have to fix but he had the Army habit of charging into a surprise tactical situation confident that the answer was somewhere in the book.

They distanced the tired and gasping husband easily and Gail vaulted into the truck with a light spring. It was a venerable old-timer of the light-delivery breed but time and weather had destroyed its paint and its contours. The raised hood gave mute testimony to the fact that the man had been trying to do something about it, but an aura of depressed exhaustion surrounded it. Gail was bent above a woman who lay upon a heap of blankets in the package compartment.

"Gordon," she said, "see what you can do about this truck. She lives only a few miles away. We've got to get her there—quickly."

"Right!"

McGRATH stripped off his coat. The woman's husband come limping up, his mouth wide open with fatigue, his eyes still mirroring a mortal fear. McGrath threw a quick look at him. "What's the matter with this truck, Bud," he said.

"It just won't go."

That helped a lot. McGrath grunted and slid under the wheel. He turned off the lights and pressed the starter. The battery, too, was weary and would barely turn the motor over. The motor did not spit, but McGrath primed it and climbed out again. He worked swiftly, conscious of that note of urgency in Gail's voice. She had called him "Gordon."

The carburetor was flooded, but that wasn't the answer. The engine was getting gas.

McGrath lighted matches cautiously. One of the sparkplugs had a cracked porcelain bandaged with friction tape. A voice from behind him said:

"I cleaned them plugs this afternoon. Had to patch up some tubes, too, and change a couple tires. Then I had to clean out the back. Hauled a calf in it last week. . . ."

"Yeah! How far is it to your place?"

"About two and a half miles down the road. I didn't get far 'fore it quit. Was trying to get to a hospital. She was feeling pretty bad, Sally, that is, my wife, you know. My name's Donner, Herb Donner."

"Yeah!" McGrath was unimpressed. "Your trouble's in the timer."

He took his handkerchief and wiped a heavy coating of dirt-caked grease from the timer's running track, bent the spring of the brush and tightened a loose screw on one of the three wires with his fingers. He got the shell back in place and put the hood cover down with a gesture of confidence that he did not feel.

"Let's go!" he said.

Herb Donner clambered into the truck beside him and McGrath stepped on the starter. The motor stuttered for a moment, then burst into song. McGrath relaxed and Gail called to him: "Take it gently, will you?"

"Sure." He looked at Donner, who was gripping one knee hard with thin, nervous hands. "Where is your place?"

"Straight back the way I came. About two and a half miles."

McGrath turned the truck with gingerly care on the rutted road and drove carefully back toward the south for more than two miles. There was a shack off to the left about an eighth of a mile, a square, boxlike creation of unmatched boards reinforced in places by tar paper and flanked on the east by what were obviously two henhouses.

"This is it," Donner said.

They lifted Sally Donner out and made a stretcher of blankets in order to get her back into the house. McGrath had a glimpse of a thin face that was chalk-white under the freckles, large brown eyes that found Herb Donner and then looked at nothing else. He felt uneasy and embarrassed. When the girl was safely in the sagging bed in a bare, poverty-stricken room, Herb Donner dropped on his knees beside her and McGrath had a moment with Gail Nelson.

"Can I help any?" he said.

"Maybe you'd better see what you can do with the truck," Gail said gently, "and leave this job to me."

She was already heating water on a smoky little oil stove. She had discarded the jacket of her suit and she looked briskly competent, completely feminine. The impression that she ordinarily gave of still wearing a uniform after she had laid it aside was gone. McGrath stared at her for a moment and then went out with manifest relief. In a few moments Herb Donner came out and sat beside him on the running board of the truck.

"Do you reckon it will go pretty hard with her?" he said.

McGrath stared straight ahead. "I don't know much about it."

Donner shifted uneasily. "Neither do I. Sure was glad to see that girl."

McGrath lighted a cigarette and offered the pack mechanically. He squinted through a cloud of smoke at the man beside him. Herb Donner was probably no older than twenty-three or -four, a couple of years younger than McGrath himself; but grinding toil and bitter defeat were written all over him. He handled a cigarette, the most obvious of luxuries, as though he did not know quite what to do with it. McGrath was puzzled.

"How is it you live out here in the country and don't know anything about how things are born," he said, "and drive a truck without knowing anything about it?"

The other man shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing to practice on. I ain't had the truck long. First car I ever owned. Ain't never owned nothing alive but chickens."

"I see."

McGRATH nodded, but he did not see at all. He was city raised himself and he knew very little about the practical aspects of birth, but he could not imagine a man who did not know something about engines. Donner was smoking his cigarette, his shoulders slumped wearily.

"I ain't done right by Sally," he said.

"No?"

"No. I didn't have nothing to offer her. Her folks were right well off. Got a place out east of here near the state line, a couple of cows of their own and a hired man to help with the crops. Raises wheat and corn, the old man does, and does right well so long as he gets a little moisture."

McGrath felt uncomfortable but he was painfully aware of the drama being played out in the dingy shack across the clearing and it seemed kindest to keep the man talking.

"How about you?" he said.

Donner shrugged. "I'm not country bred. I don't get the hang of it very good. My pa just traveled, working railroad shops mostly. He died down South and I got a job in a box factory. You don't learn nothing in a box factory." He took a deep breath. "I never cared about knowing how to do anything till I met Sally. I been trying to learn. She's been mighty patient with me and her folks is just fine."

McGrath cleared his throat: "Maybe she would be better with her mother right now."

"That's how I figured. She wouldn't hear of it. She wouldn't leave me when I wasn't doing well. Besides, her folks did fine for us." He brushed his hand across his eyes. "The old man knowed a man that owned this place and we got it for a share of what we made. Gave me a dozen laying hens, too, the old man did. And both of her folks together gave us twenty dollars to get us started."

McGrath's throat felt dry and aching. He stared curiously at the other man and he felt that he could not bear to hear any more. He fished in his pocket and brought out a quarter.

"Look," he said. "Want to know whether it will be a boy or a girl?"

Donner looked startled. "Sure would."

McGrath spun the coin. He stared at it solemnly for a moment when it fell, then put it back into his pocket.

"You are going to have a girl," he said with conviction. Herb Donner's face brightened and doubt did not seem to occur to him.

"Sally will like that fine," he said. "A girl would be company for her and a big help with the house chores. Sally ain't more than middling strong."

McGrath threw a worried look toward the shack and the other man gripped his forearm with sudden strength.

"She'll be all right, won't she, Mister? She ain't going to die."

Terror was naked and unashamed in his eyes. McGrath took a deep breath. "Not with the care she's getting," he said. "That girl with her is one of the best nurses in the United States." He raised his head. Gail Nelson was standing in the doorway of the shack.

"It's a girl," she said.

They flew back through a sky that was domed in blue velvet and there was a strange reticence between them. Gail fumbled with a small bag.

"We've got to send an ambulance out for her," she said. "She needs care for a while. I've got twenty bucks."

McGrath's voice was gruff. "That's my party," he said, "for whatever it takes."

She looked up at his craggy features set now in an expression more of bewilderment than of arrogant assurance.

"Okay," she said, "I can buy things for her with my twenty that you would not dare buy."

He nodded. "You're cured, too," he said. "You'll never be afraid again that any pilot will take you someplace where you can't run the show."

HER eyes were just a trifle wet when she looked at him. She knew something that he would never put in words himself. Gordon McGrath, too, was cured. His expression showed the bafflement within him at a world in which there were Herb Donners. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he had met a man who was neither an equal nor an inferior. He would never quite figure him out.

"Gordon," she said, "I am afraid that I am going to like you."

McGrath did not immediately look at her. Lowry Field was beneath him off his port wing. Down there, thousands of men were living—men who were clean and healthy, well clothed and well fed. There would be immaculate quarters and an officers' club where he could sit around with something tall and cold, talking with men whom he respected, men who respected him. There would be work to do and a cause to serve and "the things to do with." And he had been thinking of it as the end of the world.

He turned slowly in the seat. "Look," he said. "How about my coming over some day and taking your picture?"

Wing Talk

Continued from page 6

performance of his engines and of everything that goes into producing power for the ship.

HERE'S an amazing story of an experience of the R.A.F. which should convince the Wilhelmstrasse that they'll never be able to beat those guys. Also it is a tribute to the performance of our American four-engined bombers. A ferry pilot started across and hadn't gotten very far out before he concluded he wouldn't have gas enough. He didn't turn back, just shut down two of the four engines, and went across on the other two. He had a reserve supply of 800 gallons in the bomb bay of the ship, but had so many other things on his mind that he completely forgot he had it along.

PITY the poor military pilots of Guatemala. By presidential order they are forbidden to make extended cross-country flights alone or indulge in acrobatics. This means that the dashing lieutenant not only cannot make that necessary training flight to a distant point and see his señorita, but he couldn't even put on a show at the airport if she were there to meet him.

AVIATION people are always needing something, and one such thing badly needed now is an accurate indicator to warn the pilot of his approach to a stall. The stall, if involuntary, is usually the beginning of an accident, particularly if close to the ground. Much work has been done on such a device that would light a light, blow a horn or wave a flag in front of the pilot to tell him he was approaching this dangerous condition, but none has been given a practical, satisfactory official test under rapid icing conditions. Whatever form the devices take they will have to be tied in with the flow of air over the wings and, as long as they are attached to or built into the wings, they suffer the chance of giving false indications or none at all as ice piles up. And it is the piling up of ice that changes the lift of the wing and can produce stalls. However, a stall-warning device for the thousands of students and newly licensed pilots who are not likely to be operating under icing conditions is recognized and both the C.A.A. and the N.A.C.A. have initiated a program of study with funds recently appropriated.

HANG around the R.A.F. pilots who are frequently visiting our country and you'll never cease to be amazed at the things they do and get away with. The other day a young R.A.F. squadron leader made some inquiries of the Air Corps about the performance, handling qualities, engines and other items pilots usually look into when about to take up a strange ship. Asked if he contemplated flying over one of the big four-engined American bombers, the R.A.F. man replied that in truth he had already piloted one over but all he knew about it was the take-off from this side and the landing over there. Hadn't been in one before and could use a little information.

F. R. N.

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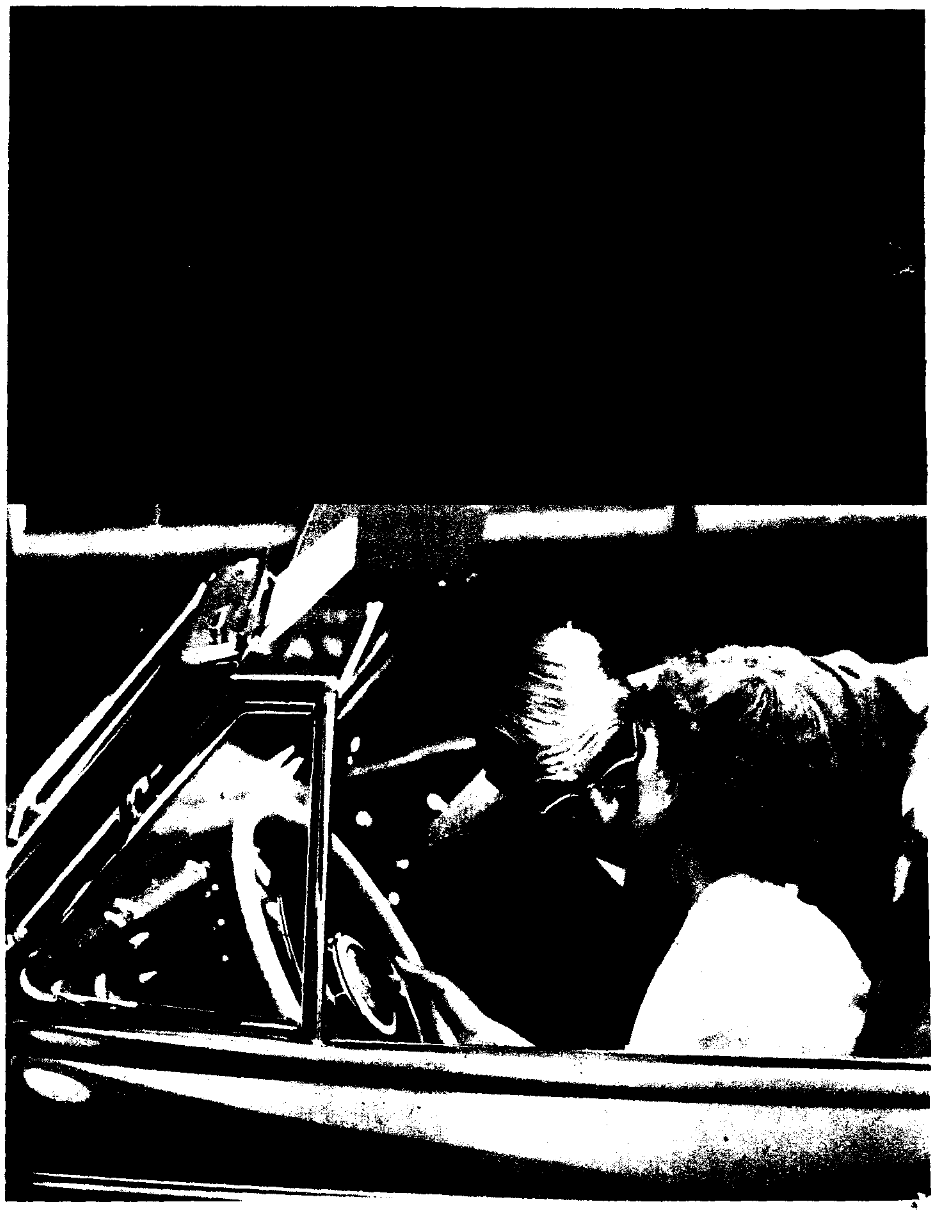

YALEJOEL—GRAPHIC HOUSE

Mrs. Karloff enjoys being the wife of the movies' most sinister man and suffers no chills as she gets a kiss from him

THE worst shock ever administered by Boris Karloff was not while playing Frankenstein nor any of the other blood-curdling roles which have sent movie audiences everywhere into pleasant hysterics. He delivered the shock while eating lunch in Hollywood last summer.

Those present at the luncheon were Mr. Karloff, Russel Crouse the playwright, and an actor's agent who was all poised to say, "No, that's not enough," when the subject of salary came up.

"We've got a play in New York we'd like you to do," said Mr. Crouse as the coffee was being served.

"No, I won't do it," said Karloff. "I think it's presumptuous for motion-picture actors to try to star on Broadway."

The agent nearly fainted. Crouse scalded his throat by gulping his coffee. Such a reply had never been made before in the history of either Hollywood or Broadway. For some reason which makes no sense at all every movie actor or actress talks incessantly about "doing a play on Broadway." They sigh that the screen, although lucrative, is no true test of an actor's art.

"I wouldn't do a play," Karloff continued at this historic luncheon, "unless it had three or four parts in it more important than my own."

After some minutes Crouse recovered his wits sufficiently to assure Karloff that the play was just that kind. He outlined the story of Arsenic and Old Lace, due to become one of the funniest shows in years. He told about the two dear but insane old sisters who bustle about murdering gentlemen out of the kindliest of motives. Most of the good lines would be spoken by the old ladies, said Crouse, in an effort to please Karloff.

"Good!" said Karloff. "Tell me about the part."

"Well, in a manner of speaking, you play yourself. You're crazy, too, and you've had a facial operation which makes you look just like Boris Karloff and you murder just as many people as your aunts do—I forgot to say they were your aunts."

Karloff was delighted. "Why, I'd be burlesquing myself, wouldn't I?" he said. "If the play is really as good as you say I'll take the part."

Six months later, after finishing another monster picture, he flew to New York for the rehearsals. It was a momentous occasion. Karloff had played stock in most of the tank towns of Canada and the United States, but had never been in a Broadway play. He read the part for Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, his coproducer, that afternoon and was far more frightened than any of Frankenstein's victims.

"I was terrible," he telephoned his wife, still in Hollywood, later that night. "I couldn't read the lines at all. I stammered and stuttered. I'm taking the plane back tonight."

Mrs. Karloff soothed her monstrous spouse and suggested that he try one more rehearsal. Boris did so. Crouse and Lindsay told him he was wonderful; they had known so on the previous day but had forgotten to say anything. In due course, Arsenic and Old Lace opened. The critics raved about the show and the cast. A matinee was scheduled for the next afternoon and producers Crouse and Lindsay stopped in Karloff's dressing room to congratu-

Surprise for frightened moviegoers is the sight of fearsome Frankenstein prosaically mowing the lawn at his Beverly Hills home

late him. They knew, from sad experience, that most actors would demand more publicity or beef about some review; anyway, complain about something.

"What a break for me!" said Karloff. "Think of it. A broken-down movie actor in a Broadway hit."

He really is that kind of person—modest and intelligent. What surprised the sophisticates of New York most about Karloff last winter was the high order of his intelligence and the wide variety of his knowledge, which came to light when he was a guest expert on Information Please.

Karloff stumped even so brainy a literary man as Franklin P. Adams in identifying a Mother Goose rhyme. He was as quick as John Kieran in thinking up poems beginning with the words, "It was . . ." He showed familiarity with the works of Joseph Conrad. He did not, on the other hand, know the difference between burglary and robbery.

He Knows His Audience

Although he is over fifty years old, Karloff is far from broken-down as either a Hollywood or a stage actor. He can get $10,000 a week on the coast nearly any time he wants it. One of the problems confronting him now is a contract to do a horror picture this summer; if he has to go, it may be necessary to shut down Arsenic and Old Lace for six or seven weeks.

After the show had opened he developed a sensitive perception of the audience's reaction. It is unfair to reveal the plot, but it can be said that in one scene Karloff is about to perform an "operation" which would scare the daylights out of a wooden Indian. It was right for the audience to become nervous up to a point. Beyond that, though, somebody might laugh hysterically or scream and the scene would collapse. Karloff plays it differently almost every night. He can sense when the audience is getting too jumpy. Then he terminates the action abruptly.

All of which is doubtless derived from his long, bitter, poverty-stricken years in provincial stock when an audience, getting out of hand, might start shooting at the actors. Boris Karloff is not the name he was born with, of course, but it is now his legal one. Traces of his English birth linger in his natural (as distinct from his Frankenstein) voice. It is modulated and his diction is very clear. The boy born at Dulwich on November 23, 1887, and christened William Henry Pratt, was supposed to become a British civil servant. His father, Edward Pratt, was in the Indian civil service and eight other sons—William Henry was the youngest of nine children—followed his career. The future Boris Karloff had a mind of his own, however. He wanted to be an actor.

The genesis of this seems to have been one or two performances in a Christmas church pageant when William Henry was nine. Prophetically, he played the demon in Cinderella. Two of his brothers clamped down on such nonsense, however, and training for government service began in earnest. He went to school in London until he was fourteen, to public schools in the provinces for five more years and then to the University of London, where he

(Continued on page 73)

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PETE: Maybe I don't get enough of them either. Could be. I remember when I was eating yeast I felt absolutely tops. But I quit . . . didn't like the taste.

MARIE: Well, here's a taste you'll go for. My vitamin cocktail tastes like oven-fresh bread. Get these vitamins this *natural* way. Twice a day, and stick with it right along to get the full benefits of yeast. Maybe even a big, brave, handsome man like you could be improved a little.

MASH . . . Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.

STIR . . . Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and . . .

DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too . . . whole business takes less than a minute!

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast

Ladies: If you bake at home use this same Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast . . . the household favorite of four generations.

I Want to Do Something

Continued from page 22

Motor Corps girls also supply their own cars, insurance, oil and gas.

Taking patients to hospital clinics and transporting Red Cross supplies are the major services of the Motor Corps. They also take war veterans on outings, and run all sorts of errands. It's a busy, workaday job, with nothing dramatic about it like driving an ambulance. But in case of disaster, man-made or natural, these girls are ready and willing to take on heavier work.

A member of the Motor Corps must necessarily have enough money to own her car, but there's no such overhead in the other volunteer groups. Plenty of the women who go into the hospitals to work order from the right-hand side of the menu when they buy their lunches in the hospital restaurant. The cost of their uniforms is a real item in their budgets. But still they come.

If you work in a hospital, you may be a Gray Lady. This means that you have completed a course of lectures on the Red Cross and your special duties, passed an examination on them, put in a satisfactory probation period, and are now privileged to wear the gray uniform and veil and the pledge pin of service. In government hospitals you will be a hostess, responsible for rays of sunshine in the form of entertainment, the arrangement of flowers, ward visits, reading, shopping. You may even make a special study of occupational therapy. In civilian hospitals and clinics you will do clerical work.

Pink Ladies Aren't Frivolous

Or you might be a Pink Lady. Officially this title is frowned on as being too frivolous and cocktailish-sounding. Officially you'd be a Nurse's Aide. But there's nothing frivolous about the work performed by these women in pink uniforms and starched pink and white caps. It's so important that a new program is under way to train 500 of them a year in 20 large cities. Their work, in the wards of civilian hospitals, is entirely nonprofessional—making beds, carrying trays, weighing babies, taking temperatures, helping with baths, running errands, etc., etc., and they work always under a registered nurse. But if and when nurses are called up for active military duty, those who remain in the civilian hospitals will be all the more in need of these extra pairs of hands and feet.

Look in at one of the classes you must take before you are entitled to wear the pink uniform: Home Nursing, which any woman is free to attend so that she may know better how to take care of her family at home. "We're building potential nursing aid," says Miss Frederika Farley, who is in charge of Home Nursing classes for the New York Chapter, "that can be useful in everyday life."

Today's class is in bedmaking, and it's astonishing how many women who have kept house for a good long time discover they didn't know how to make a bed properly. Here they learn how to square the corners for a smooth, firm job, how to make the bed with the patient in it, how to help her in and out of bed, how to turn her in bed, how to bathe her in bed.

Under the direction of a registered nurse, the class will become proficient in caring for sick people and will learn much, too, about good health measures for the prevention of sickness. Sixty-three thousand Home Nursing certificates were issued by the Red Cross last year, from seven hundred chapters.

Finally, after more advanced courses for Nurses' Aides, the big day when the pink uniform is donned and the first hospital day served. "After all the fine, important things we learn," says one knowing member of the class, "we'll not be allowed to do any of them at first. One girl put in her whole first day making beds—sixty of 'em, till her knees buckled under her." But how proud they are when they're called on to make their first poultice, and make their first "ether bed"—the covers fan-folded down the side, so that the bed can be opened completely and the patient lifted in from the stretcher.

"It's really selfishness that makes us do it," says Lois Mills, who directs the volunteer work at New York's Bellevue. "I know because I'm a volunteer myself. I work in two of the clinics, and you couldn't keep me away from them. When Susie tells you the baby has a new tooth, and that Mary's boy friend really isn't treating her quite right, and what do you think she should do about it?—you feel you're a part of their life, and they count on you. And it's a good feeling, to think you're needed. I wouldn't give it up for anything."

When there's a flood, or a war, and crowds of people have to be evacuated, the Disaster Canteen Corps is ready to go into action. Meanwhile, they're learning a lot more than how to pass out coffee and doughnuts. They're studying nutrition. Every third American, reports the National Defense Commission, is living below the safety line of a properly balanced diet. To build up a stronger nation, we need to know more about food values. The good old vitamin story, and why dark molasses is better for you, and how leaving cream out of your coffee may help to streamline your figure but also deprives your teeth of a snack of calcium.

Full of food knowledge, the ladies move out of the classroom into the cafeteria, where they must put in 80 hours of practical work before they may enlist in the Disaster Canteen Corps. (We are quoting again from the New York Chapter which, being the largest and most completely organized, has been used as the basis for this article.) They shop the markets, plan the meals, prepare all but the one hot dish, serve, wash dishes.

They are instructed in emergency feeding of large numbers of people, and the amounts of food required. And then they sign up with Mrs. John Pate Carson, director of the Disaster Canteen, a volunteer herself. "I have forty-eight women on call today," she says, consulting the notebook she carries with her.

And still they come. Volunteers do the biggest job of all, roll call, collecting from you and you and you, membership fees, the wherewithal to run the entire organization. Volunteers also keep down that overhead by their services. Count them in the New York Chapter alone—16,000 volunteers to 91 paid workers. Volunteers to the teaching staffs. In first-aid classes, more than 21,000 volunteer instructors, doctors and laymen, throughout the country.

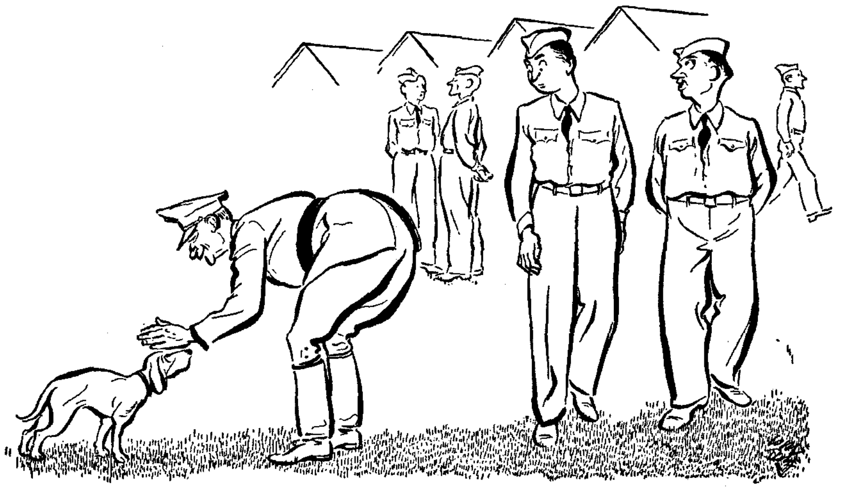
First-aid training was given to 563,000 people last year, and more are steadily being added to this vast pool of those who are ready to volunteer valuable skill when it's most needed. Many of them are doing it now in the first-aid stations dotted along the highways.

Blood for National Defense

Newest, most dramatic volunteer offering that takes no special training, and only fifteen minutes of time, is blood for the blood bank the Red Cross is building for national defense. First it was blood for Britain. Now it's our own reserve, some of it turned in the laboratory into dried plasma. Looks like a fine, creamy face powder, and will keep indefinitely in sealed vacuum containers. Every ship in the Navy is due for a consignment, together with containers of sterile water for turning it back into life-saving, liquid plasma any minute it's needed. And this precious stuff is coming from the veins of people like Katharine Cornell, who is an actress and famous, and—equally precious—from the veins of people like Katie Walsh, Irish and a factory girl. The Red Cross sent a mobile unit to Katie's factory, where three hundred workers had volunteered to give blood.

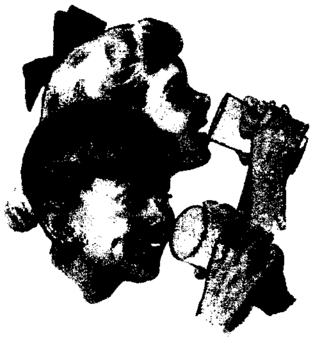
You stand by Katie's bed, passing the time with her while blood trickles from her arm through a rubber tube into a bottle. She was kidding and pep-talking before, and showing you her roughened fingers and talking about her job in the factory, testing nuts. You talk about this thing of giving blood to help someone else, and how fine it is. And she nods her head and opens her blue eyes wide at you and says, "And you're so *willing*."

That's the thing. Thousands of people willing to give blood as the Red Cross moves from factory to hospital to shop with its mobile equipment. Hundreds of thousands giving their time and work. There's no need to sit at home and wring your hands about the state of the world. There are plenty of things you can do.



"Aubrey, do you have a sense of humor?" CARL ROSE

There's a double reason for giving them this
JUICE



● The reason youngsters go for Florida canned grapefruit juice is because it *tastes* so good. Tangy, wide-awake, refreshing.

The reason wise mothers like to give it to them is because this pure, undiluted juice is an energizing and *safe* summer drink—even for delicate stomachs.

And it's so convenient and *economical* you get *twice the vitamins for your money* as in any non-citrus juice or soda drink.

Keep Florida canned grapefruit juice always in your refrigerator—along with Florida canned *orange* juice, and canned orange-grapefruit *blended* juice. Packed under many fine labels. Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Florida.

FLORIDA CANNED
GRAPEFRUIT
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See WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER

WOBBLING FALSE TEETH

Avoid discomfort and embarrassment of wobbling false teeth. Use **DENTLOCK** *Denture Powder*. Holds plates firmly, comfortably. No unpleasant taste.

To help keep dental plates sanitarily clean, use **DENTGLO** *Brushless Cleanser*. These quality denture aids approved by thousands. Buy by name at drug & 10¢ stores. Avoid substitutes.

FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., Albany, N. Y.

BEWARE WHEN CONSTIPATION STRIKES
And You're Over 35

Yes, folks, our intestinal muscles tend to become sluggish as we grow older. That's why chronic constipation should be treated by a physician. But when bowels go on strike due to acute constipation, give your intestines a quick, gentle flushing with Pluto Water. Its mild, swift osmotic action creates fluid bulk that quickly flushes the intestines of delayed digestive wastes, usually within an hour . . . Pluto is an agreeable saline mineral water that does not disturb the normal function of the stomach. It acts only in the intestinal tract without unpleasant after-effects. Get Pluto Water now—at any drug store. New two-dose size only 10 cents. Also larger family sizes. French Lick Springs Hotel Company, French Lick, Indiana.

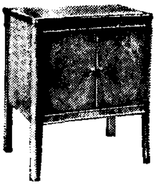
Exclusive!

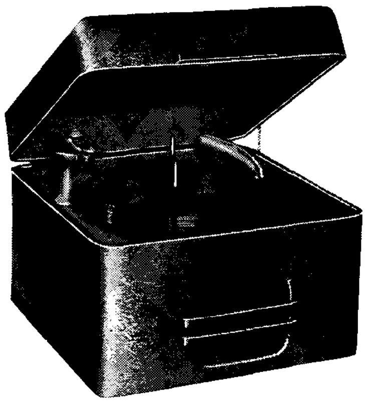
Exclusive with Admiral

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGERS

PHONO-RADIO with Automatic Record Changer 69-M5 — The lowest priced phono-radio with automatic record changer ever built. Plays twelve 10″ or ten 12″ records. Equipped with Admiral "Lifetime" Needle. Superhet radio has super Aeroscope, beam power output, volume control, "Sofglo" dial. New audio circuit produces tremendous power. Tunes standard broadcast band.

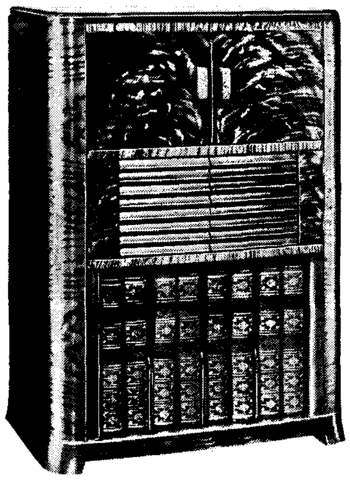
Record Cabinet Complete with 5 Albums ➔ Ask your Admiral dealer to show you this beautiful record cabinet. You can save half the regular price when purchased with an Admiral table model phono-radio.

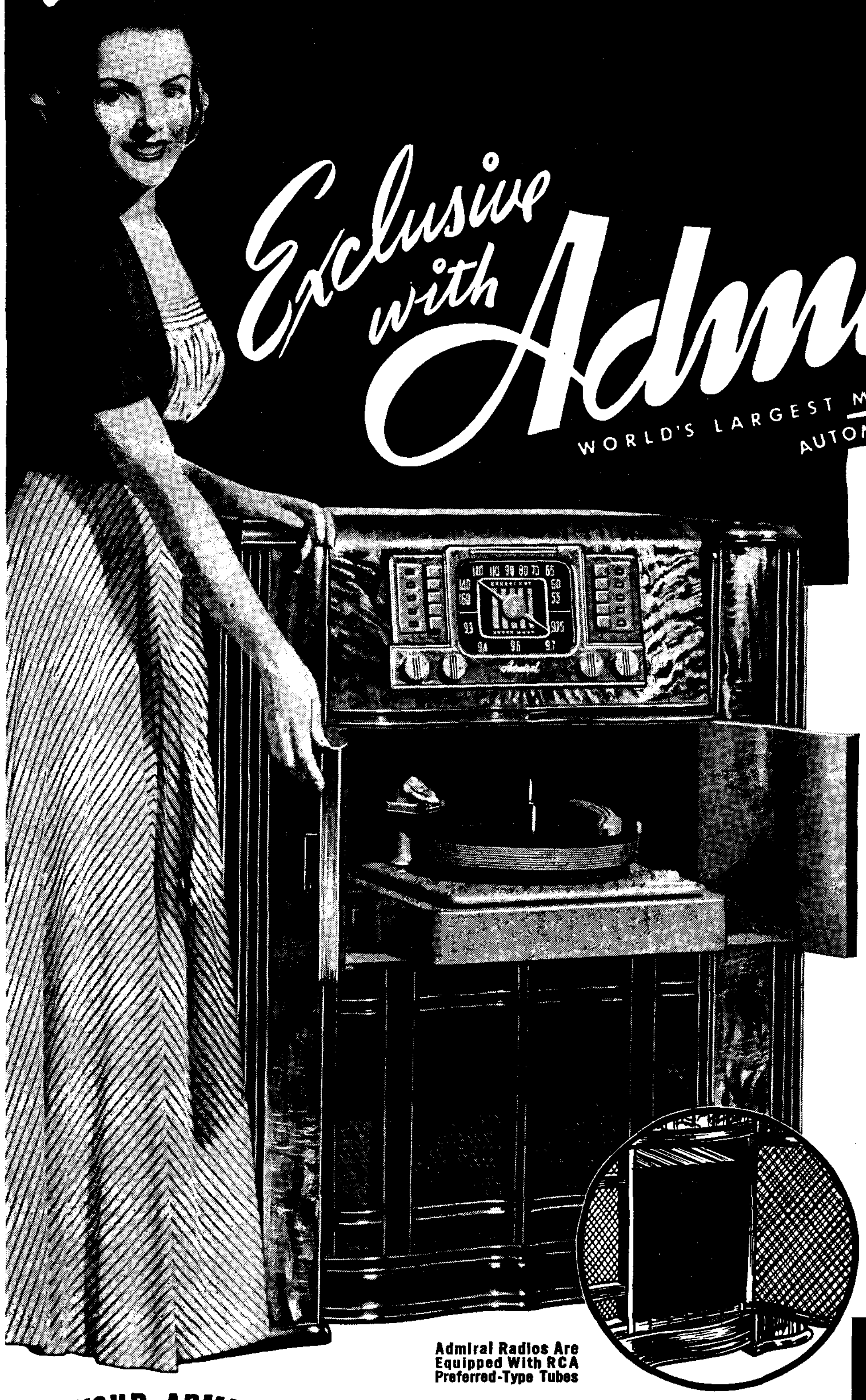




PHONOGRAPH with Automatic Record Changer 4210-XA3—Now . . . a phonograph with automatic record changer at **half** the usual price! Just the thing for the "jitterbug" as well as the lover of good music. Plays ten 12″ or twelve 10″ records. Multi-tube amplifier gives all the power you want.

74-M5—This new Admiral (see below) has everything! Open the doors . . . out slides the "Slide-A-Way" phonograph with automatic record changer. Plays twelve 10″ or ten 12″ records. No needles to change; no record wear . . . has Admiral "Lifetime" needle. Big powerful superhet radio has special Audio Circuit. Record compartment provides space for 8 albums.





Admiral Radios Are Equipped With RCA Preferred-Type Tubes

Just look at all these features! Only Admiral...world's largest manufacturers of automatic record changers . . . offers so much in performance, convenience and styling. . for so little in cost. See and hear this sensational value at your Admiral dealer today!

➔ Model 4207-A10

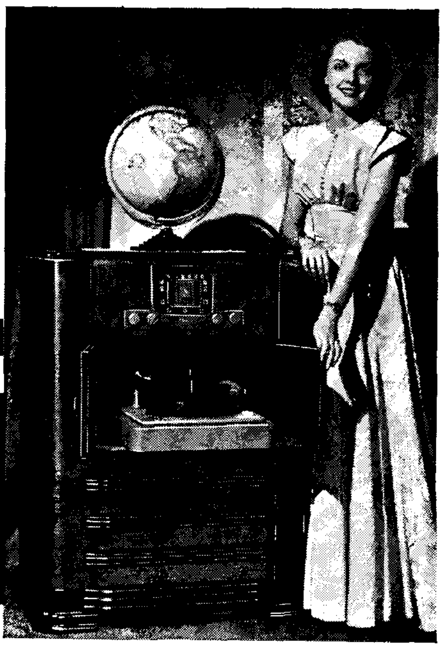
- **"SLIDE-A-WAY" PHONOGRAPH** Open the doors . . . out slides Admiral's exclusive "Slide-A-Way" phonograph. No more stooping or peering into a dark record compartment to change records.
- **AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER** Plays ten 12″ or twelve 10″ records. Nothing to chip, crack or scratch valuable records. So simple a child can load and unload.
- **ADMIRAL "LIFETIME" NEEDLE** No needles to change. No record wear.
- **RECORD ALBUM COMPARTMENT** Complete with three 12″ and two 10″ Deluxe albums. Value $10.00.
- **THREE WAVE BANDS** Standard broadcast plus Magna-Band tuning on 25 and 31 meter short wave bands. (S-p-r-e-a-d-s stations for easier tuning and logging.) An Admiral exclusive!
- **FEATHER TOUCH ELECTRIC TUNING** Electrical . . . not mechanical. Foolproof, speedy.
- **TREBLE-BASS COMPENSATION** 5 individual controls give distinct tonal variations over entire musical spectrum.
- **TRIPLE-TUNED RF CONVERTER CIRCUIT** Only Admiral has it! Gives higher sensitivity . . . eliminates tweets, whistles and other background noises.
- **ADJUSTABLE SUPER AEROSCOPE** No aerial or ground required. Adjustable for maximum signal pick-up.

Also Auditorium electro dynamic speaker . . . push-pull audio system . . . airplane dial...luxury walnut console cabinet, etc.

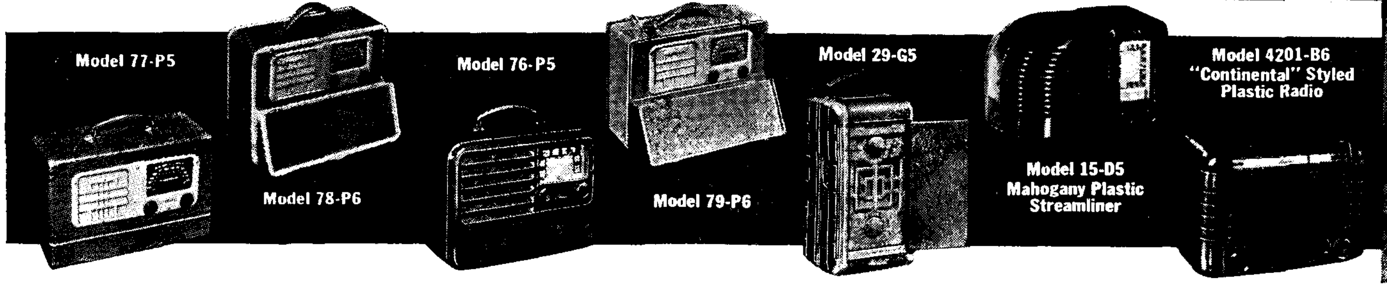
SEE YOUR ADMIRAL DEALER

Admiral radios are priced from $12.95 and up. See these sensational values at your nearest Admiral dealer. Continental Radio & Television Corporation, 3800 Cortland St., Chicago, Ill. Originators of Slide-A-Way . . . Aeroscope . . . AC-DC-Battery Bantam . . . Tilt-Tuning . . . Touch-O-Matic.

4206-C6—Here's another Admiral Radio with "Slide-A-Way" phonograph and automatic record changer. Plays ten 12″ or twelve 10″ records. No slicing . . . No chipping . . . No cracking of records. Has Admiral "Lifetime" Needle. Powerful superhet radio tunes standard broadcast plus Magna-Band S-P-R-E-A-D for short wave. Has super Aeroscope . . . electro dynamic speaker . . . bass compensation . . . airplane dial with Lucite escutcheon. ➔



"THE PICK OF THE PORTABLES AND PLASTICS TOO!" . . .



Model 77-P5

Model 78-P6

Model 76-P5

Model 79-P6

Model 29-G5

Model 15-D5 Mahogany Plastic Streamliner

Model 4201-B6 "Continental" Styled Plastic Radio

NEW
Stitchless
HAND
TAILORING
U.S. Raynster*
WATERPROOFS
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Smarter, Smoother

100% RAINTIGHT!

The exclusive Raynster *stitchless* way of locking seams together is news for two reasons. It eliminates leaky needle-holes, makes possible coats that are really 100% waterproof. And it gives coats finer lines, better drape—stitchless seams are smoother, never pucker out of shape. Raynster fabrics, too, are completely water-*tight* (and not just water-repellent). Smart topcoat gabardines, poplins, lawns, broadcloths, in all the popular colors. **At better stores.**

$5 to $11

TOPCOAT MODELS—lined with luxurious free-slipping Skinner rayon **$14 to $20**

United States Rubber Company
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Murder In Retrospect

Continued from page 20

Hercule Poirot said, "*En avant,* then. Though it is not that, that I should say. On the contrary. *En arrière.* . . ."

"DO I remember the Crale case?" asked Sir Montague Depleach. "Certainly I do. Remember it very well. Most attractive woman. But unbalanced, of course. No self-control." He glanced sideways at Poirot. "What makes you ask me about it?"

"I am interested."

"Not really tactful of you, my dear man," said Depleach, showing his teeth in his sudden famous "wolf's smile," which had been reputed to have such a terrifying effect upon witnesses. "Not one of my successes, you know. I didn't get her off."

"I know that."

Sir Montague shrugged his shoulders. He said:

"Of course, I hadn't quite as much experience then as I have now. All the same, I think I did all that could humanly be done. One can't do much without *co-operation.* We *did* get it commuted to penal servitude. Provocation, you know. Lots of respectable wives and mothers got up a petition. There was a lot of sympathy for her."

He leaned back, stretching out his long legs. His face took on a judicial, appraising look.

"If she'd shot him, you know, or even knifed him—I'd have gone all out for manslaughter. But poison—no, you can't play tricks with that. It's tricky—very tricky."

"What was the defense?" asked Hercule Poirot.

He knew because he had already read the newspaper files but he saw no harm in playing completely ignorant to Sir Montague.

"Oh, suicide. Only thing you *could* go for. But it didn't go down well. Crale simply wasn't that kind of man! You never met him, I suppose? No? Well, he was a great blustering, vivid sort of chap. Great beer drinker. Went in for the lusts of the flesh and enjoyed them. You can't persuade a jury that a man like that is going to sit down and quietly do away with himself. It just doesn't fit. No, I was afraid I was up against a losing proposition from the first. And she wouldn't play up! I knew we'd lost as soon as she went into the box. No fight in her at all. But there it is—if you *don't* put your client into the box, the jury draw their own conclusions."

POIROT said, "Is that what you meant when you said just now that one cannot do much without co-operation?"

"Absolutely, my dear fellow. We're not magicians, you know. Half the battle is the impression the accused makes on the jury. I've known juries time and again bring in verdicts dead against the judge's summing up. ''E did it, all right'—that's the point of view. Or '*He* never did a thing like that—don't tell me!' Caroline Crale didn't even *try* to put up a fight."

"Why was that?"

Sir Montague shrugged his shoulders. "Don't ask me. Of course, she was fond of the fellow. Broke her all up when she came to and realized what she'd done. Don't believe she ever rallied from the shock."

"So in your opinion she was guilty?"

Depleach looked rather startled. He said, "Er—well, I thought we were taking that for granted."

"Did she ever admit to you that she was guilty?"

Depleach looked shocked. "Of course not—of course not. We have our code, you know. Innocence is always—er—assumed. If you're so interested it's a pity you can't get hold of old Mayhew. *Mayhews were the solicitors who briefed* me. Old Mayhew could have told you more than I can. But there—he's joined the great majority. There's young George Mayhew, of course, but he was only a boy at the time. It's a long time ago, you know."

"Yes, I know. It is fortunate for me that you remember so much. You have a remarkable memory."

Depleach looked pleased. He murmured, "Oh, well, one remembers the main headings, you know. Especially when it's a capital charge. And, of course, the Crale case got a lot of publicity from the press. Lot of sex interest and all that. The girl in the case was pretty striking. Hard-boiled piece of goods, I thought."

"You will forgive me if I seem too insistent," said Poirot, "but I repeat once more, you had no doubt of Caroline Crale's guilt?"

Depleach shrugged his shoulders.

"Frankly, as man to man," he said, "I don't think there's much doubt about it. Oh, yes, she did it all right."

"WHAT was the evidence against her?"

"Very damning indeed. First of all, there was motive. She and Crale had led a kind of cat-and-dog life for years—interminable rows. He was always getting mixed up with some woman or other. Couldn't help it. He was that kind of man. She stood it pretty well on the whole. Made allowances for him on the score of temperament—and the man really was a first-class painter, you know. His stuff's gone up enormously in price—enormously. Don't care for that style of painting myself—ugly, forceful stuff, but it's *good*—no doubt of that.

"Well, as I say, there had been trouble about women from time to time. Mrs. Crale wasn't the meek kind who suffers in silence. There were rows all right. But he always came back to her in the end. These affairs of his blew over. But this final affair was rather different. It was a girl, you see—and quite a young girl. She was only twenty.

"Elsa Greer, that was her name. She was the only daughter of some Yorkshire manufacturer. She had money and determination and she knew what she wanted. What she wanted was Amyas Crale. She got him to paint her—*he didn't paint* regular society portraits, 'Mrs. Blinkety Blank in pink satin and pearls,' but he painted figures. I don't know that most women would have cared to be painted by him—he didn't spare them! But he painted the Greer girl, and he ended by falling for her good and proper. He was getting on for forty, you know, and he'd been married a good many years. He was just ripe for making a fool of himself over some chit of a girl. Elsa Greer was the girl. He was crazy about her and his idea was to get a divorce from his wife and marry Elsa.

"Caroline Crale wasn't standing for that. She threatened him. She was overheard by two people to say that if he didn't give the girl up she'd kill him. And she meant it all right! The day before it happened, they'd been having tea with a neighbor. He was by way of dabbling in herbs and home-brewed medicines. Among his patent brews was one of coniine—spotted hemlock. There was some talk about it and its deadly properties.

"The next day he noticed that half the contents of the bottle were gone.

"TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX* and win $5.00

We will pay $5.00 for every "Kleenex True Confession" published. Mail to KLEENEX, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

SNEEZY TIME GAL!

MY COLDS AND I HAVE BLOWN A LOT OF TISSUES TO PIECES BUT *KLEENEX* CAN TAKE IT... IT'S BOTH SOFT AND STRONG! (*from a letter by* O. E. D., Girvin, Tex.)

I HAVE A LITTLE PUPPY.
YOU KNOW THEY'RE LOTS OF CARE.
SO I KEEP *KLEENEX* HANDY
TO WIPE UP HERE AND THERE.

(*from a letter by* G. K., Portland, Ore.)

?.
KLEENEX TISSUES

KISS THE BOYS GOOD-BYE—AND THEN WIPE AWAY THE LIPSTICK TRACES WITH SOFT, ABSORBENT *KLEENEX* TISSUES... 100% PERFECT FOR REMOVING COSMETICS.

(*from a letter by* J. B., Portland, Ore.)

KLEENEX
KLEENEX TISSUES

DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET —Use KLEENEX

KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES
*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Got the wind-up about it. They found an almost empty bottle of it in Mrs. Crale's room, hidden away at the bottom of a drawer."

Hercule Poirot moved uncomfortably. He said, "Somebody else might have put it there."

"Oh, she admitted it to the police. Very unwise, of course, but she didn't have a solicitor to advise her at that stage. When they asked her about it, she admitted quite frankly that she had taken it."

"For what reason?"

"She made out that she'd taken it with the idea of doing herself in. She couldn't explain how the bottle came to be empty—nor how it was that there were only her fingerprints on it. That part of it was pretty damning. She contended, you see, that Amyas Crale had committed suicide. But if he'd taken the coniine from the bottle she'd hidden in her room, *his* fingerprints would have been on the bottle as well as hers."

"It was given him in beer, was it not?"

"Yes. She got out the bottle from the refrigerator and took it down herself to where he was painting in the garden. She poured it out and gave it to him and watched him drink it. Everyone went up to lunch and left him—he often didn't come in to meals. Afterward she and the governess found him there dead. Her story was that the beer *she* gave him was all right. Our theory was that he suddenly felt so worried and remorseful that he slipped the poison in himself. All poppycock—he wasn't that kind of man! And the fingerprint evidence was the most damning of all."

"They found her fingerprints on the beer bottle?"

"No, they didn't—they found only *his*—and they were phony ones. She was alone with the body, you see, while the governess went to call up a doctor. And what she must have done was to wipe the bottle and glass and then press his fingers on them. She wanted to pretend, you see, that she'd never even handled the stuff. Well, that didn't work. Old Rudolph, who was prosecuting, had a lot of fun with that—proved quite definitely by demonstration in court that a man *couldn't* hold a bottle with his fingers in that position! Of course *we* did our best to prove that he *could*—that his hands would take up a contorted attitude when he was dying—but frankly our stuff wasn't very convincing."

"The coniine in the beer bottle," Poirot said, "must have been put there before she took it down to the garden."

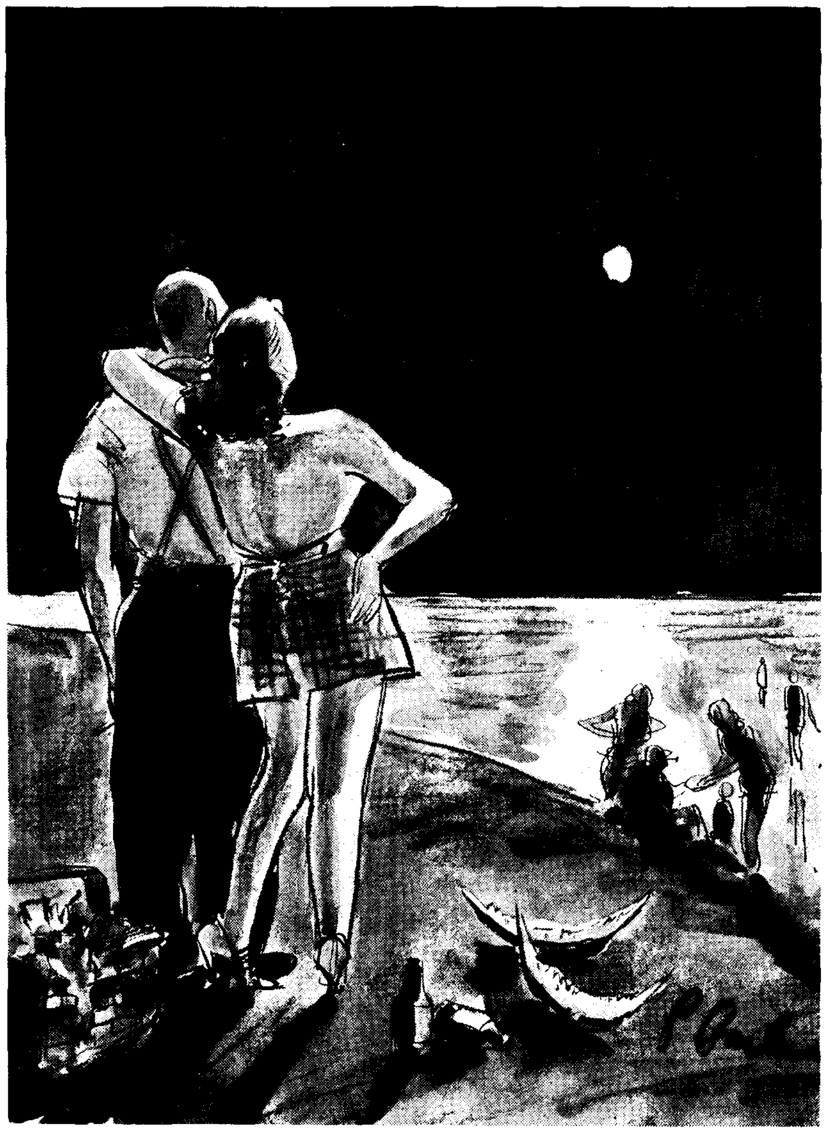
There was no coniine in the bottle at all. Only in the glass."

DEPLEACH paused—his large, handsome face suddenly altered—he turned his head sharply.

"Hullo," he said. "Now then, Poirot, *what are you driving at?*"

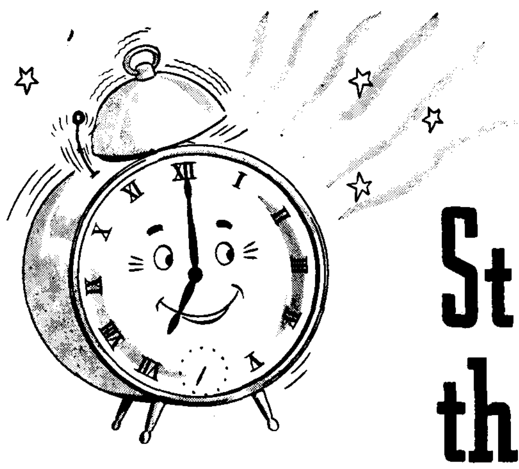
Poirot said, "*If* Caroline Crale was innocent, how did that coniine get into the beer? The defense said at the time that Amyas Crale himself put it there. But you say to me that that was in the highest degree unlikely—and for my part I agree with you. He was not that kind of man. Then, if Caroline Crale did not do it, *someone else did.*"

Depleach said with almost a splutter, "Oh, damn it all, man, you can't flog a dead horse. It's all over and done with years ago. Of course she did it. You'd know that well enough if you'd seen her at the time. It was written all over her! I even fancy that the verdict was a relief to her. She wasn't frightened. No



"Say something tender, Al—something I can think back on and treasure"

PERRY BARLOW



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The American Way

with TOASTMASTER toast!

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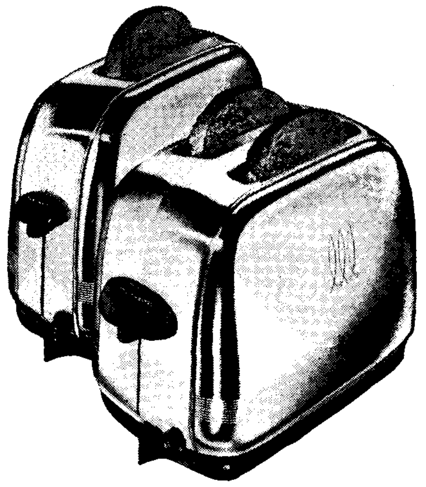
The *Toastmaster* automatic toaster more than keeps pace with appetites! It pops up the perfect slices two at a time, piping-hot—browned just right, light, dark, or in-between. No watching, no turning—no burnt, wasted bread and no wasted current!

Give your family *Toastmaster* toast tomorrow—and ever after. The famous 2-slice model is just $16.00; its 1-slice toastmate, $9.95. See them and other *Toastmaster** products, $7.50 to $24.95, wherever fine appliances are sold.



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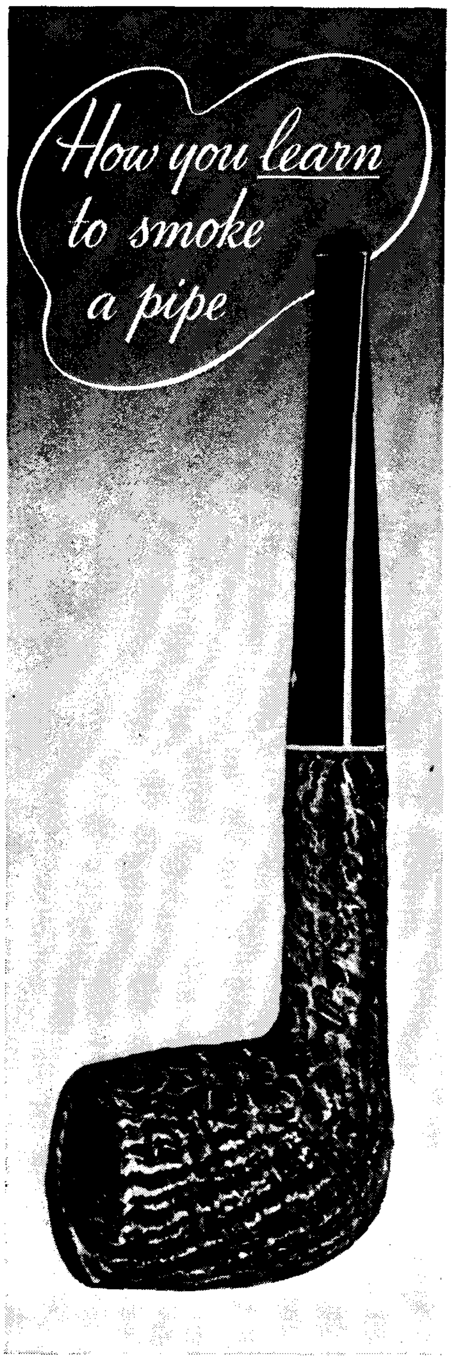

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nerves at all. Just wanted to get through the trial and have it over. A very brave woman, really. . . ."

"And yet," said Hercule Poirot, "when she died she left a letter to be given to her daughter in which she swore solemnly that she was innocent. Now her daughter wants the truth."

"H'm—I'm afraid she'll find the truth unpalatable. Honestly, Poirot, I don't think there's any doubt about it. She killed him."

"You will forgive me, my friend, but I must satisfy myself on that point."

"Well, I don't know what more you can do. You can read up the newspaper accounts of the trial. Humphrey Rudolph appeared for the Crown. He's dead—let me see, who was his junior? Young Fogg, I think. Yes, Fogg. You can have a chat with him. And then there are the people who were there at the time. Don't suppose they'll enjoy your butting in and raking the whole thing up, but I dare say you'll get what you want out of them. You're a plausible devil."

"Ah, yes, the people concerned. That is very important. You remember, perhaps, who they were?"

Depleach considered: "Let me see—it's a long time ago. There were only five people who were really in it, so to speak—I'm not counting the servants—a couple of faithful old things, scared-looking creatures—they didn't know anything about anything. No one could suspect *them*."

"There are five people, you say. Tell me about them."

"Well, there was Philip Blake. He was Crale's greatest friend—had known him all his life. He was staying in the house at the time. *He's* alive. I see him now and again on the links. Lives at St. George's Hill. Stockbroker. Plays the markets and gets away with it. Successful man, running to fat a bit."

"Yes. And who next?"

"Then there was Blake's elder brother. Country squire—stay-at-home sort of chap."

A jingle ran through Poirot's head. He repressed it. He must *not* always be thinking of nursery rhymes. It seemed an obsession with him lately. And yet the jingle persisted:

"This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home . . ."

He murmured, "He stayed at home—yes?"

"He's the fellow I was telling you about—messed about with drugs—and herbs—bit of a chemist. His hobby. What was his name now? Literary sort of name—I've got it. Meredith. Meredith Blake. Don't know whether he's alive or not."

"And who next?"

"Next? Well, there's the cause of all the trouble. The girl in the case: Elsa Greer."

"This little pig ate roast beef," murmured Poirot.

DEPLEACH stared at him. "They've fed her meat all right," he said. "She's been a go-getter. She's had three husbands since then. In and out of the divorce court as easy as you please. And every time she makes a change, it's for the better. Lady Dittisham—that's who she is now. Open any Tatler and you're sure to find her."

"And the other two?"

"There was the governess woman. I don't remember her name. Nice, capable woman. Thompson—Jones—something like that. And there was the child. Caroline Crale's half sister. She must have been about fifteen. She's made rather a name for herself. Digs up things and goes trekking to the back of beyond. Warren—that's her name. Angela Warren. Rather an alarming young woman nowadays. I met her the other day."

"She is not, then, the little pig who cried 'wee-wee-wee' . . . ?"

Sir Montague Depleach looked at him rather oddly. He said dryly, "She's had something to cry wee-wee about in her life! She's disfigured, you know. Got a bad scar down one side of her face. She—oh, well, you'll hear all about it, I dare say."

Poirot stood up. He said, "I thank you. You have been very kind. If Mrs. Crale did *not* kill her husband—"

Depleach interrupted him: "But she did, old boy, she did. Take my word for it."

Poirot continued without taking any notice of the interruption: "Then it seems logical to suppose that one of these five people must have done so."

"One of them *could* have done it, I suppose," said Depleach doubtfully. "But I don't see why any of them *should*. No reason at all! In fact, I'm quite sure none of them *did* do it. Do get this bee out of your bonnet, old boy!"

But Hercule Poirot only smiled and shook his head.

"GUILTY as hell," said Mr. Fogg succinctly.

Hercule Poirot looked meditatively at the thin, clear-cut face of the barrister.

Quentin Fogg, K.C., was a very different type from Montague Depleach. Depleach had force, magnetism, an overbearing and slightly bullying personality. He got his effects by a rapid and dramatic change of manner. Handsome, urbane, charming, one minute—then an almost magical transformation, lips back, snarling smile—out for your blood.

Quentin Fogg was thin, pale, singularly lacking in what is called personality. His questions were quiet and unemotional, but they were steadily persistent.

Hercule Poirot eyed him meditatively. "So that," he said, "was how it struck you?"

Fogg nodded. He said, "You should have seen her in the box. Old Humpie Rudolph (he was leading, you know) simply made mincemeat of her. Mincemeat!" He paused and then said unexpectedly, "On the whole, you know, it was rather too much of a good thing."

"I am not sure," said Hercule Poirot, "that I quite understand you."

Fogg drew his delicately marked brows together. His sensitive hand stroked his bare upper lip. "How shall I put it?" he said. "It's a very English point of view. 'Shooting the sitting bird' describes it best. Is that intelligible to you?"

"It is, as you say, a very English point of view, but I think I understand you. In the Assize court, as on the playing fields of Eton, and in the hunting country, the Englishman likes the victim to have a sporting chance."

"That's it, exactly. Well, in this case, the accused *didn't* have a chance. Humpie Rudolph did as he liked with her. It started with her examination by Depleach. She stood up there, you know—as docile as a little girl at a party, answering Depleach's questions with the answers she'd learned off by heart. Quite docile, word-perfect—and absolutely unconvincing! She'd been told what to say, and she said it. It wasn't Depleach's fault. That old mountebank played his part perfectly—but in any scene that needs two actors, one alone can't carry it. She didn't play up to him. It made the worst possible effect on the jury. And then old Humpie got up. I expect you've seen him? He's a great loss. Hitching his gown up, swaying back on his feet, and then—straight off the mark!

"As I tell you, he made mincemeat of her! Led up to this and that—and she

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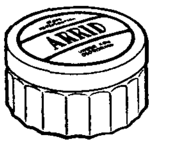

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fell into the pitfall every time. He got her to admit the absurdities of her own statements, he got her to contradict herself, she floundered in deeper and deeper. And then he wound up with his usual stuff. Very compelling—very convinced: 'I suggest to you, Mrs. Crale, that this story of yours about stealing coniine in order to commit suicide is a tissue of falsehood. I suggest that you took it in order to administer it to your husband, who was about to leave you for another woman, and that you *did* deliberately administer it to him.' And she looked at him—such a pretty creature, graceful, delicate—and she said, 'Oh, no—no, I didn't.' It was the flattest thing you ever heard, the most unconvincing. I saw old Depleach squirm in his seat. He knew it was all up then."

FOGG paused a minute, then he went on: "The jury were only out just over half an hour. They brought her in: Guilty with a recommendation to mercy.

"Actually, you know, she made a good contrast to the other woman in the case. The girl. The jury were unsympathetic to *her* from the start. She never turned a hair. Very good-looking, hard-boiled, modern. To the women in the court she stood for a type—type of the home breaker. Homes weren't safe when girls like that were wandering abroad. Girls full of sex and contemptuous of the rights of wives and mothers. She didn't spare herself, I will say. She was honest. Admirably honest. She'd fallen in love with Amyas Crale and he with her and she'd no scruples at all about taking him away from his wife and child.

"I admired her in a way. She had guts. Depleach put in some nasty stuff in cross-examination and she stood up well to it. But the court was unsympathetic. And the judge didn't like her. Old Avis, it was. Been a bit of a rip himself when young—but he's very hot on morality when he's presiding in his robes. His summing up against Caroline Crale was mildness itself. He couldn't deny the facts but he threw out pretty strong hints as to provocation and all that."

Hercule Poirot asked, "He did not support the suicide theory of the defense?"

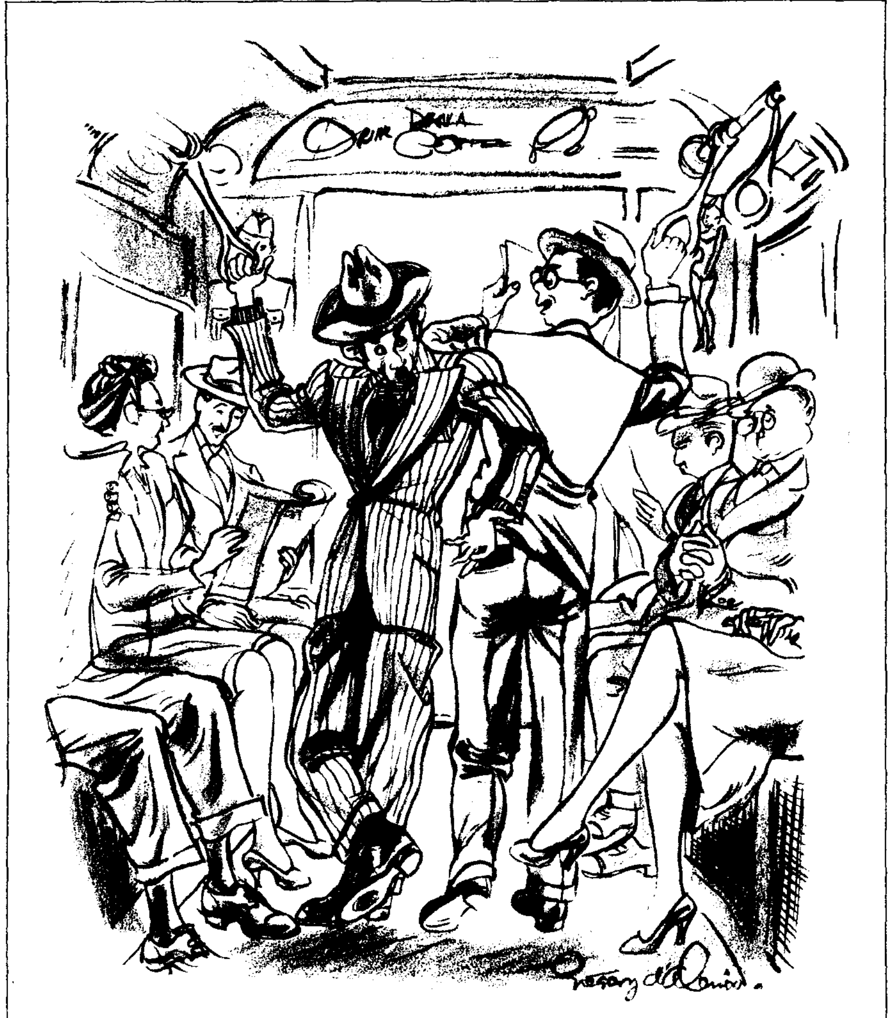
Fogg shook his head. "*That* never really had a leg to stand upon. Mind you, I don't say Depleach didn't do his best with it. He was magnificent. He painted a most moving picture of a greathearted, pleasure-loving, temperamental man, suddenly overtaken by a passion for a lovely young girl, conscience-stricken, yet unable to resist. Then his recoil, his disgust with himself, his remorse for the way he was treating his wife and child and his sudden decision to end it all! The honorable way out.

"I can tell you, it was a most moving performance; Depleach's voice brought tears to your eyes. You saw the poor wretch torn by his passions and his essential decency. The effect was terrific. Only—when it was all over—and the spell was broken, you couldn't quite square that mythical figure with Amyas Crale.

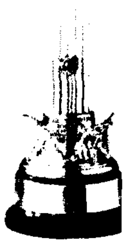
"Everybody knew too much about Crale. He wasn't at all that kind of man. And Depleach hadn't been able to get hold of any evidence to show that he was. I should say Crale came as near as possible to being a man without even a rudimentary conscience. He was a ruthless, selfish, good-tempered, happy egoist. Any ethics he had would have applied to painting. He wouldn't, I'm convinced, have painted a sloppy, bad picture—no matter what the inducement. But for the rest, he was a full-blooded man and he loved life—he had a zest for it. Suicide? Not he!"

"Not, perhaps, a very good defense to have chosen?"

Fogg shrugged his thin shoulders. "What else was there?" he said. "Couldn't sit back and plead that there was no case for the jury—that the prosecution had got to prove their case against



"Does it annoy you to have me looking over my shoulder while you work?" GREGORY D'ALESSIO



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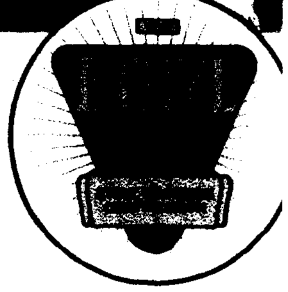

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the accused. There was a great deal too much proof. She'd handled the poison—admitted pinching it, in fact. There were means, motive, opportunity—everything."

"One might have attempted to show that these things were artificially arranged?"

Fogg said bluntly, "She admitted most of them. And in any case, it's too farfetched. You're implying, I presume, that somebody else murdered him and fixed it up to look as though she had done it."

"You think that quite untenable?"

"I'm afraid I do," Fogg said slowly. "You're suggesting the mysterious X. Where do we look for him?"

Poirot said, "Obviously in a close circle. There were five people—were there not?—who *could* have been concerned."

"Five? Let me see. There was the old duffer who messed about with his herb brewing. A dangerous hobby—but an amiable creature. Vague sort of person. Don't see him as X. There was the girl—she might have polished off Caroline, but certainly not Amyas. Then there was the stockbroker—Crale's best friend. That's popular in detective stories, but I don't believe in it in real life. There's no one else—oh, yes, the kid sister, but one doesn't seriously consider her. That's four."

HERCULE POIROT said, "You forget the governess."

"Yes, that's true. Wretched people, governesses, one never does remember them. I do remember her dimly though: Middle-aged, plain, competent. I suppose a psychologist would say that she had a guilty passion for Crale and therefore killed him. The repressed spinster! It's no good—I just don't believe it. As far as my dim remembrance goes she wasn't the neurotic type."

"It is a long time ago."

"Fifteen or sixteen years, I suppose. Yes, quite that. You can't expect my memories of the case to be very acute."

Hercule Poirot said, "But on the contrary, you remember it amazingly well. That astounds me. You can see it, can you not? When you talk, the picture is there before your eyes."

"Yes, you're right," Fogg said slowly. "I do see it—quite plainly."

Poirot said, "It would interest me very much if you would tell me *why?*"

"Why?" Fogg considered the question. His thin, intellectual face was alert and interested. "Yes, now *why?*"

Poirot asked, "*What* do you see so plainly? The witnesses? The counsel? The judge? The accused standing in the dock?"

Fogg said quietly: "That's the reason, of course! You've put your finger on it. I shall always see *her*. . . . Funny thing, romance. She had the quality of it. I don't know if she was really beautiful. . . . She wasn't very young—tired-looking—circles under her eyes. But it all centered round her. The interest, the drama. And yet, half the time, *she wasn't there*. She'd gone away somewhere, quite far away—just left her body there, quiescent, attentive, with the little polite smile on her lips. She was all half tones—you know, lights and shades. And yet, with it all, she was more alive than the other—that girl with the perfect body, and the beautiful face, and the crude young strength.

"I admired Elsa Greer because she had guts, because she could fight, because she stood up to her tormentors and never quailed! But I admired Caroline Crale because she didn't fight, because she retreated into her world of half-lights and shadows. She was never defeated because she never gave battle."

He paused. "I'm only sure of one thing. She loved the man she killed. Loved him so much that half of her died with him. . . ."

Mr. Fogg, K.C., paused again and polished his glasses. "Dear me," he said. "I seem to be saying some very strange things! I was quite a young man at the time, you know. Just an ambitious youngster. These things make an impression. But all the same I'm sure that Caroline Crale was a very remarkable woman. I shall never forget her. No—I shall never forget her. . . ."

GEORGE MAYHEW was cautious and noncommittal. He remembered the case, of course, but not at all clearly. His father had been in charge of the case—he himself had been only nineteen at the time.

Yes, the case had made a great stir. Because of Crale's being such a well-known man. His pictures were very fine—very fine indeed. Two of them were in the Tate. Not that *that* meant anything.

M. Poirot would excuse him, but he didn't see quite what M. Poirot's interest was in the matter—Oh, the *daughter!* Really? Indeed? Canada? He had always heard it was New Zealand.

George Mayhew became less rigid. He unbent.

A shocking thing in a girl's life. He had the deepest sympathy for her. Really it would have been better if she had never learned the truth. Still, it was no use saying that *now*.

She wanted to know? Yes, but what *was* there to know? There were the reports of the trial, of course. He himself didn't really know anything.

No, he was afraid there wasn't much doubt as to Mrs. Crale's being guilty. There was a certain amount of excuse for her. These artists—difficult people to live with. With Crale, he understood, it had always been some woman or other.

And she herself had probably been the possessive type of woman. Unable to accept facts. Nowadays she'd simply have divorced him and got over it. He added cautiously: "Let me see—er—Lady Dittisham, I believe, was the girl in the case."

Poirot said he believed that that was so.

"The newspapers bring it up from time to time," said Mayhew. "She's been in the divorce court a good deal. She's a very rich woman, as I expect you know. She was married to that explorer fellow before Dittisham. She's always more or less in the public eye. The kind of woman who likes notoriety, I should imagine."

"Or possibly a hero worshiper," suggested Poirot.

THE idea was upsetting to George Mayhew. He accepted it dubiously: "Well, possibly—yes, I suppose that might be so."

Poirot said, "Had your firm acted for Mrs. Crale for a long period of years?"

George Mayhew shook his head: "On the contrary. Johnathan and Johnathan were the Crale solicitors. Under the circumstances, however, Mr. Johnathan felt that he could not very well act for Mrs. Crale and he arranged with us—with my father—to take over her case. You would do well, I think, M. Poirot, to arrange a meeting with old Mr. Johnathan. He has retired from active work—he is over seventy—but he knew the Crale family intimately, and he could tell you far more than I can. Indeed, I myself can tell you nothing at all. I was a boy at the time. I don't think I was even in court."

Poirot rose and George Mayhew, rising too, added: "You might like to have a word with Edmunds, our managing clerk. He was with the firm then and took a great interest in the case."

(To be continued next week)

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Fritter-Minded

Continued from page 18

in the world—had done it. It jerked out the next words, too: "Frittering your money away, riding gold-tooth girls on Fairy's Wheels."

Instantly she could a-bit her tongue off. Could a-cut them words in a million-jillion pieces. His wide grin with its man-knowingness riled her. Disturbance belonged to the devil, 'twas true. For now that the words had started, there was no stopping. They tumbled out unbidden, making a fool of her. Letting him see how much she minded. "No wonder you never took time to a-wrote."

"Didn't you get my letter?" His man-blue eyes, so steady, gave her heart a turn.

"What letter?"

"That letter I wrote, explaining. That girl's my cousin."

For a moment she almost believed him, she wanted to so. It wasn't his eyes. *They* were innocent. It was that tiny weblike twitch at his mouth corner that told her.

It wasn't the twitch so much as it was shameful memory of them days and nights—the mile-and-a-half trips through chigger weeds to the mailbox, daily, a-hoping; the hot, black nights she'd tossed on her pallet, a-praying. It was shame at her own remembered weakness—that she'd allowed it to matter so the wishing and the waiting could make a sickness inside her. . . . And then she saw that twitch.

Devil's own, that's just what he was. A-laughing inside at his man power to deal her misery.

Doany felt wild, primitive rage. A red singing in her face and ears. She heard his words as if from a distance: "Only reason I went to that carnival was because I had to go to the county seat to get our license." From his pocket he took a white thing, held it out.

"What is it?"

"Marriage license. Mine and yourn."

Two things happened inside Doany, side by each. Trembly weakness, at seeing the thing she'd prayed so hard to happen was a-happening. The other was a rapid widening of a sort of gulf between them. *So shore of hisself he didn't even bother to ask you beforehand.*

"You give hit to your gold-tooth cousin," Doany said. "Maybe she'll marry you."

Ice gathered somewhere, shutting off her breath, while she waited. She waited for him to be sorry.

What he did was fold the marriage license and thrust it back inside his coat pocket. His lowered lashes, thick as cat-tail hair, hid any look inside them. His voice was brave-gay, uncaring: "Lest I find me a wife 'tween now and next month, reckon I stand to lose two dollars. Missouri license only good for thirty days." Him, that frittered his money on flimflams! He drew out his buggy whip, popped it loud. "Lots o' marriageable girls around Blue Eye, heard tell."

Doany looked smack-dab at the blue swirls then. She looked on purpose. The misery it brought was a kind of enjoyment, it helped to scatter the other hurt so. *Temper-headed,* the wagon wheels rattled. The front wheels rattled that. The hind wheels rattled *devil's own.*

Prayerfully, she hoped, *He's just a-teasing.* She thought, *More of his fritter-mindedness.* Doany tore her eyes away from the blue, back to the troublesome wagon wheels. *He'll ask me agin. Before this wagon wheel turns three times over.*

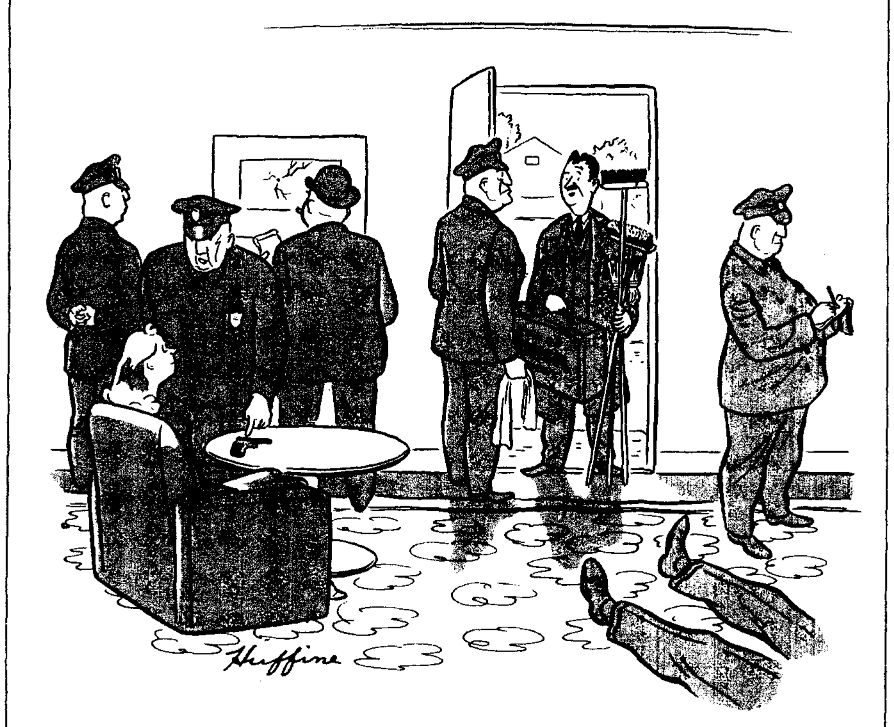
The wagon wheels turned another mile. Twilight colors smeared the sky. It hurt to breathe, a-looking. But over Doany's heart pitch-darkness settled. The air grew chill. She wouldn't borrow warmth of him, not if she froze.

Finally, "Cat got your tongue?"

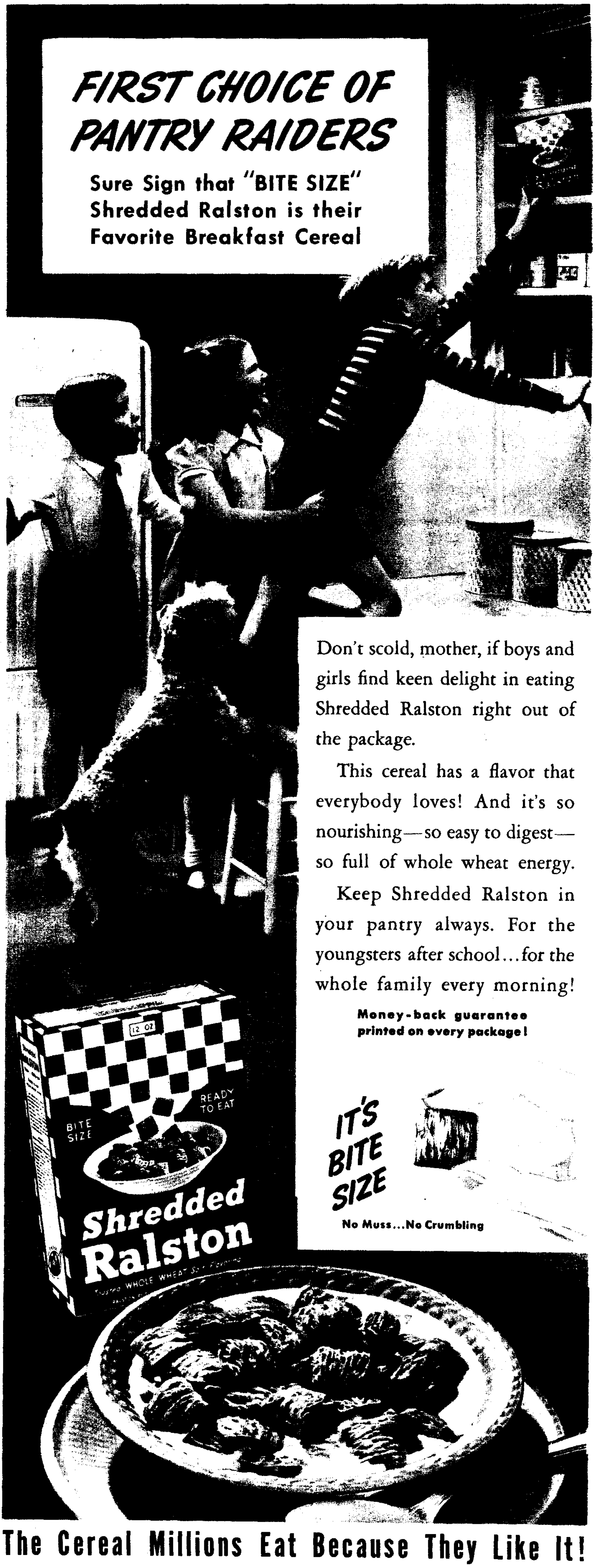
Did he think she'd kowtow to him? Doany swallowed. It like to split her throat. Her words came plaintive-proud: "From the sound of them leaves, reckon we're in for a early fall."

ALTHOUGH it was less than ten miles to Cedar Gap, and they'd a-made it, certain, by little after midnight, Rondo claimed that was too far to go without feeding and watering the mules. It was three miles this side of Blue Eye where he stopped and said hello at a log cabin.

A girl in a red striped dress opened the door, holding a lamp in her hand. She had taffy hair, round pink cheeks, and a man-rough voice. "Who is it?"



"Perhaps I'd better come back at another time" DAVID B. HUFFINE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FOR UPSET STOMACH

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Hound dogs sprung up from everywhere, barking fit to split your ears. She turned and set the lamp on the doorstep and threw a stick of stovewood at a hound. It hit him. He ran under the house, a-howling.

When Rondo said, "It's me," the girl smiled broadly—and two upper front gold teeth popped out of her face like fox fire. Seeing that smile, Doany reckoned flimflams and Fairy's Wheels wasn't the half of it. And she knew how worried over the mules' supper he was!

"Oh," said the girl, and her voice sweetened: "Come on in, Ron."

Ron! That showed the kind of girl she was. Doany felt a strange itching in her finger tips. Her breath came so sudden-hot it was like she breathed pure flame.

Rondo said, "We'd like to stay all night."

"We?" Suspicious, she sounded.

"Me and my cousin."

"Don't call me cousin," Doany snapped. "And you're the one that craves to do the staying."

Edna Deeps said, "I'll ask Pa." She sounded pacified.

While Edna's pa helped Rondo take out the mules and start for the barn with them, Rondo lingered behind with Edna, at the gate. From where she sat, stiffly on the medicine-wagon seat, Doany couldn't hear their words. But she could hear Edna Deep's easy-loose laughter. To Doany's ears, that laughter was more sinful than nakedness on parade. "Shore will, Ron," Edna called, the sinfulness lingering.

RONDO opened the horse-lot gate, just as three muleback riders came through it, single file. "Evenin', Teak," Rondo greeted. "Howdy, Henry. Hi, Duff."

"Wait, Teak," Edna called. She ran through the dusk after him, excited. What she said to Teak didn't take long. On her way back, Edna stopped sociably beside the medicine wagon, peering at Doany. "Come on in, if you like. Ron said you all would want supper."

"I ain't hungry." Doany's stomach protested at such heroics. *Set out here and be silly then. They won't care.* "I'd like to wash myself."

Edna led the way to the back door. The log cabin was a single great room, with loft above. Added to this was the lean-to kitchen the girls now entered, with porch across the back. The great room was darkened, and from it Doany could hear snores of various age and pitch.

"Young'uns so thick you can't walk in there," Edna apologized. "That's why I brung you in the back door."

"Air they your'n?" Doany asked, hopeful. She was remembering the man Teak.

Edna laughed at the compliment. "They're Pap's."

"Who's Teak?" Doany poured water in a basin.

"Teak's my brother. Henry's my half-brother. And Duff, he's my stepbrother. Teak's the best fighter, but it's Duff that generally runs my beaus off. All 'cept Ron. They seem to take a shine to Ron." Edna laughed, boastfully, and stuffed wood in the cookstove. "Reckon you know about me and Ron being engaged?"

Doany buried her face in the washbasin. Her heart lurched. But it was the Sheer voice, steady, that answered: "Reckon everyone knows that." It seemed almost worth the hurt, as, drying her hands, she watched bewilderment spread over Edna's stupid round face.

So that's when he asked her, there by the gate, Doany decided. She remembered Edna's naked laughter, her ready acceptance: "Shore will, Ron."

Doany experienced a lostness—a feeling that being just one person, by yourself, was a half thing. It was the half that didn't matter. She thought, *If I hadn't a-been so temper-headed . . .*

Anger crowded out regret. Anger at his fickleheartedness. Fritter-minded she knowed him to be. She knowed it tickled his man power to deal her misery. She'd thought he was a-joshing, about being able to use that marriage license on anybody. But for a body who still had twenty-nine days to go, it did seem he was in a powerful hurry.

"Ron allus stops here, nights." Edna's eyes searched the kitchen shelves, anxious, as if to prove a point. "On his last trip, he gimme these." From behind the clock she took down a rolled-up set of picture prints which smelled of linseed oil. "And this here." This, as she disappeared inside the great room and reappeared with a naked kewpie doll.

"Flimflams," Doany dismissed, scornful.

As Edna unrolled the pictures, however, curiosity won. Curiosity to see if they were the same kind he'd given her—the kind, supposed to come as premiums, with every jar of Ramsey's Cold Cream.

With the breathless pride of ownership, Edna held them out for inspection: *Rock of Ages*. Doany had it. *American Beauties*. And it. "What's that one?" Doany stared hard at the sky-blue motto in Old English Scroll, lettered on oil-black.

"Why, that's *God Bless Our Home*." Edna's smile was superior. "Can't you read?"

"I can read," Doany said shortly. But she looked thoughtful.

Triumphant, Edna demonstrated: "This one's gonna hang over the bed in *our* home. Like this."

Rondo and Edna's pa came through the back door.

Edna kept a-running to the milk trough on the back porch, when Rondo was out there a-washing. "Here, Ron, take this clean towel." Ron this. Ron that. "Ain't ary speck o' soap, though, 'ceptin' this lye."

"Doany," Rondo called, through handfuls of water, "run out and bring in my medicine case, will you? I got soap in it."

"You hold your breath till I do," Doany said, without moving.

"I'll get it, Ron," Edna offered, eager. And she did. While the ham burned. To Doany, who hated to see good food spoil, 'twas a temptation not to turn it. But she sat stone-still, while the smell of it filled the kitchen. Let him find out what kind of cook she was!

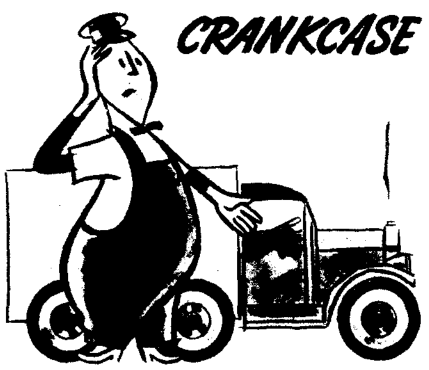
Rondo dried his hands, opened the sectional-compartment suitcase that smelled of talcum, cooking spice, and liniment. "Sweets to the sweetest," Rondo said, handing Edna a cake of lavender-wrapped soap. He shut the case. Then, as if suddenly remembering his manners, he reopened it. With magnanimous gesture, he tossed a yellow-wrapped bar on the table near Doany's elbow. "Here, Doany, you can have one too."

Doany spurned the offering: "I ain't so dirty as some folks."

EDNA had rescued the ham—belatedly. Now she pounced upon the yellow soap. "I'll use hit, Ron, and save this here vi'let for our wedding day." Her blue eyes shone, greedily possessive. *Holding the* lavender-wrapped package tantalizingly near Doany, she inhaled elaborately. "Boy, vi'let is my fav-o-rite per-fume."

Doany said, "You shore need a perfume." Inside, she could feel a queer strangling. Doany got to her feet. Then, remembering how it was, once she got started, she walked to the back door, out upon the porch. She looked straight at Rondo. Rondo looked back. His

IN A HURRY FOR A CRANKCASE



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mouth was firm. No lines twitched. Wedding day—*he hadn't even denied it!*

Doany felt full to bursting with a sickness that turned her insides to nothingness. Her heart was all stone bruise and chilblains. *That's what you git!* Doany told it, relentless. She hated herself for letting it matter so.

"You set there, Doany, next to Pa. Ron, you sit here by me."

Only pride helped Doany through that meal.

Rondo ate two, three helpings of everything and bragged on Edna's cooking.

Doany thought, *If he's fur-gone enough to eat burnt meat . . .*

Edna's pa pushed his chair back and looked at Edna and Rondo. "Reckon you uns will want to court. I'm a-going to bed." Doany heard his heavy footsteps climb the stair.

Edna left the spoons in the vittles and spread a quilt on the floor, just inside the great room. "You sleep here, Doany. Me and Ron's a-going to set outside for a while."

"I ain't sleepy yet." Who did Edna Deeps think she was?—ordering her off to bed like a two-year-old. Defiantly, Doany sat on the front doorsteps. It didn't help matters. Edna guided Rondo out to the medicine wagon. They climbed upon the seat. Doany could hear Edna's sinful-loose laughter.

DOANY wouldn't go to bed. A-setting there amidst hound dogs, she watched the October moon come up over the valley. Bigger than a washtub, it was. Cloud mist floated across it like a piece of bride's veil. An old turtledove kept up a racket, mournful, from the thicket. Doany's eyes stung. Her heart pulled like a old blind horse who had no call for pulling. *It's a punishment,* Doany told herself. *A punishment sent by the Good Lord, because I'm so temper-headed.*

When she got to where she couldn't stand it no more Doany crept inside and lay upon the pallet with her clothes on. The pallet was hard. The din of many snores made a humming in her head. Through a broken window a white star kept a-winking. *Fritter-minded,* the star said, over and over. An oak-tree branch scraped the housetop. *Temper-headed,* it said.

Which is worst, Lord? Doany prayed for forgiveness. *I could forgive his fritter-mindedness, only how can I get him to notice?*

Doany sat up, wide-eyed, as man footsteps hit the porch.

"That you, Teak?" Edna's voice came, preoccupied, from the medicine wagon.

"Me and Henry, a-carrying Duff."

"Duff get too much applejack?" Edna's laugh was casual. "I seen you all, a-sneaking off Pa's jug to that carnival."

"Duff thought he was Hitler, and busted up a side show. We just got tired a-fooling with him, so knocked him out and brung him home." Then, as Rondo coughed, "Who's that man there?"

Rondo said, "It's me."

"I reckon we got a right to spark a little," Edna defended, peevish. "Us, that's a-getting married."

Teak's grunt was skeptical: "So you *git married.*"

Married, married, married. Through the darkness, Doany's hand groped and found her suitcase handle. Doany ran with it, barefoot, through the back door, just as the front door opened.

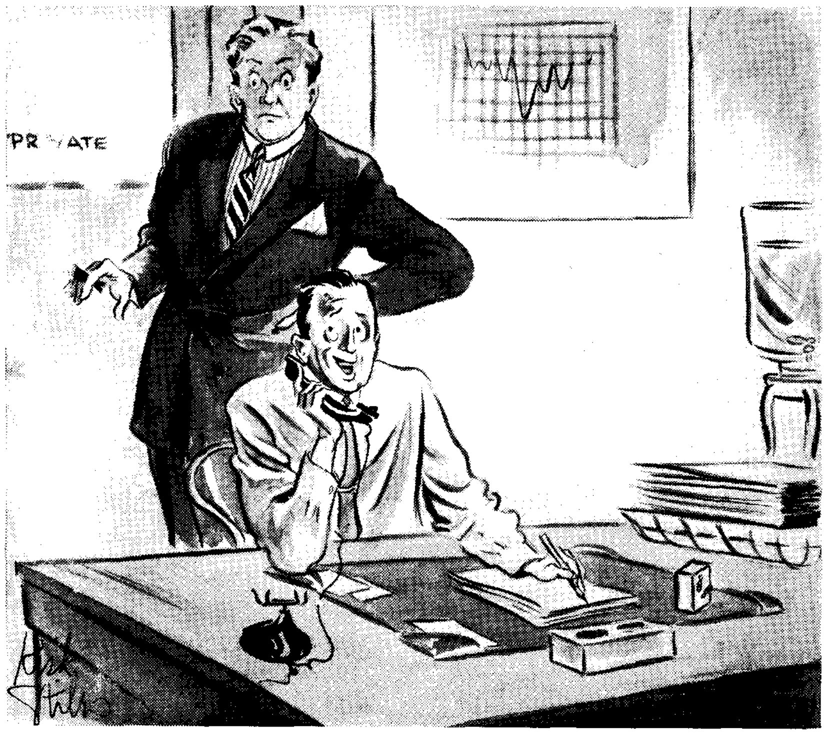
"Look out you all don't step on Ron's cousin, asleep there inside," Edna called. Man footsteps climbed the stairs.

Doany's bare feet moved cautiously over the back porch, exploring. If she could get out of here without waking them fool hounds, by morning, steady walking, she'd be somewhere in the neighborhood of Cedar Gap and Aunt Icy's. Doany took three more steps—and then her flesh recoiled as she stepped on the white thing.

In the moonlight Doany knelt and picked it up. That marriage license! Rondo, careless, had thrown his coat over the wash bench, where it still lay. By taking another step Doany could restore it to his pocket.

Doany clutched the paper tight against her thumping heart. *It's mine,* she told herself. *Boughten for me.* Doany thrust the folded paper deep inside of her bosom. If Rondo wanted Edna Deeps, let him spend another two dollars.

Warmed by her own heart's blood, that piece of paper made a shield over her ache as Doany hurried down the path. She closed the gate carefully, holding the chain so it wouldn't rattle. She tried not to hear the low voices in



"I'm sure the boss would let me have the afternoon off, Ned. He's a great sport and a marvelous guy to work for"

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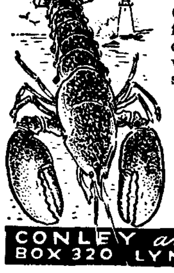

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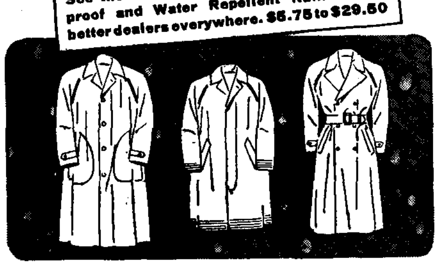

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the medicine wagon, because she didn't want anything else to remember. But she couldn't help but see the flashlight moving.

Doany stopped, aghast, forgetting her resolution not to listen. The flashlight played over the opened-up medicine case. As Rondo spoke, low, he piled contents from it to Edna Deep's heaped-up lap. What he said made Doany's face burn with a white-spreading anger.

Doany crept back and lay upon her pallet. She didn't sleep. Her mind was made up. She was still going. But not till daylight. She wanted it to be daylight when she told them, so she could see their faces.

"YOU all think you so smart," Doany told them. It was next morning, after breakfast, and Rondo's mules stood hitched to the medicine wagon at the gate. Edna's pa was out at the barn, a-milking. Everyone else was asleep. Just the three of them, like Doany had waited for. "You think you smart, letting Edna take her pick of them Ramsey Products as pay for being engaged to you, just so's to make me jealous. Well, she can have you. I wouldn't have you now if you was solid gold all over." Doany grabbed her suitcase and started down the path.

But Rondo got in her way. "Wait, Doany." Rondo held her. Doany fought him. "Maybe I did tell Edna to take herself some pretties if she'd play-act being engaged to me." For once Rondo Kane's eyes didn't have blue devils a-dancing. They reproached Doany. "But if I did, it was just to bring you around to talk marriage sense. So high and mighty you was last night, a-setting there on that wagon seat. Some folks so durn' proud a body *has* to make 'em jealous, to find out do they love you or not."

Doany ceased fighting. She looked hard into Rondo's eyes—way down underneath. No lines twitched. 'Twas truth she read. Truth, and nothing else.

Edna Deeps laughed, shaky. A fighting laugh. "Maybe you all call it play-acting, last night. Only that ain't the way I understood it." Her round blue eyes fixed themselves upon Rondo, greedy-possessive—like when she'd pounced on that cake of soap last night. "You said, 'Let on I and you are engaged.' Well, that's what I done. I told Teak to notify all the neighbors he saw at the carnival last night." Edna paused, dramatically. "So Teak notified."

"Notified?" Rondo's eyes were round. Round and unbelieving.

"Notified," Edna repeated. "About you and me. What's so odd about that? Everybody that seen us together at the carnival that night knowed you bought the marriage license, that very day." Edna's voice gained assurance: "If you all think Teak's a-going to have his own sister made a laughingstock of, after notifying folks there's to be a wedding, then you got another think a-coming. All I have to do is step to them stairs and call, and all three will come a-running. They just love to fight."

It was so still, for a moment, Doany could hear milk a-striking against tin, clear out to the barn. A rooster crowed. An old hound dog came out from under the house, sat down, and began to scratch a flea.

Rondo looked into Doany's eyes and let her hand fall. There was something about that look, befuddled, that tore at her—for the world like when that fool duck had swallered the honeybee. Doany thought, *For once his fitter-mindedness has got him into trouble shore 'nuff.*

Doany turned and walked through the gate and Rondo didn't try to stop her. During those few steps Doany's imagination pictured a quick flash of many things, whirling, blended. It pictured Rondo's future with Edna Deeps. Edna, greedy-grab. Rondo, a-eating burnt meat. Rondo, awaking to look at that *God Bless Our Home* sign.

First thing she knew, Doany was a-setting that suitcase down, fishing in her bosom for that marriage license. She unfolded it, thrust it before Edna's stupid staring eyes. Whatever Doany felt inside, she kept it from showing. After yesterday's bitter lesson, she knew now 'twas true that Disturbance belonged to the devil. Besides, 'twas a lifelong teaching with the Sheer women.

"Read for yourself," Doany said quietly. "Right here, in black and white." And thinking it over afterward, trying to figure out if she'd sinned, she reckoned the Good Lord must a-been with her, for not once did he let her tell a out-and-out lie. She didn't say, "Our marriage certificate." She said, "Holy Bond of Matrimony." Probably *was* a place where it read so, on this here marriage license. She didn't say, "We were married yesterday." She said, "In the eyes of the Good Lord, that means he's already mine." (In her heart, Doany knew 'twas true.) She didn't name the preacher. She said, "Look it up on the book, there at the courthouse. And I don't see how your brother Teak's a-going to change that."

Edna's nostrils pulsed, white-rimmed, as she glared at Rondo. "You mean, all that time—?"

"We was married," stated Rondo, who had no such scruples over half-truths as Doany did. Blue devils danced in Rondo's eyes. That crooked eyebrow went soaring up like a buzzard's wing.

Edna turned and shouted, "Teak! Henry! You all come down here."

Without seeming to hurry, both Rondo and Doany lost no time a-climbing into the medicine wagon. Lucky the mules were rested. When Rondo popped his whip, they stepped right lively.

By the time they reached the highway it began to look as though Edna's brothers weren't a-coming, leastwise not right now. Rondo began to grin. "Didn't know till while ago Edna Deeps couldn't read ary word." His man-blue eyes, a-dwelling on Doany, were admiring. "How'd *you* find it out?"

DOANY couldn't keep the pride flush out of her face. Her heart cut capers a-plenty, but she wasn't fool enough to let him see that. Doany's tone was modest, pensive-scornful: "I may not be ary graduate, but my ma learned me some things. Anybody could a-seen that. First she showed me that *God Bless Our Home* picture, bottom-side-uppards. But I knowed hit for shore when she kept a-running on how crazy she was over vi'let-smell soap, when all the time the wrapper said Lilac, big as day."

Oh, she knowed she was a fool, a-letting him off so easy. A yaller duck was a yaller duck, and you couldn't ask the Good Lord to change that. Lucky for him, though, the Sheer women weren't afraid of big undertakings. For hadn't she asked the Good Lord to take his pick of the thing he wanted of her, and hadn't He turned around and told her his pick was for her to save this yaller-duck-of-a-man from his own fritter-mindedness?

"Cat got your tongue?" Rondo asked, as the wagon wheels rattled.

Doany looked back. There wasn't ary thing but pine trees and autumn-red gum leaves. The way the sun shined through them, clear, it made a body's throat hurt clean like you was in church. She reckoned the Good Lord aimed it so. Doany's brown hands on her lap were tranquil thrushes, resting. "Reckon if Teak's a-going to have ary record to look up, we'd best stop in Blue Eye and have it writ legal, so 'twill be there."

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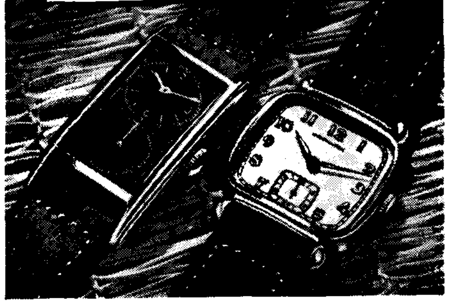

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Gentle Monster

Continued from page 61

was supposed to study for the consular service in China.

"I knew I couldn't pass the examinations," Karloff says. "I never did any work in school, so I ran away."

He was twenty-two years old. His mother had died three years before. His father and brothers were at the four corners of the earth and it wasn't much of a home. Still intending to go on the stage, but without experience save for Cinderella, he struck out for Canada. After a brief six weeks on a farm he decided to return to England, claim a small inheritance of about $500 and then go to Vancouver. This consumed all except $5 of the legacy. He got a job with pick and shovel for the utility company. This and other odd jobs consumed a year and a half.

Headed for Movie Gold

William Henry finally decided to try the stage. He had heard of a theatrical agent in Seattle, so he wrote enclosing a list of all the plays he could remember having seen in London and saying he had played in all of them. The agent paid no attention, but some weeks later Pratt saw an advertisement for "an experienced character actor" for the Ray Brandon Players, then appearing in Kamloops, B. C. Pratt wired that he was extremely experienced and was told to report at $30 a week. Kamloops was so remote that it was almost impossible to get another actor quickly. So the troupe kept Pratt, although his salary was immediately cut to $15.

He gained some slight reputation as a heavy and called himself Boris Karloff, a name he had discovered on a remote branch of his mother's family tree. He appeared in every conceivable type of play, nearly always as the villain. He toured the small towns of the American Middle West and Northwest and by 1918 wound up, broke as usual, loading freight cars in Vallejo, California. But this was within striking distance of movie gold.

Karloff had met a casting director or two on his travels and got extra work at $5 a day for one week. Then came a bit part at $75; after that he alternated between stock companies and the screen. By 1922 he was typed as a "French-Canadian" at the studios and worked fairly regularly.

Next year the influenza epidemic caused drastic production curtailment and he faced the alternative of going back on the list of extras, a deathblow to his shaky reputation, or getting some other job. The only one he could find was driving a two-ton truck. So he spent a year and a half loading and delivering casks of putty. On Saturday afternoons he would hang around the casting offices, but no parts were offered.

One morning the girl at the counter where he daily asked for mail said that there was a part in a stage version of The Criminal Code. Karloff hurried off to see the producer, got the part, opened in San Francisco and received his first critical praise. Columbia subsequently made it into a film. Having no players under contract, they let Karloff play his stage role.

This was the turn. Universal hired him for the villain in a film called Graft and then tested him for Frankenstein. In the years that followed he played in The Bride of Frankenstein and Frankenstein's Son.

Between his Frankenstein parts, Karloff played in such other gay movies as The Old Dark House, The Mummy, The Ghoul, and Bluebeard. Out of his considerable earnings, meanwhile, he had bought a house in Beverly Hills and married tall, pretty, blond Dorothy Stine. Tourists in Hollywood, gawking for a glimpse of movie stars, were sometimes disillusioned to see Frankenstein watering the lemon trees or pruning a bush. It was even worse to watch the monster wheeling his infant daughter in a baby carriage.

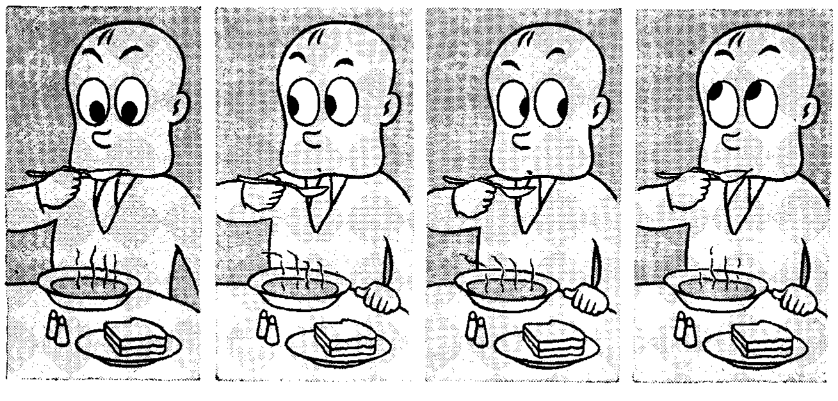
In New York one of Karloff's major troubles is that he looks like Boris Karloff. His skin has the gray tone of a cadaver. He has long, apelike arms, all the better to strangle you with. He has the six feet and the weight—170 pounds—with which to overcome any foe. He has cold brown eyes with which to spot his victims, and his hair, a final sinister touch, is threaded with gray. Thus people sometimes cringe from him in New York, to his vast amusement. What identifies him as an English gentleman trained for the consular service is his voice; that and his gentle, friendly manner.

Tough on the Timid

Life in New York differs sharply from Hollywood. There is no garden to fuss with. Everybody in the theater sleeps late and stays up until nearly dawn. Mr. and Mrs. Karloff do the same. Mrs. Karloff is constantly asked how it feels to be a monster's wife and answers, somewhat wearily, that the monetary returns are excellent. Karloff walks from the theater nightly to his subleased apartment on East 66th Street and is often gratified by the muffled scream of some passer-by. When he returned one noon from a stroll in the park two young girls loitered near the apartment house.

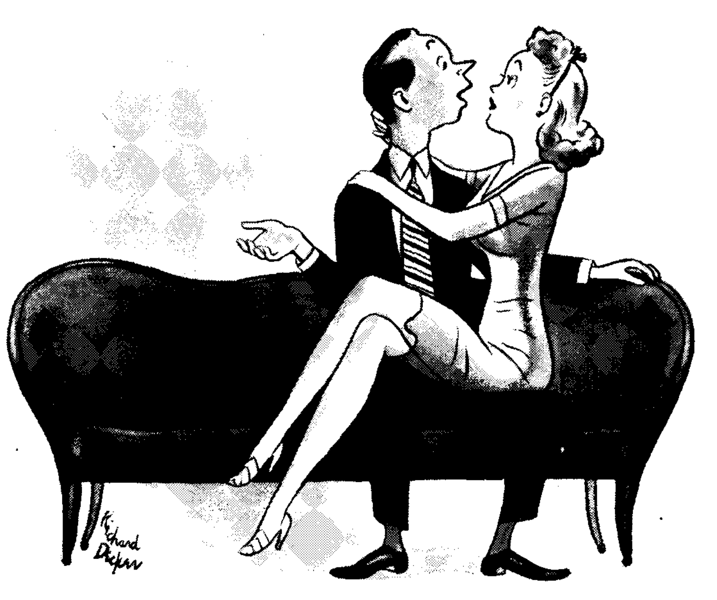
"That's Frankenstein!" one squealed to the other.

William Henry Pratt smiled at them graciously and went upstairs to have lunch with his wife and their small daughter, now two years old.



Hot Soup

CROCKETT JOHNSON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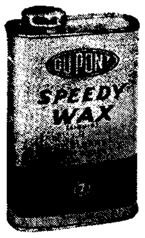

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A Ray of Hope

Continued from page 42

scrutiny. The conservative doctor puts this disease down as 100 per cent fatal.

Leukemia is marked by a dizzying increase in white blood cells. In this respect it is similar to cancer—which is nothing but a wild proliferation of cells. White blood count will shoot up from a normal of around 8,000 per cubic millimeter of blood to as much as half a million! These white cells filter into kidneys and liver. They invade the spleen and it sometimes swells to a point where it fills two thirds of the abdominal cavity. In an astonishingly large number of cases the patient first notes this sickness by prolonged bleeding after a tooth extraction. Death is usually caused by an uncontrollable hemorrhage into the brain, lung or other vital organ. In its acute form this cancer of the blood kills swiftly—sometimes in a matter of hours. In its chronic form it may require several years.

No one knows what causes leukemia; what causes bone marrow suddenly to go on a spree of producing white cells. No one knows how it is transmitted, although there have been several attempts to pass it from man to man! In one grisly experiment three human volunteers, about to die of cancer, submitted to injections of blood from a leukemic patient. They failed to get the disease. An occasional case is reported where blood from a person suffering from leukemia is accidentally used in transfusion. But there is no record of a person ever contracting leukemia by this route.

How many people it destroys each year no one knows. New York City has an estimated 800 annual deaths. On this basis the indicated toll in the nation is around 14,000.

For the better part, treatment in the past has consisted of two measures: X-ray and radium. The patient is simply peppered with radiation in the hope that it will slow production of white cells. Often it does.

After the first series of treatments—maybe daily, maybe weekly—the white cells count may drop to normal. The patient will, to all intents and purposes, be well. But at the end of a few months cell count will start climbing again. The patient must return for more radiation. This time, possibly, the cell count will refuse to drop to normal.

A Gift of Useful Life

So it goes. Radiation treatment becomes more frequent. Finally a grim moment comes when the person becomes "radiation fast"—when X-ray or radium fails to have any effect. Radiation will not influence length of life. In one large series of chronic cases the average duration of life was almost exactly the same for both irradiated and unirradiated cases: a little over three years! Yet X-ray and radium are valuable. They prolong *useful* life. On the average the patient under irradiation treatment gets about ten extra months during which he can enjoy a more or less normal life.

And this gets us back to the cyclotron.

Almost from the start young Dr. Lawrence feared the physical damage that might result from the showers of high-voltage matter poured off by his machine. He wanted someone to study that end of the problem and had a particular person in mind.

As a boy in Canton, S. D., Ernest Lawrence was interested in medicine and had decided to be a physician. While studying at his state university, and later at Minnesota and Yale, he got sidetracked into physics. But his three-year-younger brother, John, went along with the career which Ernest had cut out for himself. He had taken an M.D. and was on the Yale faculty. He was invited to join the faculty at California, and promptly did.

Brother John peppered mice, guinea pigs and other animals with atom-smashing bullets from the cyclotron and found what he needed to know about protecting human beings from damaging effects. It was a natural swing from here to more positive ground. What could be done with these artificially radioactive materials made by the machine? Along curative lines, that is.

Research with leukemia seemed to be particularly promising. The hunch was shored up with sound reasoning.

A large percentage of all phosphorus taken into the body in diet goes into bone making. Very well. If you could make this phosphorus radioactive with the help of the cyclotron, then feed it to people, wasn't there a chance that it might go immediately to work fighting leukemia at its source? Most white blood cells, remember, are made in the bone marrow. Wouldn't you, in effect, be depositing billions of miniature X-ray machines in the very place where they could do the most good? Where they would shower off cell-killing particles with 700,000 volt energies? Perhaps. Dr. John intended to see.

An Aid but Not a Cure

He was hopeful that this might be a means of hammering too-active bone marrow into submission. But he didn't think or hope that P-32—that is the name for radioactive phosphorus—would *cure* leukemia. It is terribly important that the reader get this fact straight at the outset. It is wicked for a writer—or anyone else—to throw out false hope to people suffering from a disease as cruel as leukemia.

But even if P-32 wouldn't *cure* the disease it might have enormous advantages. People wouldn't have to undergo the cannonading of X-rays that made them so violently ill—when those rays were aimed at their midriffs. They would simply swallow a few spoonfuls of colorless liquid containing the phosphorus. It would be quickly digested and carried to the bone marrow.

Work started on strains of mice susceptible to the disease. By dropper they were fed solutions of P-32. Checks a few days later indicated the accuracy of Lawrence's thinking. The P-32 had a selective effect. Most of it was deposited in the bone. This and other work prepared the way for treatment of human beings.

Much work with human beings has been done at Memorial Hospital in New York, oldest, largest cancer hospital in the country. Under the direction of Dr. C. P. Rhoads, head of Memorial, a crack team went to work on the problem: Drs. Lloyd Craver and John Kenney, clinicians; L. D. Marinelli, physicist; Woodward and Abels, chemists—and others.

Patient No. 1 was first treated January last year. A 41-year-old man, he came from a family with leukemic history. Profuse and continuous bleeding that followed a tooth extraction sent him to the hospital. Blood examination revealed chronic leukemia. His white blood count stood at 310,000!

In the course of ten weeks he got ten doses of P-32. After each treatment white cell count dropped! At the end of the series it was normal. Here was a

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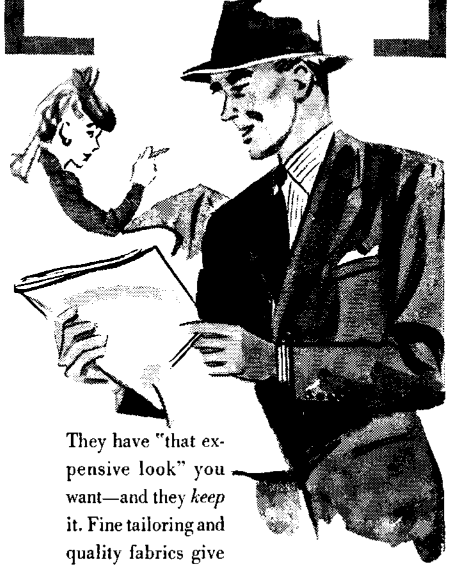

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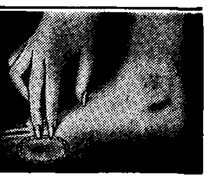

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splendid fact. P-32 was working as Dr. John Lawrence had indicated that it would.

The patient responded nicely in other ways. Hemorrhages which had attended minor cuts, tooth extractions, etc., ceased. He felt well enough—severe fatigue usually accompanies leukemia—to go about his business. Over a year passed before the white count again began to climb. In March of this year it rose to 30,000. More doses of P-32 again drove it down.

Of the first eight treated cases of one type of leukemia, four are still alive and in reasonably good health. With acute leukemia P-32 failed completely—as has every other means of treatment.

Doctors Are Cautious

All this work is, of necessity, expensive. Weekly air shipments of phosphorus from the California cyclotron are costly. And each shipment must be carefully assayed for radioactivity. The mounting cost of the work was straining the Memorial research budget. Then a dramatic little incident took place.

Hanz Zinsser, Harvard's veteran typhus fighter, was a patient at Memorial. He was in the final stages of leukemia and knew it. Five days before his death he dictated a letter to a philanthropic organization seeking funds to support additional work with P-32. The funds were forthcoming.

Altogether there have been dozens of patients so far treated with P-32 at Memorial Hospital. Elsewhere, at least one person is living solely because of it. He had become "radiation fast." After X-rays failed to work, P-32 was used to pound the white cell count down to normal level.

So far, doctors speak of this new weapon against disease with understandable caution. To date, they say, it has proved at least as effective as X-ray. In dozens of cases it has dissipated the great, smothering blanket of white cells. But, they add, so has X-ray treatment. In its favor P-32 has one very great advantage. Patients escape the awful nausea that often accompanies X-ray. And they escape the tedium of confinement in a Heublein Unit—where they may be imprisoned as long as three days while low-voltage X-rays pepper their entire bodies. They simply take periodic spoonful doses of a colorless fluid.

If P-32 can't be regarded as a leukemia cure, it at least represents a potent and valuable weapon against this frightful disease. It is possible—this is pure speculation—that once all the facts are in, it may be used as a packaged treatment in isolated spots where X-ray treatments are not available. If so, it can give months and perhaps years of useful life in places where such rich gifts are impossible today.

This material is the first thing of practical value to come from the cyclotron. Others will surely follow—things which may revolutionize the treatment of many diseases. The work represents one of the fine, heartening things that have happened in medical research in recent years.

Moment of Destiny

Continued from page 52

trouble. Mr. Diff did not look like a beaver, being a spare old gentleman with not much hair on his head and a network of wrinkles in his flat, pink cheeks. But a beaver is a builder, and that was Mr. Diff—building, he always said, for the future. And the reply to this was that at least his foundations were sound. The Hornets had been in the cellar for years.

"Sixth place," thought Colston as he walked slowly to the bench. "We might even go a notch or two higher if I stick around and nothing happens. All right, and if it does—so what?"

He sat down on the shady end of the dugout, waiting for someone to come up and start a pepper game. He was thinking of what Mr. Diff had said in Florida. It was a very strange remark, and Ned Colston had it often in his mind. Well, it was the sort of thing you didn't like to hear about yourself. You take Mungo and take Monte Pearson. You couldn't tell, of course, and it wasn't nice but there was a parable in the Bible about it. "Take up thy bed and walk." He guessed a lot of baseball invalids could do that, and they didn't need a miracle either. On the other hand there were fellows like Buck Newsom and Bill Jurges whom even broken bones and cracked skulls couldn't keep out of action long.

"And that fighter last night," mused Colston. "He wasn't worth a nickel till he got slugged—and then he was the champion. I wonder about myself."

He sighed and gave a shrug. It was a question often asked and never answered. He didn't know because he never had been hurt—not really.

An hour later he was jogging in from second base with the cheers of a small week-day crowd tingling in his backbone.

"Atta boy, Colston," they yelled. "Oh, you, Handsome."

It had been a sweet play too, he thought, jerking the visor of his cap in response. Maybe Mack was faster, and Gordon was a better hitter, but there weren't any flies on Colston either, Colston thought, dropping into the dugout. He'd gone back of the bag for a hard-hit ball and turned a sure single into a double play.

"You saved me two runs, kid," said Lefty Sickle. "It helps havin' that go on behind a pitcher's back."

Colston nodded his thanks and got his favorite stick off the bat rack. The fans gave him another hand as he came out to lead off against Newhauser, the Tigers' young southpaw. The pitcher was very fast, especially in early innings. Colston took his stance in the batter's box nearer first base. He crowded the plate and poked his head out. He hoped the Tiger pitcher would dust him off. It always helped to make a hurler do some extra throwing, and all lefthanders were a little high-strung.

NEWHAUSER dusted him off. Colston got up and grinned and crowded the plate again. He was expecting a fast ball down the outside. He strode and pulled it hard into right field. "Three-base hit: Colston." He was thinking this as he kicked the inside corner of second and churned the dust for third. The fielder's outstretched hands told him the ball was coming in, and this wasn't the place for a hook slide or fallaway. Colston extended his arms like a diver and went in head first with a mouthful of dirt.

He was safe.

"That's doin' it, Handsome. Big hit, boy!"

He stood up and knocked the dust out of his clothing. An extra base here and there was the reason the Hornets were in sixth place today, he thought. You never knew when an early-inning run was going to mean victory, and anyhow it gave a pitcher confidence. A

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moment later Colston slid across the plate on an infield out. It was a one-run lead for Sickle to work on.

He dusted his clothes again, starting for the bench. Mr. Diffenbaugh was in the owners' box just next to the dugout. He used a long finger to beckon Colston to him.

“You're havin' a good day, son,” the old man said. “Naturally you can't believe all that's in the papers, but I reckon you'd bring fifty thousand dollars from a rich club like the Tigers.”

“It's a lot more than I cost you,” smiled Colston.

“It is,” agreed Mr. Diff. “And, son, the bankers are gettin' tired of waitin' for me to build a team that makes money. When a fella don't win pennants he's got to sell his players to clubs that do. Well, when you did that belly-whooper into third I was a leetle worried.”

Colston looked at him closely.

“I get it,” he said to Mr. Diff.

Newhauser put the side out. For the next five innings it was a case of two good southpaws not giving anything away. The 1-0 lead was all the Hornets could get Lefty Sickle, though they protected it for him with flawless fielding. After each play the infield and the catcher-manager gathered at the box to cheer and exhort the hurler. They were that sort of club, thought Colston—pullers-together.

“Gosh,” he reflected. “I'm going to miss this crowd when I'm gone.”

He came in fast on a slow roller and whipped to first the put-out. He had thrown from a stooped position, off balance, and when he tried to straighten up he felt a slight twinge in the small of his back. He put his hand there for a moment while the ball was being flipped around the infield. Any other day he'd have called for time and given the thing some attention. But the sight of Del Baker on the coaching line deterred him. Mr. Diff was right. The Tigers wouldn't buy an injured player.

“I'll look good with Detroit,” Colston murmured as he went back into position. “They win a pennant every few years out there, and pay good salaries. Not that I want to leave the Hornets, but—”

The words died in his throat just then. Rudy York had connected with Lefty Sickle's sinker and it was headed for the flagpole in dead center. York was standing on third base when the relay throw came in.

“Kind o' fooled me,” Sickle panted when they convened about him at the box.

THE big fellow was soggy with sweat and his breath came hard. Now for the first time Colston noted that Sickle was tiring. A veteran can't keep at top speed the way a youngster can.

“Stay with 'em, Lefty,” someone said.

“Durn tootin',” Lefty answered.

But Colston knew how the big man felt. When you got that tired every motion was a real effort. Colston knew all this because ten years ago he'd been a southpaw pitcher himself. He remembered that kid of fifteen with big hopes in his blue eyes and strength in his arm and cunning on his finger tips. All that Neddie Colston wanted to be in those days was a great pitcher. During the week he worked and practiced with the high-school team and often on Sundays he changed his name and picked up five dollars' worth of experience on the semipro diamonds.

And there was one hot Sunday when he'd gone twelve innings and won his game. He was changing his clothes when the manager said:

“Look here, kid, our other pitcher ain't showed up.”

“No?”

“It'll be worth twenty-five bucks,” said the manager, “if you'll take on the second game for us.”

Well, Neddie Colston didn't know any better and it was a lot of money. That is, he didn't know any better till about the fourth inning when he commenced to feel as Lefty Sickle was feeling now. And that was a 1-0 game like this so that the aching in Neddie's throwing arm wasn't to be considered. He stayed on the mound, pouring his fast ones down there, twisting the roundhouse curves which were good enough to fool semipros. In the cooling twilight he put out the last man and collected the fee.

He never pitched another game. It had taken him five years and more to become a right-hand thrower, though he still batted from the left. But he knew he'd never make a pitcher. Infielding was the next best thing, and the lesson which Colston took from that Sunday never left him.

“The time to quit is before something goes wrong—not afterward.”

Lefty Sickle got behind the batter and walked him on a three-and-two pitch. Again the Hornets crowded around. Sweat beads stood out on the hurler's cheeks. His fingers visibly trembled as he took the ball from Red Harding. A moment later Colston leaped from his tracks and raced for second.

“Get two!” he shouted. “Get two, Sid.”

But Sid Hoskins, the shortstop, had been lucky to knock down the liner. He saw the tying run heading home, and a double play was the only chance to cut it off. Colston straddled the bag, still calling for the throw. The Tiger base runner was coming in fast.

“Spikes!” he bawled. “Spikes!”

Colston took the ball and leaped high. He got the throw off a split second before the steel caught him on the shins. Down he went in a tangle, but he had seen his peg reach first in time. It was Lefty Sickle who helped him up.

“Great play, Handsome. Okay?”

“For a wonder,” grunted Colston. He hadn't been cut, just his stockings. But the tumble had drawn a wrenching pain from his back. He limped over the grass and saw Mr. Diff standing up in his box. As they crossed the foul line, the Detroit manager said:

“You don't scare easy, do you?”

“Nope.”

And this was true. There was a difference between being afraid of pain and being leery of it. He'd never have taken that chance except for knowing how old Lefty Sickle felt. Now Lefty still had his one-run lead and would get a little rest.

“Just the same,” Colston was thinking, “I was a fool to do that.”

He dropped into the pit. “You all right?” asked Harding gruffly.

“Sure,” said Colston.

He was, and he wasn't. Two years ago he'd asked to be benched when his back felt no worse than this. Last year when his knee went loose, he'd done the same. The hell with grin-and-bear-it. It didn't pay off in the end. But today he had to stick. He wasn't going to let the sale fall through. It was a good baseball town, Detroit.

“Holy smoke,” one of the players yelled. “Look at that.”

HE POINTED to the scoreboard where the results of other league games were posted. The fourth-place Red Sox had dropped one game to the A's and were losing another.

“Gosh,” said Lefty Sickle. “If I can hold this lead—”

He did not finish the sentence. He didn't have to. Everyone knew what he meant. If Boston lost again and Detroit were vanquished, the Hornets would go to bed in fourth place.

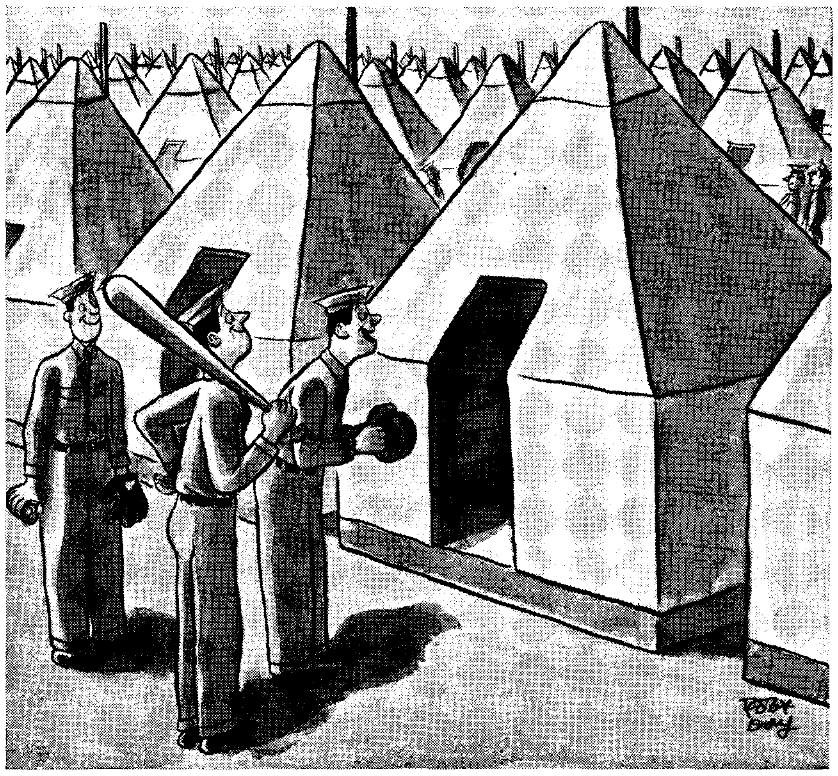
The first division! A sound of jubilation shook the grandstand overhead. The fans too had sensed the situation. On the bench men looked at one another, and did not speak. Some of them licked their lips and some swallowed audibly. It was foolish, of course, but fourth place was pretty good for the Hornets at this part of the season. The craziest sort of notions were going around the silent bench.

“There she goes!”

A Hornet batsman had teed off on Newhauser's fast ball. It was a two-base hit; nobody down. The noise of the stands became a measured stomping: Thump-thump-thump as the spectators tried to get Newhauser's goat. He could not field the bunt that dribbled off his gloved hand. Men on first and third: nobody down.

“So long, Newhauser.... Turn on the shower.”

Only a seventh inning could be like this. Everyone knew what he wanted—a good rollicking rally to give Lefty



"Oh, Hank! Hank Greenberg!" ROBERT DAY

Sickle a safe lead. Ned Colston got his bat and went up. He was third hitter down the line. Red Harding struck out and Sickle did likewise while the Hornet on first stole second.

"Handsome! Come on, Colston."

He swung two bats coming to the plate. He tossed one away and knocked dirt out of his spikes. Manager Baker had called time and gone out to consult with his pitcher. Presently Baker made a motion to the bull pen and Al Benton came in. This crack relief pitcher had a speed ball, and he knew what to do with it. Colston set himself at the plate, but he didn't crowd it this time. He didn't feel so spry now that his back ached. He wasn't going to invite a dusting off. He'd taken chances enough for one day.

"Get one, Ned."

It was Lefty Sickle's voice. Colston edged nearer the plate, but he didn't take a real toe hold. Sure, he wanted to nail one for old Lefty. A loud base hit would score two runs and put the game on ice. But Benton's hard high one was traveling fast and you didn't get much power without a toe hold. The ball went up in the air. It was an easy out.

"Tough luck," said Sickle.

Colston slammed the bat away and did not answer. Tough luck . . . well, that didn't quite cover the case. He'd met the ball squarely, only he'd been falling away from the pitch. You didn't get beaned that way, but you didn't get base knocks either. Two runs left to die on base. They were enough to win or lose a ball game.

He went out and got his glove.

"What's the difference?" he tried to tell himself. "The Hornets aren't going anywhere, and I'll be a Tiger tomorrow."

But it wasn't the way he felt about it. He felt rotten and he wished he'd asked Harding to bench him. His back ached. The trick knee seemed loose when he bent for an easy hopper that inning. These things weren't what made him feel rotten though.

Sickle got the side out. So did Al Benton. It was still 1-0 to open the ninth.

"Set 'em down, Lefty . . . three more outs is all . . . break 'em in there, Sickle."

COLSTON spanked his glove and gibbered with the other infielders. They were swell guys, these Hornets, even if they weren't a pennant winner. They hadn't a chance, but they didn't know it. They belonged in the cellar—like hell they did!

He clawed his fingers and crept in behind Sickle's motion. A ground ball scooted toward him over the grass. It was coming hard and suddenly it jumped and struck him in the teeth. He knew it had been deflected by one of the ring-post dents from last night, and this angered him as he fought to recover the ball. He tasted blood in his mouth—a mild hurt but symbolic. You never knew till it happened to you how pain made you react. That champion last night had been a sight to behold as he climbed off the resin and tore into his opponent—deadly, ferocious, efficient. Colston's throw went past first into the dugout. The runner made second standing up.

All right, you didn't know until it happened. You pretended you weren't afraid of pain, just leery. You babied yourself, and called it being smart. A real smart guy could tie up with a rich club and stay there for years, and it was a good way to make a living. But one day you found out about yourself, and it wasn't very nice. Even if no one else knew, it wasn't very nice.

A Tiger sacrificed the runner down to third. They were playing for the tying run. Lefty Sickle's big shoulders sagged with fatigue, but his head was up and his jaw was hard. He tried to play the corners on Rip Radcliffe, but lost him and gave a walk. Two runs on; enough to win, with only one down.

"Hold 'em, Lefty. Lookit! Boston's lost the second game. Hold 'em, Sickle."

But it seemed too late just now. Gehringer stroked a line drive toward second base. Even as he left his feet, Ned Colston knew he couldn't hold the spinning ball. He knocked it down and pounced to get it. The base runner coming from first must have sensed a chance, for he charged in like a halfback, shoulders hunched and knees pumping high. He had a perfect right to the base line, and there was one good way to break up a double killing and let the tying run go home.

COLSTON felt the crash of impact. It lifted and stunned and flung him. He only knew two things—that he had tagged one of the flying legs and that the crisp snap up under his right ear meant a fractured collarbone.

Later he realized that everything had happened very fast. At the moment all was quite distinct, quite measuredly and painfully deliberate. He was covering ground in a rotary motion, the ball still gripped in feelingless fingers, and the glaze drawing down over his eyes. And he understood quite clearly that there is all the difference between a little pain and a big pain.

He barreled over and was on his feet. Even as he cocked his arm he knew perfectly well that it was an impossible thing. You need good vision and sound bones to whip a ball sixty feet to a target no bigger than a first baseman's mitt. Colston stood not far from where he had been last night and saw how an impossible thing could happen. He wondered if his arm had traveled over there too, because he couldn't feel anything hanging to his shoulder. Not that he cared a lot. Gehringer was out by half a stride, and that was plenty.

"Oh, you Handsome!"

But he didn't care about that either. The Hornets were going to bed in the first division, and Lefty Sickle would win a lot more games this year. Ned Colston began to dogtrot in the direction of his throw. He couldn't see very well, but he knew the way to the dugout steps and down into the locker room. There he sat on the dressing stool in front of his locker, grinning in a silly way because the Hornets were behaving like lunatics. It was the pennant fever that made them yip and whoop and holler. Pennant fever—what a laugh!

"That was a sweet play, son."

Mr. Diff had come into the room. Colston stood up, holding his right elbow with his left hand.

"Thanks," said Colston.

"I was watchin' that play," Mr. Diff continued above the hubbub. "What's the matter with your arm?"

"It'll be all right," said Colston. "The bone's cracked. Maybe Detroit will take me anyhow."

"Sure they will," the old man shouted hoarsely. "They'll put you on ice for next year. D'you want to be sold?"

"Oh, no—please. You know I don't."

"Hell," said Mr. Diffenbaugh. "They ain't got money enough to buy your glove, son. When did I ever sell a man who could make a play like that? Look, I've been years buildin' a pennant winner, ain't I? Well, then!"

Colston was suddenly aware that the room was quiet. The players were standing in their sweaty clothes around him. No one said anything, but Lefty Sickle was cussing under his breath and young Sid Hoskins had water in his eyes. The pennant fever does that sort of thing to ballplayers. Colston turned around and faced his locker while he fumbled to unbutton his shirt. This was a necessary maneuver to hide what was happening to his own eyes.

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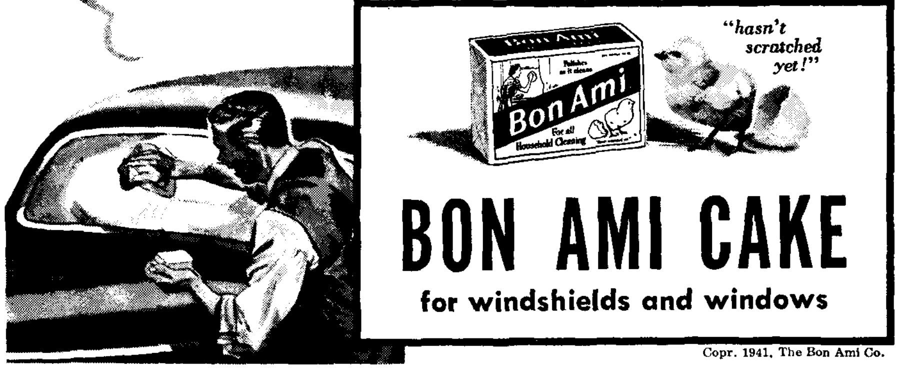

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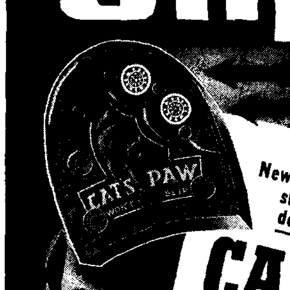

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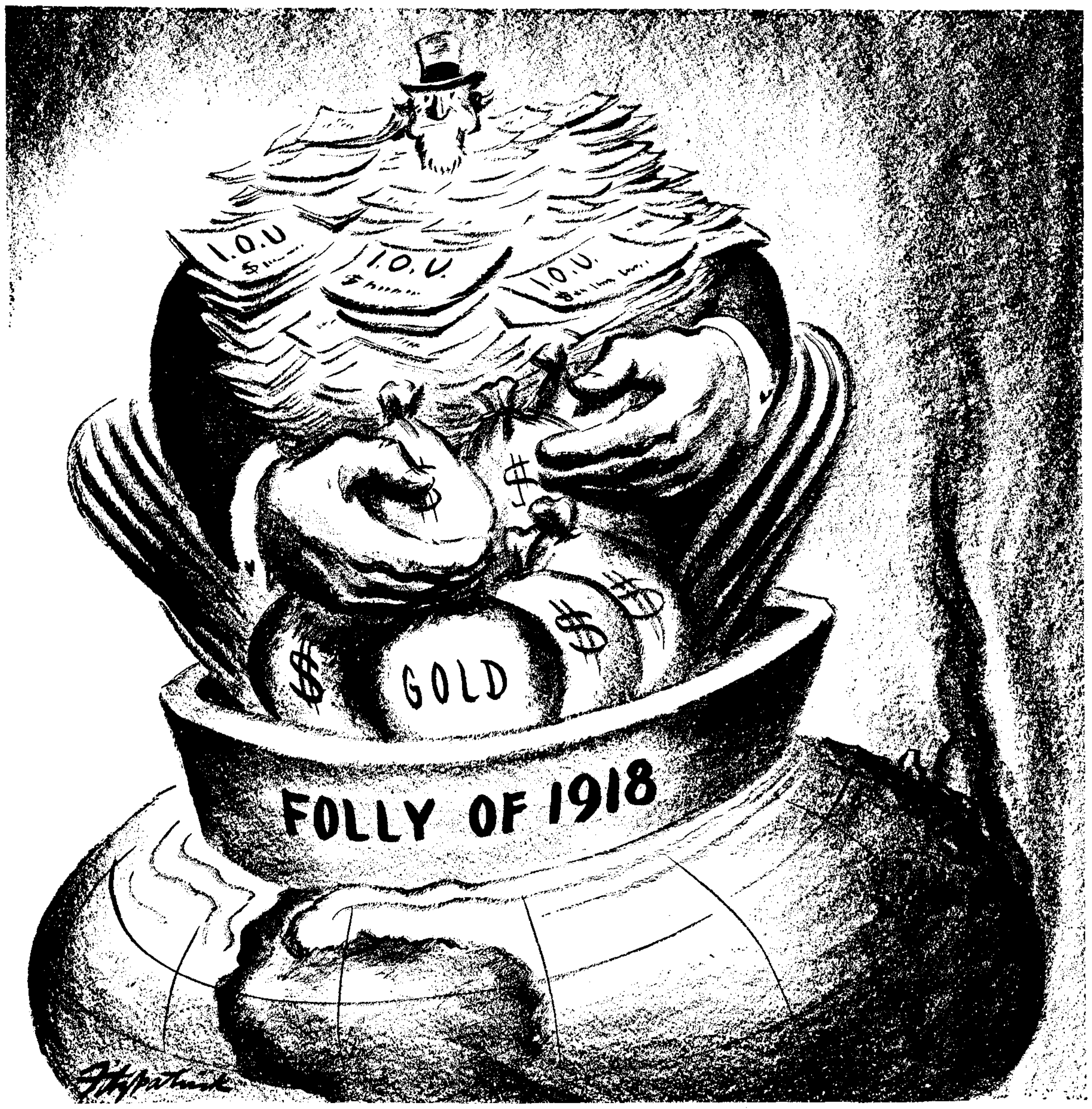


We can have another Midas misadventure by being hoggish with postwar wealth

Banker for Britain

WE HEAR considerable muttering in assorted beards because Jesse Jones, as head of the Reconstruction Finance Corp., the other day extended a $425,000,000 loan to Britain and took as collateral the capital stock of 41 British-owned insurance companies in this country plus British-owned stocks and bonds in 121 American concerns.

The beards are being muttered in because the RFC so arranged the loan that the British pledgeors of these securities can buy them back out of the securities' earnings in about 15 years, barring accidents. The RFC as a last resort, of course, can take over the collateral, like any banker liquidating on a defaulted loan. But the object is, if at all possible, to preserve these securities as redeemable British property, instead of picking it up for Americans at distress prices as was done a while ago with the big American Viscose Corp., largest single British investment in the United States.

Those who object to this later, more lenient deal are chiefly super-duper-isolationists, self-styled shrewd Yankee horse traders, and so on.

We don't throw money to the four winds ourselves; but we do think Jones has the longer, broader vision in this phase of war economics.

When this cruel war is over, the world is most likely going to be a sadly poverty-stricken ball. Because of luck and geography, and not through any peculiar merit of our own, the United States is most likely going to be the least poverty-stricken large spot on the postwar map.

The same thing happened last time; so what did we do? We tried to hog all the wealth in sight.

We hoisted tariffs sky-high, to avoid taking anything but gold in payment for our exports. We tried to compound that scheme by farming out a lot of gold in foreign bonds, so that foreign customers would pay for our exports with our own gold. Eventually the inevitable happened. The whole structure cracked, and we had the panic, and then the long depression, and then this second war.

Must we go through all that again, with only minor variations? Or wouldn't it be wiser to recognize right now that we can't have the world with a fence around it even in case of a smashing Allied victory . . . that we can make ourselves the world's most hated nation by trying to overexploit luck and geography . . . that we can have another Midas misadventure by being hoggish with postwar wealth . . . and that we'll be smart to take steps right now to protect the solvency of probable big postwar customers of ours—while of course not tossing money or credits around foolishly?

We think this RFC deal with Britain was a prudent and farseeing step, and we're for it, and for a continuation of this policy on the part of this government.

Two Years of War

UP TO now, this war has been even more packed with surprises than was the previous one.

It was going to be a glorified war of position, a duel mainly between the Maginot Line and the Westwall. Mussolini's mosquito boats and planes were going to chase the British out of the Mediterranean. Britain was going to fall soon after France went down. The Germans were solemnly promised that neither Berlin nor the Ruhr could be bombed from the air. Russia eventually was coming in on the German side.

Hitler would never be able to knock out Yugoslavia. Norwegian sabotage would break the Germans' hearts in a few months. Turkey would fight if Greece were invaded. Parachute troops were a joke. And so on.

For our part we quit prophesying long ago, and aren't taking it up again now. We don't know what's going to happen.

We take considerable comfort, though, in this fact: that an enormous number of Hitler-Goebbels brags and predictions have failed to come true. Hitler's far-flung actual victories are far outnumbered by the victories he hasn't won with his mouth and mouthpieces.

Britain's press services are gleefully listing these flops at intervals, and they're getting wide publicity in this country. We think they must be percolating through Germany, too, and that the growing realization of the Fuehrer's human fallibility must be doing serious things to German civilian if not military morale.

After two years of the war, we are more than ever convinced that the star of freedom is the brightest and best-loved star in the firmament of the modern mind; and that more people are willing to fight and die for freedom than can be found or forced to fight for slavery. Totalitarianism is slavery, and more people realize that truth, we believe, every day.

So, while it is futile to try to predict the twistings and turnings this war will take from here on, or the day on which it will end, we think the overthrow of totalitarianism is inescapably in the cards somewhere.

All Work, No Play

FROM a recent "Keep Up with the World" column in Collier's, by Freling Foster:

> A study of the past life of 700 schoolteachers committed to mental hospitals revealed that more than 90% of them had never been interested in any kind of recreation, such as movies, games, sports, music, dancing or travel.

We've said most of this before, but it's hard to say it too often in times like these: About the most dangerous thing you can do to yourself is to get so bound up in one job that you can't take time to relax in some different pastime.

Unless, of course, you're one of the rarely fortunate few whose jobs afford them relaxation and ever-renewed interest as well as pay checks—in which case, congratulations. Otherwise, though, better get yourself some kind of hobby—any kind. It may mean all the difference to you between remaining rational and going dotty; and heaven knows today's world can use all the rational people it can find.

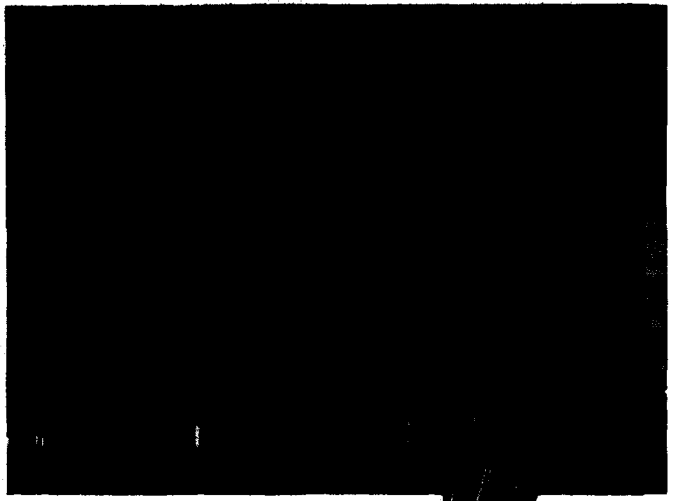
SHAGGING IN THE SUD ?

No, this is dance time in Gallup, New Mexico!

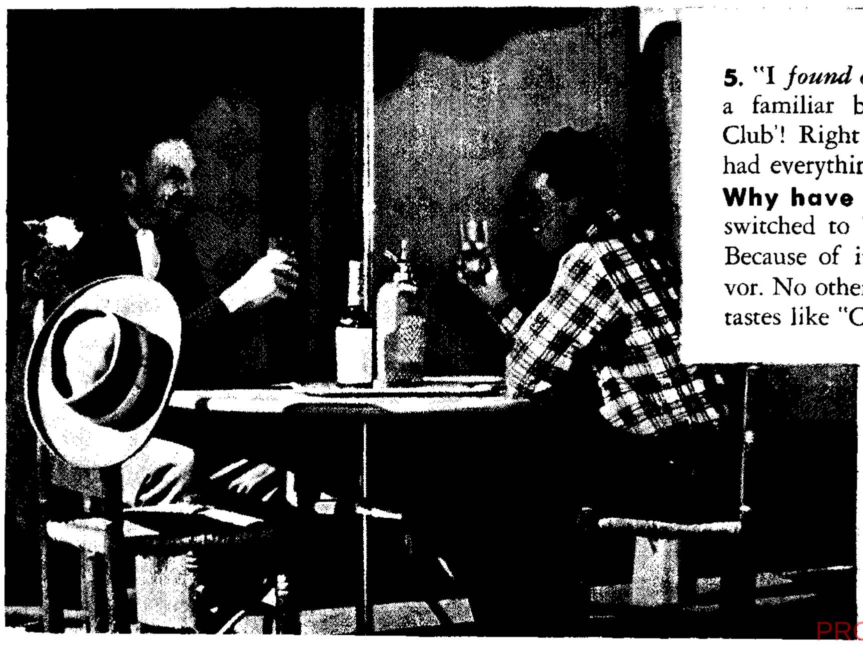
1. "I*'ve seen* native dances from Africa to Bali," confesses a globe-trotting friend, "but for sheer emotional wallop, the Indian dances at the annual Gallup festival top them all. No use talking, America's got everything—including, of course, your best-selling imported whisky, 'Canadian Club'!

2. "A*fter the* Apache Devil Dancers had chilled my spine, I stopped to have my fortune told by a Tesuque medicine man. 'When you leave here,' he predicted, 'you will meet two old friends.' Naturally, I didn't believe him.

3. "B*ut while* I was watching a Navajo sand-painting, I heard a voice behind me say, 'John Power, you old so-and-so!' I got quite a shock when I turned around and saw a boyhood chum I hadn't seen in fifteen years!



4. "He *asked* me to visit his ranch, and as we rode home, I told him about the prediction. 'Wonder who that second friend can be,' he said.



5. "I *found out* when he brought out a familiar brown bottle, 'Canadian Club'! Right then I decided America had everything!"

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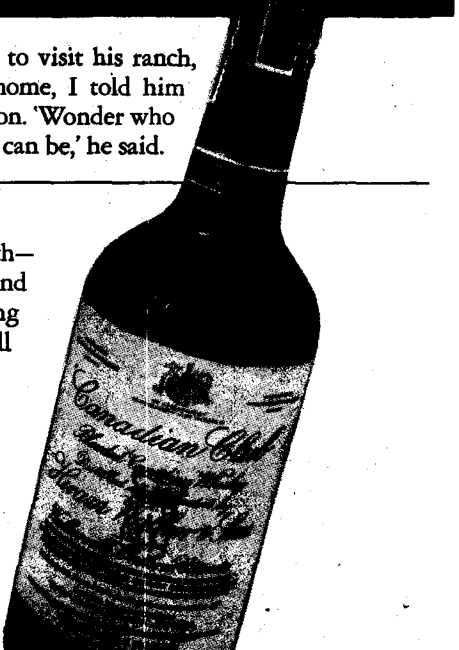

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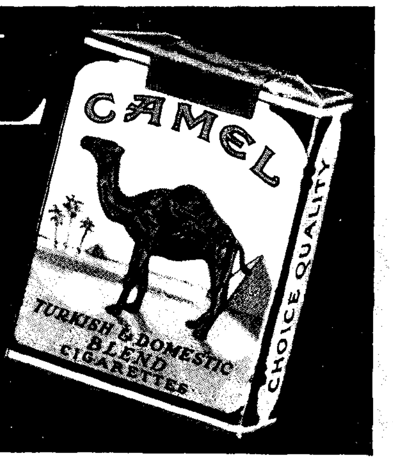

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